

The  
New  
Melodeon

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952

# THE NEW MELODEON:

A COLLECTION OF

Hymns and Tunes,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

ADAPTED TO ALL OCCASIONS OF SOCIAL WORSHIP.

BY THE

REV. J. W. DADMUN,

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTAL MELODIES," "MELODEON," ETC.

NEW EDITION.

MELBOURNE:

GEORGE ROBERTSON, 69, ELIZABETH STREET.

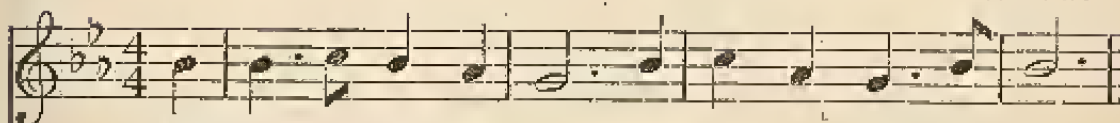
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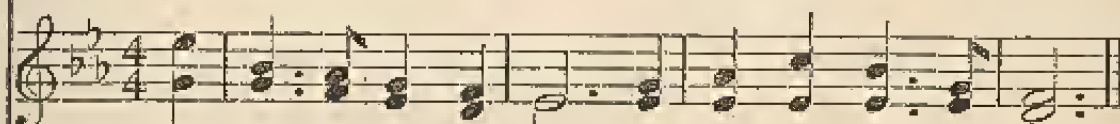
# THE NEW MELODEON.

## THE TOMB IS VOID. 6s.

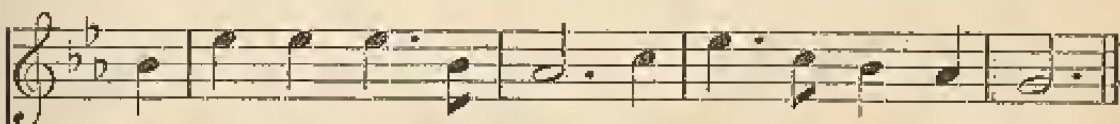
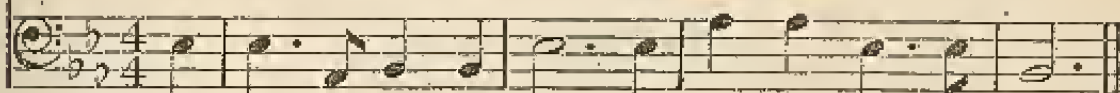
J. W. D.



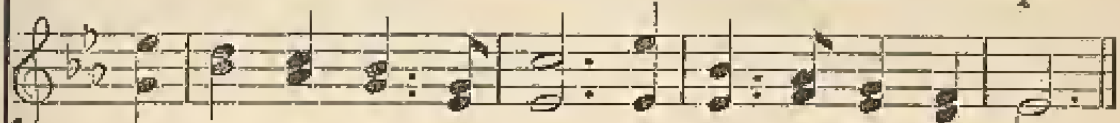
1. Sing praise! the tomb is void Where the Re-deem-er lay;



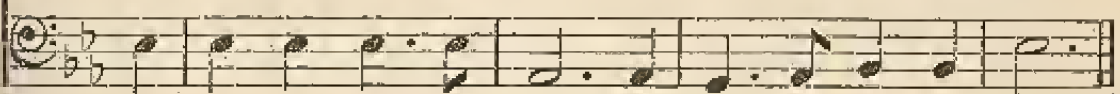
2. Weep for your dead no more; Friends, be of joy-ful cheer;



Sing of our bonds de-stroyed, Our dark-ness turned to day.



Our Star moves on be-fore, Our nar-row path shines clear.



3 He who so patiently  
The crown of thorns did wear,—  
He hath gone up on high;  
Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is truth revealed,  
His majesty and might;  
The grave has been unsealed;  
Christ is our life and light.

5 He who for men did weep;  
Suffer, and bleed, and die,—  
First-fruits of them that sleep,—  
Christ has gone up on high.

6 His vict'ry hath destroyed  
The shafts that once would slay;  
Sing praise! the tomb is void  
Where the Redeemer lay.



# THE LANGUAGE OF THE CROSS. C.M.

J. W. D.

1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear,

2. I saw one hang-ing on a tree, In a - go - nies and blood,

Till a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.

Who fixed his lan - guid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.

## CHORUS.

"The Cross! the Cross!" it seem'd to say, As on the Lamb I gaz'd;

"This blood is for thy ran - som paid, Be - lieve, and thou art saved."



# THE LANGUAGE OF THE CROSS.

3 Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look;  
It seemed to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.

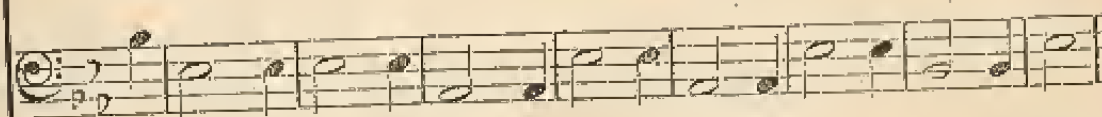
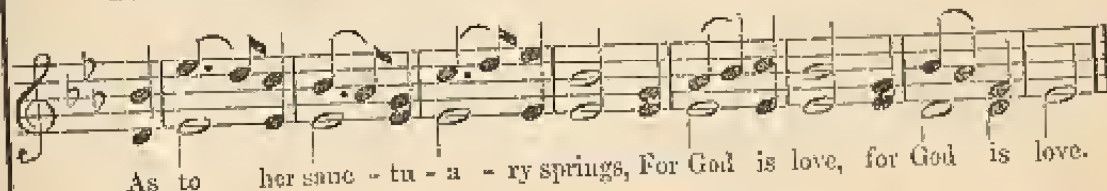
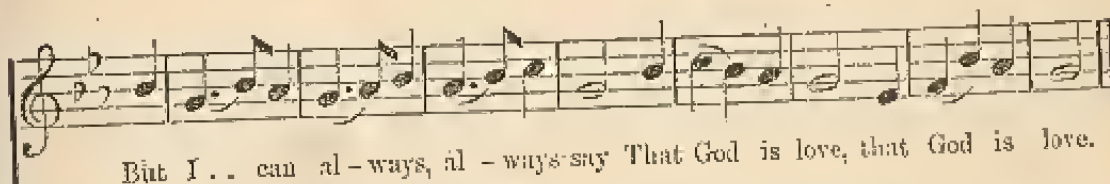
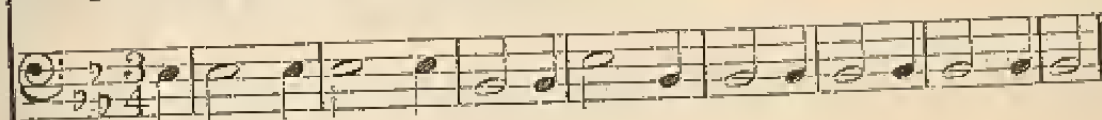
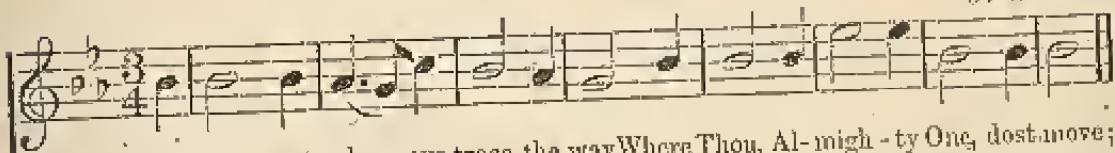
4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair;  
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail him there.

5 Alas! I knew not what I did;  
But now my tears are vain;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?  
For I the Lord have slain.

6 A second look he gave, which said,  
"I freely all forgive;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou may'st live."

## GOD IS LOVE. L.M.

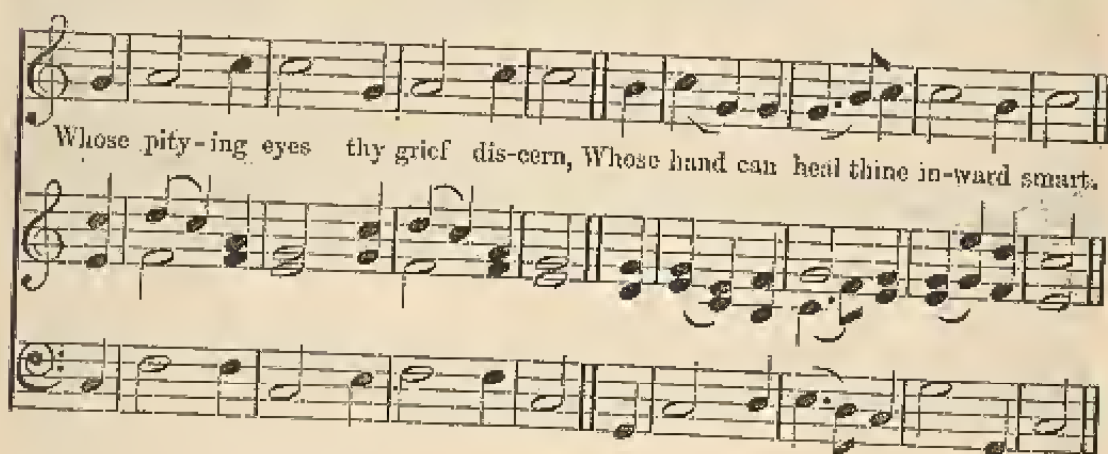
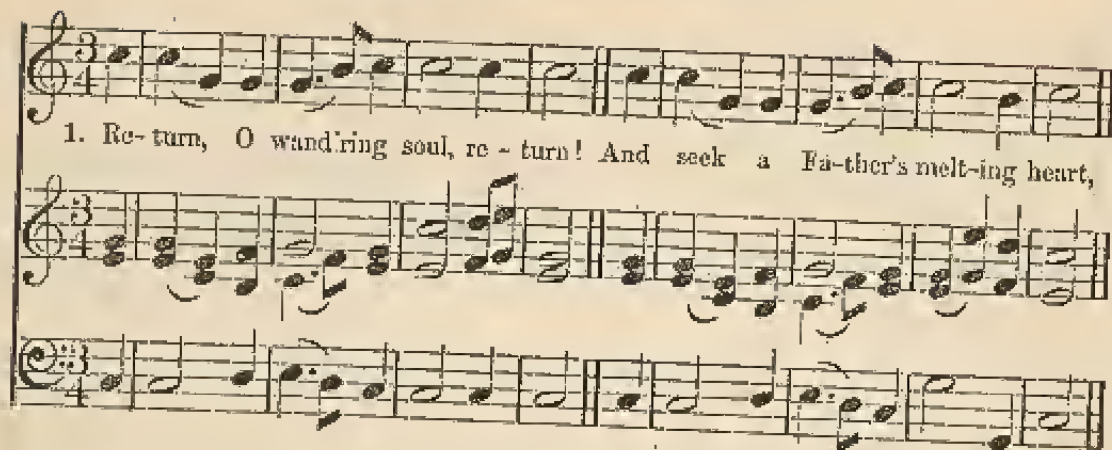
J. W. D.



3 When myst'ry clouds my darkened path,  
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;  
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,  
That God is love, that God is love.

4 Yes, God is love:—a thought like this  
Can every gloomier thought remove,  
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss—  
For God is love, for God is love.

# THE WANDERER RECALLED. L.M.



2 Return, O wand'ring soul, return!  
He heard thy deep repentant sigh;  
He saw thy softened spirit mourn,  
When no intruding tear was nigh.

3 Return, O wand'ring soul, return!  
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;  
Go to his bleeding side, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wand'ring soul, return!  
Come, wipe away the flowing tear;  
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"  
'Tis Mercy's voice invites thee near.

5 Return, O wand'ring soul, return  
Regain thy long-forsaken rest;  
The Saviour's melting mercies yearn  
To clasp thee to his loving breast.

## STAY, INSULTED SPIRIT. L.M.

1 Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,  
And shaken off my guilty fears;  
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,  
For many long rebellious years.

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd.

4 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,  
In honour of my great High Priest;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear  
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

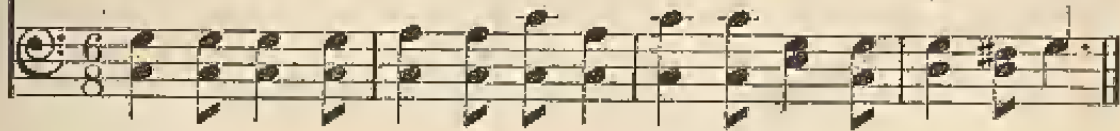
C. WESLEY.

# JESUS CALLS YOU. P.M.

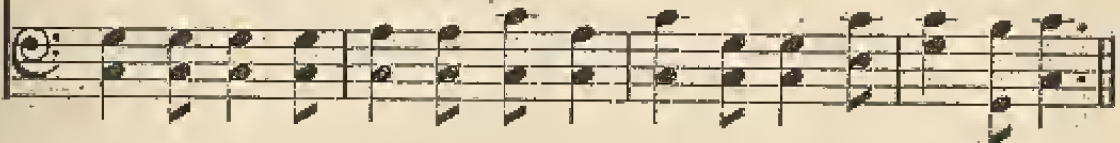
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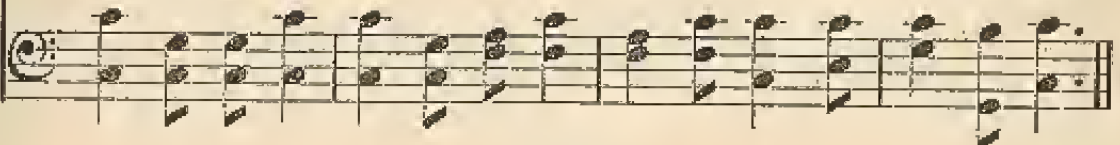
1. Sin - ner, we are sent to bid you To the Gos - pel feast to - day;  
2. Come, O come! all things are rea - dy, Bread to strengthen, wine to cheer;



Will you slight the in - vi - ta - tion? Will you, can you yet de - lay?  
If you spurn this blood-bought ban-quet, Sin - ner, can your souls ap-pear.



Je - sus calls you, Je - sus calls you; Come, poor sin - ner, come, a - way.  
Guests in hea-ven, Guests in hea-ven, Scorn-ing heav'n's rich boun - ty here?



3 Come, O come! leave father, mother;  
To your Saviour's bosom fly:  
Leave the worthless world behind you,  
Seek for pardon, or you die:  
"Pardon, Saviour!"  
Hear the sinking sinner cry.

4 Even now the Holy Spirit  
Moves upon some melting heart,  
Pleads a bleeding Saviour's merit;  
Sinner, will you say, "Depart?"  
Wretched sinner,  
Can you bid your God depart?

5 What are all earth's dearest pleasures,  
Were they more than tongue can tell?  
What are all its boasted treasures  
To a soul when sunk in hell?  
Treasure! pleasure!  
No such sounds are heard in hell.

6 Fly, O! fly ye to the mountain,  
Linger not in all the plain;  
Leave this Sodom of corruption.  
Turn not, look not back again:  
Fly to Jesus,  
Linger not in all the plain!



# DOWN BY THE RIVER. P.M.

Words by MABELLE.

J. W. D.

1. I am stand - ing down by death's chill - ing stream, Where I

hear its dark wa - ters roar; But an un - seen hand is now  
They are watch - ing now for my

FINE. CHORUS.  
hold - ing mine, And will lead to the o - ther shore. Whose  
boat to launch, And their hands are out - stretched to me.

D.S.  
banks are lined with an an - gel host, And their joy - ful look I can see.

D.S.

# DOWN BY THE RIVER.

2 They have come so near that I hear them  
sing,  
And they bid me be brave and strong,  
Though the water's cold, and the way  
seems dark,  
Yet the struggle will not be long.

3 I can hear them sing, and they know I  
come  
With no fear of the cold dark wave;  
And my faith is strong that I yet shall  
shout,  
For where is thy sting, oh! grave?

4 Full many times I have watched with  
pain,  
As the loved of my heart went away;  
But I know they're safe in our Father's  
home,  
And are waiting for me, to-day.

5 I am coming, dear ones, my steps are  
slow,  
For the cross is so heavy to bear;—  
Though my wings are spread yet I cannot  
fly,  
Like the bird from the fowler's snare.

## LAKE ENON. S.M.

I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My shep-herd and my guide,

The first system of musical notation for 'LAKE ENON. S.M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on the top staff, with the lyrics '1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My shep-herd and my guide,' written below it.

I bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear; My wants are well sup-plied.

The second system of musical notation for 'LAKE ENON. S.M.' consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle in treble clef, and the bottom in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is written on the top staff, with the lyrics 'I bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear; My wants are well sup-plied.' written below it.

2 To ever fragrant meads,  
Where rich abundance grows,  
His gracious hand indulgent leads,  
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,  
My wandering feet restore,  
And guard me with thy watchful eye,  
And let me rove no more.



# ANGELS GUARDING ME. 8s. & 7s.

Words by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

J. W. D.

1. Bles-sed an-gels are a-round me, Bright winged an-gels, day and night,  
2. They are with me when I'm pray-ing, Tel-ling it in realms on high;

Guard-ing me from ev-ry dan-ger—How I love them, cloth'd in white!  
If I sin what palls of sad-ness, Cast they round me as they sigh.

## CHORUS.

Bles-sed an-gels watch-ing o'er me, Bright winged an-gels pure as light;  
How I love them! Je-sus makes me Like them pure, and cloth'd in white!

How I love them! Je-sus makes me Like them pure, and cloth'd in white!



# ANGELS GUARDING ME.

3 Softly thus they hedge my wand'rings,  
And would save me from the snare;  
Sweetly would they lead to Jesus,  
When I wander here and there.

4 Lord, I praise Thee! Thou hast sent them  
Thus to guard with gentle care;  
May I live so that in dying  
They my soul above may bear.

## SAINTS' CORONATION DAY. L.M.

Words by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Sweet day of rest, sweet day of rest! I long to see thee and be blest;  
D.C. The wea-ry saint will then be blest, When thou shalt come, sweet day of rest;

FINE.  
I long to know thy peace-ful light, And wear the robe of spot-less white.  
The wea-ry saint will then be blest, When thou shalt come, sweet day of rest.

D.C.  
When Je-sus comes on earth to reign, The wil-der-ness shall bloom a-gain.

2 Sweet promis'd land, sweet promis'd land!  
By faith I view thee near at hand;  
O may my anxious spirit burn  
With warm desires for thy return;  
With joy I read thy blessed word,  
That hope shall not be long deferred,  
And gladly join the pilgrim band  
That long for thee, sweet promis'd land.

3 Lord Jesus, come, Lord Jesus, come,  
And take thy waiting people home!  
Let earth her sleeping jewels yield;  
Let Satan vanquished quit the field;  
O may we soon behold our King,  
And shout, O death, where is thy sting!  
Lord Jesus, come, Lord Jesus, come,  
And take us to our promised home.

# SERAPHIC FIRE. 8 lines, 7s.

J. W. D.

FINE.

1. Light of life, se - ra - phic fire, Love di - vine, thy - self in - part : }  
 Ev - 'ry faint - ing soul in - spire; Shine in ev - 'ry droop - ing heart. }  
 Son of God! ap - pear! ap - pear! To thy hu - man ten - ples come.

D.C.

Ev - 'ry mourn - ful sin - ner cheer; Seat - ter all our guilt - y gloom.

## FOR REVIVING GRACE.

2 Come in this accepted hour,  
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;  
 Fill us with thy glorious power,  
 Rooting out the seeds of sin;

Nothing more can we require,  
 We will count on nothing less;  
 Be thou all our heart's desire,—  
 All our joy and all our peace.

## TENDER EXPOSTULATION.

1 Sinners, turn while God is near;  
 Dare not think him insincere;  
 Now, even now, your Saviour stands,  
 All day long he spreads his hands;  
 Cries—"ye will not happy be;  
 No, ye will not come to me,—  
 Me, who life to none deny;  
 Why will ye resolve to die?"

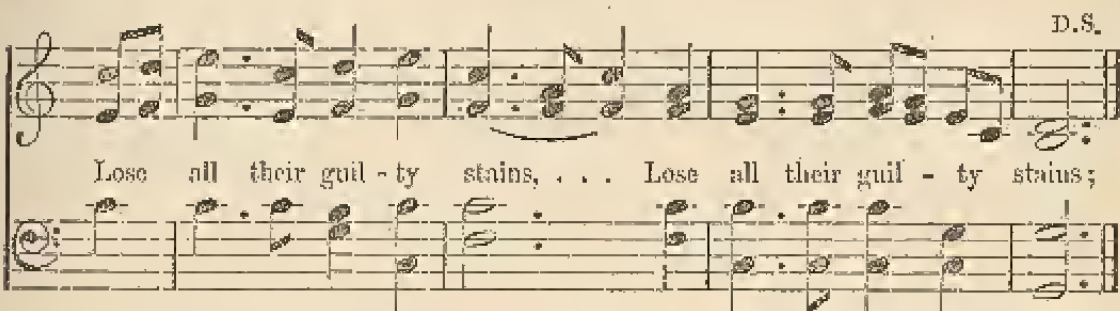
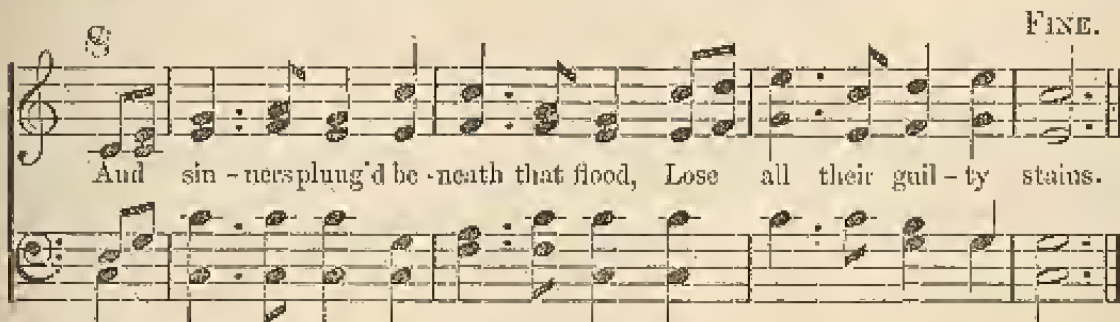
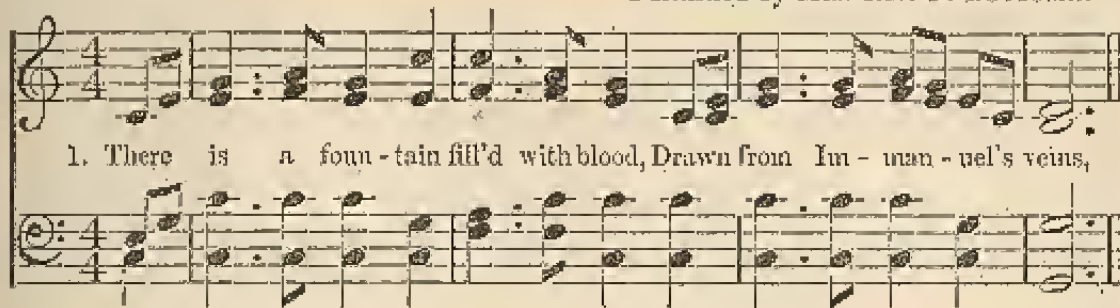
If your death were his delight,  
 Would he you to life invite?  
 Would he ask, beseech, and cry,—  
 Why will ye resolve to die?

2 Turn, he cries, ye sinners, turn;  
 By his life your God hath sworn;  
 He would have you turn and live,  
 He would all the world receive;

3 What could your Redeemer do,  
 More than he hath done for you?  
 To procure your peace with God,  
 Could he more than shed his blood?  
 After all his flow of love,  
 All his drawings from above,—  
 Why will ye your Lord deny?  
 Why will ye resolve to die?

# CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C.M.

Furnished by Mrs. Rev. F. Bortome.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3 Then dying Lamb! thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

## THE RESOLUTION. C.M.

1 Corae, humble sinner, in whose breast  
A thousand thoughts revolve;  
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed  
And make this last resolve:

2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Like mountains round me close;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sovereign grace.

4 I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolved to try;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must for ever die.



# THE LION OF JUDAH.

(From "Musical Leaves," by permission.)

Words by H. G. WILSON.

J. W. D.

1. 'Twas Je-sus, my Sa-viour, who died on the tree, To... o - pen a

foun-tain for sinners like me; His blood is that fountain which par-don be-stows,

## CHORUS.

And clean-ses the foul-est where-e-ver it flows. For the Li-on of

*ritard.*  
Ju-dah shall break ev-'ry chain, And give us the vict-'ry a - gain and a - gain.

# THE LION OF JUDAH.

2 And when I was willing with all things  
to part,  
He gave me my bounty, his love in my  
heart;  
So now I am joined with the conquering  
band,  
Who are marching to glory at Jesus'  
command.

3 Though round me the storms of adver-  
sity roll,  
And the waves of destruction encompass  
my soul,  
In vain this frail vessel the tempest shall  
toss,  
My hopes rest secure on the blood of the  
cross.

4 And when the last trumpet of judgment  
shall sound,  
And wake all the nations that sleep in  
the ground,  
Then, when heaven and earth shall be  
melting away,  
I'll sing of the blood of the cross in that  
day.

5 And when with the ransomed by Jesus,  
my head,  
From fountain to fountain I then shall  
be led;  
I'll fall at his feet and his mercy  
adore,  
And sing of the blood of the cross ever-  
more.

## PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

PLEYEL.

1. Soft-ly fades the twi-light ray Of the ho-ly Sab-bath day;

2. Night her so-lemn man-tle spreads O'er the earth, as day-light fades;

Gent-ly as life's set-ting sun, When the Christian's course is run.

All things tell of calm re- pose, At the ho-ly Sab-bath's close.

## SABBATH EVENING.

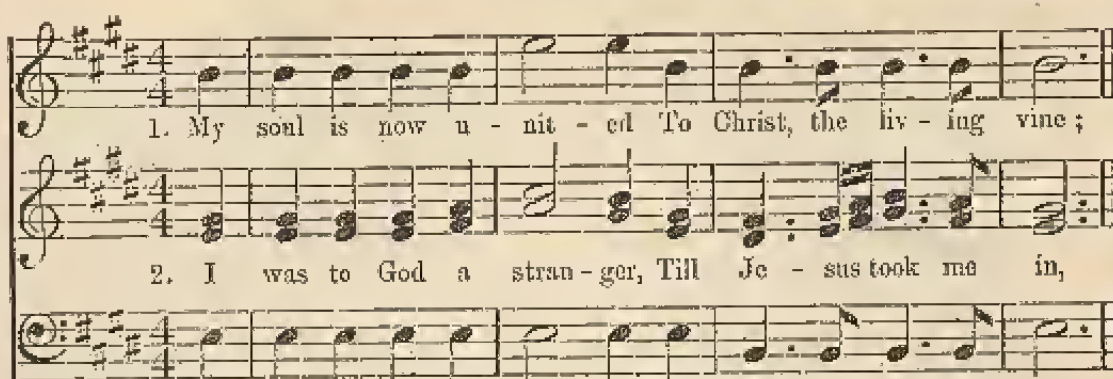
3 Peace is on the world abroad;  
'Tis the holy peace of God,—  
Symbol of the peace within,  
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be  
Days of peace and joy in thee,  
Till in heaven our souls repose,  
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.



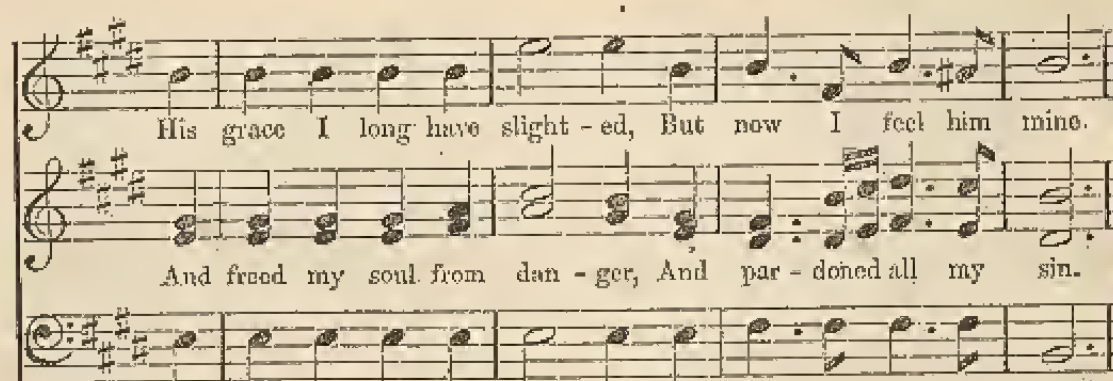
# HE IS PRECIOUS. 7s & 6s.

J. W. D.



1. My soul is now u - nit - ed To Christ, the liv - ing vine ;

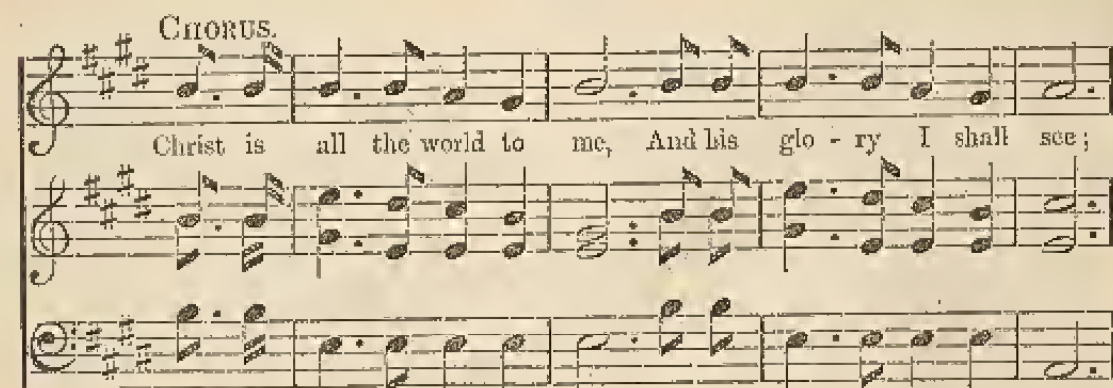
2. I was to God a stran - ger, Till Je - sus took me in,



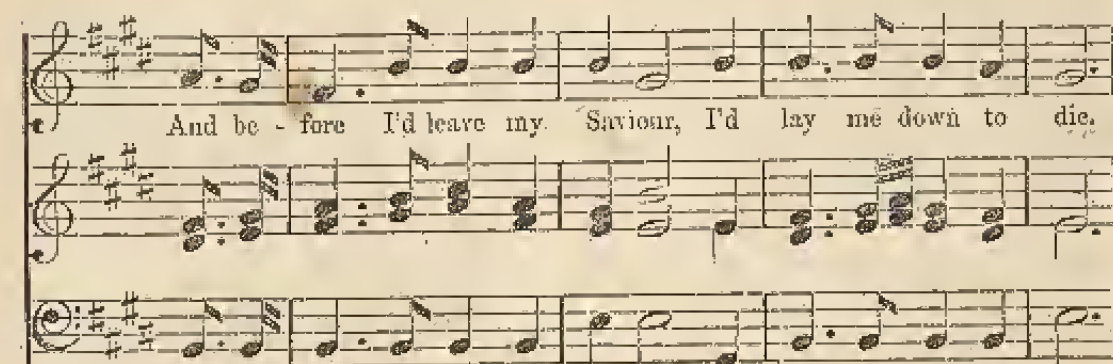
His grace I long have slight - ed, But now I feel him mine.

And freed my soul from dan - ger, And par - doned all my sin.

CHORUS.



Christ is all the world to me, And his glo - ry I shall see ;



And be - fore I'd leave my Saviour, I'd lay me down to die.



# HE IS PRECIOUS.

8 Soon as my all I ventured  
On the atoning blood,  
His Holy Spirit entered,  
And I was born of God.

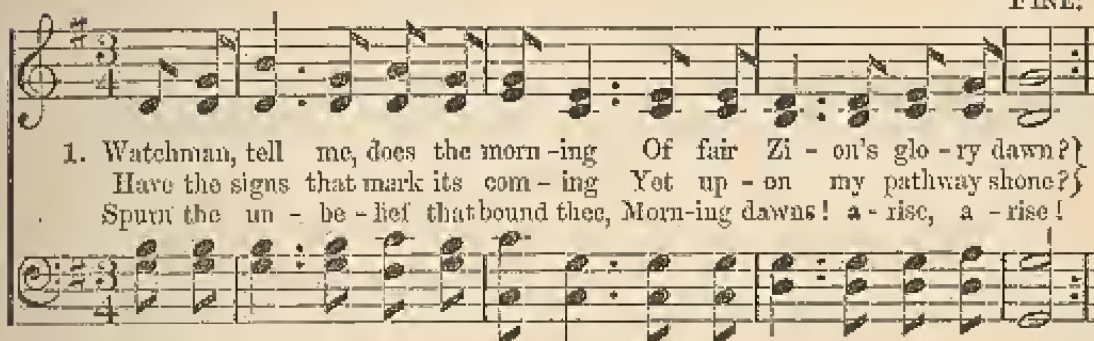
4 Still Christ is my salvation;  
What can I covet more?  
I fear no condemnation;  
My Father's wrath is o'er.

5 By floods and flames surrounded,  
I now my way pursue;  
Nor shall I be confounded  
With glory in my view.

6 I taste a heavenly pleasure,  
And need not fear a frown;  
Christ is my joy and treasure,  
My glory and my crown.

## LIGHT IS BREAKING. 8s & 7s. Arranged.

FINE.



1. Watchman, tell me, does the morn-ing Of fair Zi-on's glo-ry dawn?  
Have the signs that mark its com-ing Yet up-on my pathway shone?  
Spurn the un-be-lief that bound thee, Morn-ing dawns! a-rise, a-rise!



Pil-grim, yes; a-rise, look round thee! Light is break-ing in the skies;

2 See the glorious light ascending,  
Of the grand Sabbath year!  
Hark! the voices loud proclaiming  
The Messiah's kingdom near.  
Watchman! yes; I see just yonder  
Canaan's glorious heights arise;  
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,  
Towering 'neath her sunlit skies.

3 Pilgrim, in that golden city,  
Seated on his jasper throne,  
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,  
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;  
There, on verdant hills and mountains,  
Where the golden sunbeams play,  
Purling streams and crystal fountains  
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming  
Brighter still upon thy way;  
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming—  
Omens of thy coming day,  
When the last loud trumpet sounding,  
Shall awake, from earth and sea,  
All the saints of God now sleeping,  
Clad in immortality.

5 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,  
With its vernal fruits and flowers;  
On just yonder, O how cheering!  
Bloom for ever Eden's bowers.  
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,  
Wafted on the balmy air;  
See the millions; hear them singing,  
Soon the pilgrims will be there.

# HEAVEN'S NOT FAR AWAY. C.M.

Words by MABELLE.

J. W. D.

1. I'm ve - ry near my Fa - ther's house, Its jas - per walls I see:

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in 6/8 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

The pear - ly gates are o - pen wide, But can it be for me?

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

I see the blest an - ge - lic throng, But yet they seem to wait

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

For leave to spread their fold - ed wings, And pass be - yond the gate.

The fourth system concludes the hymn with the final melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# HEAVEN'S NOT FAR AWAY.

2 I see a bright and starry crown,  
Which one is holding now;  
As if her heavenly mission was  
To crown some saintly brow.  
I see a harp with strings all tuned,  
I wait to catch its sound;  
But in the City of our God  
No empty hand is found.

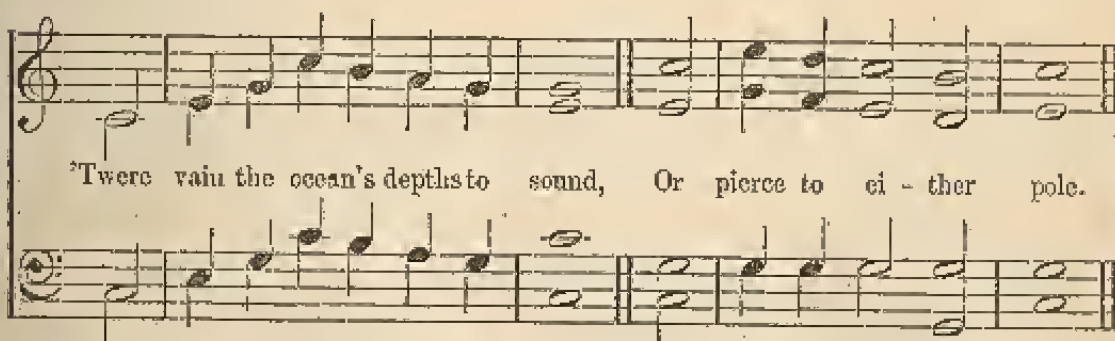
3 I see a robe of glorious form,  
On which no stain is seen;  
And all God's children now are cloth'd  
In such a saintly sheen.

I see it there in angel hands,  
With crown and harp of gold;  
The waiting soul is still on earth,  
To pass death's waters cold.

4 I see the Saviour's crown of thorns,  
Which once he wore for me;  
And now, my earnest cry is, Lord,  
What can I do for thee?  
More than to take my heavy cross,  
And wait thy will to know;  
For till I'm needed in thy courts,  
I would not want to go!

## O, WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND? S.M.

S. HILL.



2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath;—  
O what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!

5 Thon God of truth and grace!  
Teach us that death to shun;  
Lest we be banished from thy face,  
For evermore undone.



# SALVATION. C.M.

H. W. BOWEN.

1. Sal - va - tion! O, the joy - ful sound! What pleasure to our ears; ...

2. Bu - ried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; ...

A sov - er - eign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor - dial for our fears.

But we a - rise by grace di - vine, To see a heav - enly day.

FINE.

A cor - dial for our fears, A cor - dial for our fears.

To see a heav - enly day, ... To see a heav - enly day.

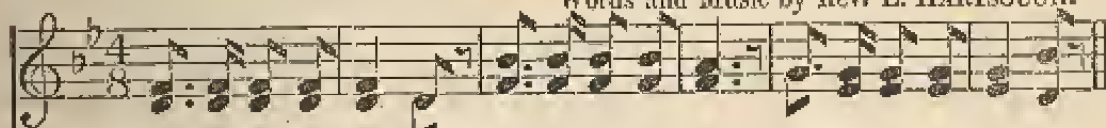
D.C. 8

3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb,  
To thee the praise belongs;  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

# GOD IS NEAR THEE. 6s & 5s.

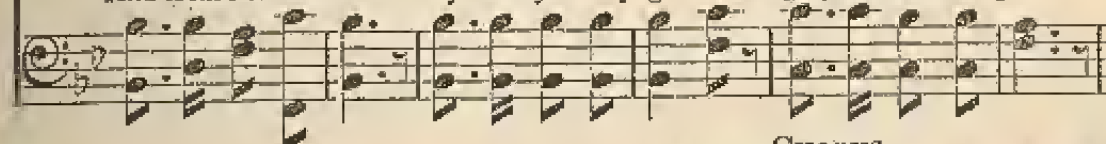
Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. Lis-ten to the whisp'ings Of the Spi-rit near, Call-ing to sal-va-tion,



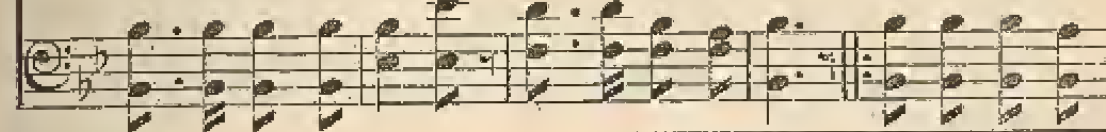
And from sin and fear. By them you may ga-ther Light, and life, and power;



## CHORUS.



Free-dom from the luring Of temp-ta-tion's hour. God is near thee  
God is near thee



night and day; God will hear thee, there-fore pray.  
night and day; God will hear thee, (OMIT . . . . .) there-fore pray.



- 2 Listen to the pleadings  
Of the Saviour's love;  
Calling thee from sinning,  
To his home above.  
He will save from sorrow,  
And the night of death;  
And the dread hereafter  
Where is felt his wrath.
- 3 He is fitting mansions  
For his followers true;  
There is room now waiting,  
Waiting just for you.

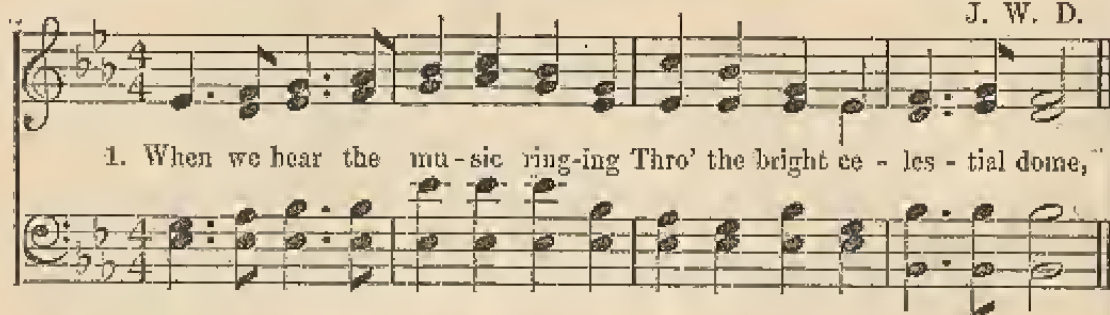
Will you taste the raptures  
That his saints shall know?  
Will you love the Saviour,  
And to glory go?

- 4 Come, then, to the fountain,  
Gushing from his side;  
God and Heaven invite you,  
Plunge beneath the tide;  
There is peace and pardon  
For each sin-sick soul;  
Hallelujah, glory!  
Jesus died for all.

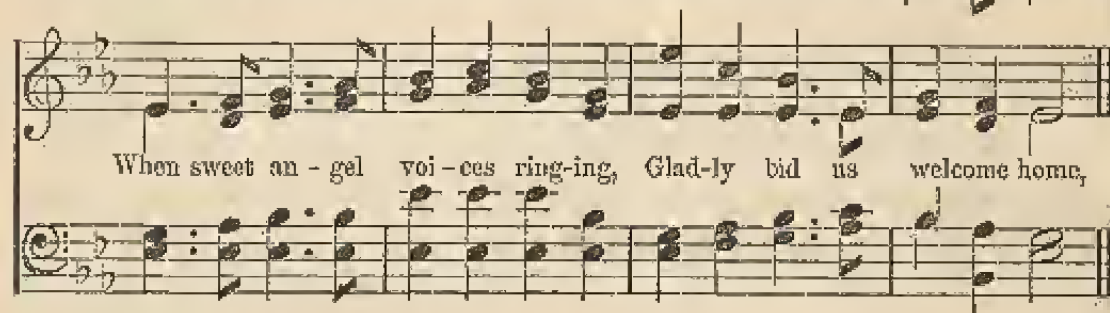


# SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

J. W. D.



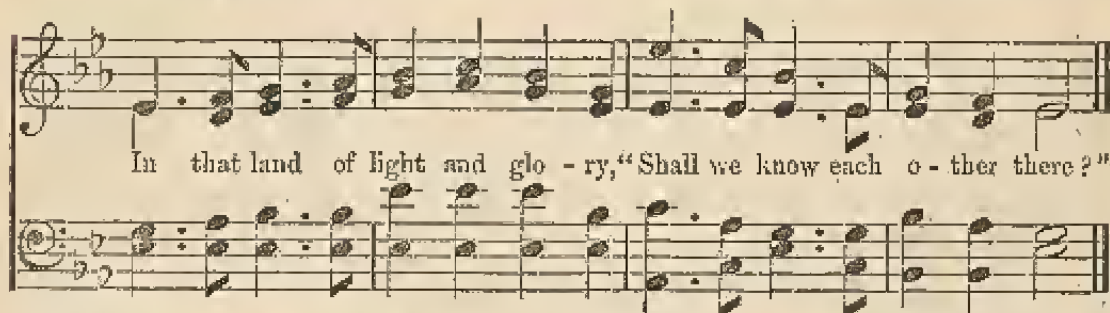
1. When we hear the mu-sic ring-ing Thro' the bright ce - les - tial dome,



When sweet an - gel voi - ces ring-ing, Glad-ly bid us welcome home,



To the land of an - cient sto - ry, Where the spi - rit knows no care;



In that land of light and glo - ry, "Shall we know each o - ther there?"

- 2 When the holy angels meet us,  
As we go to join this band,  
Shall we know the friends that greet us.  
In the glorious spirit land?  
Shall we see their bright eyes shining  
On us as in days of yore?  
Shall we feel their dear arms twining  
Fondly round us as before?
- 3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,  
And my weary heart grows light,  
For the thrilling angel voices,  
And the angel faces bright,

That shall welcome us in heaven,  
Are the loved of long ago,  
And to them 'tis kindly given  
Thus their mortal friends to know.

- 4 O! ye weary ones, and lost ones,  
Droop not, faint not by the way;  
Ye shall join the loved and lost ones  
In the land of perfect day.  
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers  
Murmur in my raptured ear;  
Ever more their sweet tone lingers,  
We shall know each other there.



# THERE, THERE IS REST. P.M.

REV. G. D. BROWNE.

*Allegretto.*

1. Come, poor pil-grim, sad and wea-ry, Why heaves thy breast? Roaming

2. There is rest for thee in glo-ry, A-mong the blest; Lis-ten

*CHORUS. ad lib.*

this wide world so drea-ry, Sigh-ing for rest. Rest, rest, sweet . .

to the joy-ful sto-ry, There, there is rest. Rest, rest, sweet . .

rest. Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.

rest. Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the wea-ry are at rest.

3 There are those who've gone before us,  
All who are blest,  
Singing now the happy chorus,  
There, there is rest.

4 There the golden harps are ringing,  
Harps of the blest;  
And the angel bands are singing,  
There, there is rest.

5 And while we on earth are praying,  
Jesus, the blest,  
Unto us is sweetly saying,  
There, there is rest.

6 We shall meet where parting never  
Comes to the blest;  
And we'll safely dwell for ever  
In heavenly rest.

# CONSOLATION. C.M.

*Slow.*

H. W. BOWEN.

1. When languor and dis-ease in-vade This trembling house of clay, . . .

2. Sweet to look in-ward, and at-tend The whispers of his love; . . .

'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pains, And long to fly a-way. . . .

Sweet to look upward, to the place Where Jesus pleads a-bove. . . .

'Tis sweet to look be-yond my pains, And long . . . to fly a-way.

Sweet to look up-ward, to the place Where Je - - - sus pleads a-bove.

- 3 Sweet to look back and see my name  
In life's fair book set down;  
Sweet to look forward, and behold  
Eternal joys my own!
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divino  
My sins on Jesus laid;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of suffering paid!

- 5 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,  
That, when my change shall come,  
Angels shall hover round my bed,  
And waft my spirit home.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the stream,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Directly, Lord, from thee?



# WHO CAN TELL?

J. W. D.

1. The flow - 'ry field of youth she trod, On which her

eyes de - light-ed fell, The Saviour call'd, "Forsake thy toys!" She would not

lis - ten to his voice— And, who can tell? O, who can tell?

2 The spring-time quickly passed away  
From off the hill-side and the dell;  
And then we saw her pressed with cares,  
Unmindful of her soul's affairs—  
And, who can tell? &c.

3 When on her dying bed she lay,  
She dreamed she heard the fun'ral knell,  
"A little longer!" then she cried,  
"A year! a day!" and so she died—  
Ah! who can tell? &c.

4 Fain would we hope when o'er the grave  
Her spirit hovered, all was well,  
That, at the last, the Saviour smiled,  
And owned the sufferer as his child.  
But, who can tell? &c.

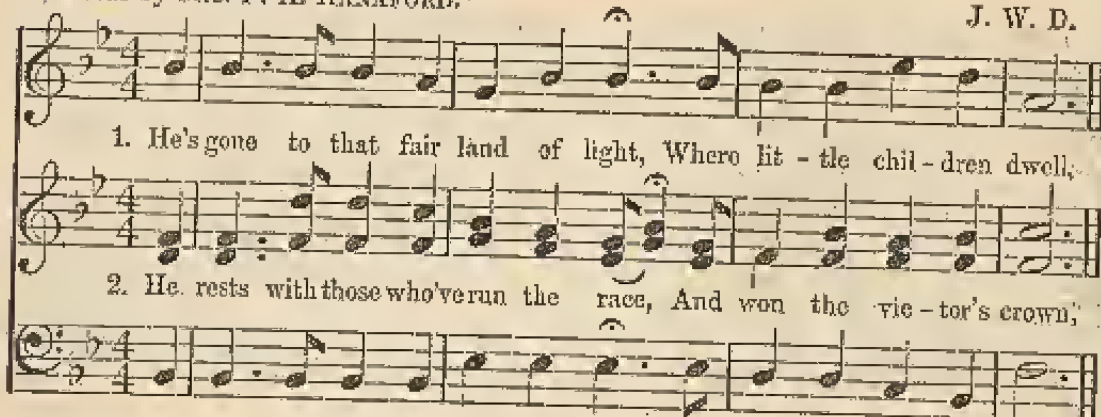
5 Then seek the Saviour in thy youth,  
Early thy sinful passions quell;  
Now for the better world prepare,  
For death may come ere you're aware,  
And, who can tell? &c.



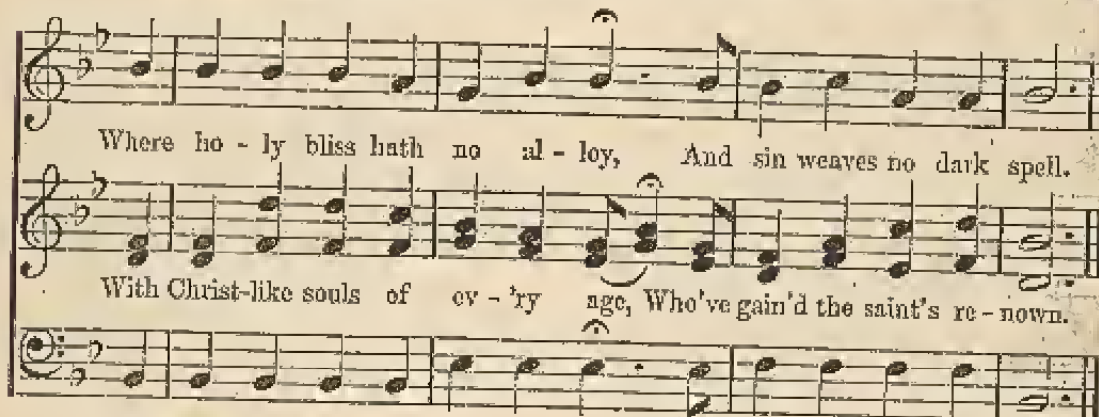
# WILLIE'S GONE BEFORE. C.M.

Words by Mrs. P. A. HANAFORD.\*

J. W. D.



1. He's gone to that fair land of light, Where lit - tle chil - dren dwell,  
2. He rests with those who've run the race, And won the vic - tor's crown,

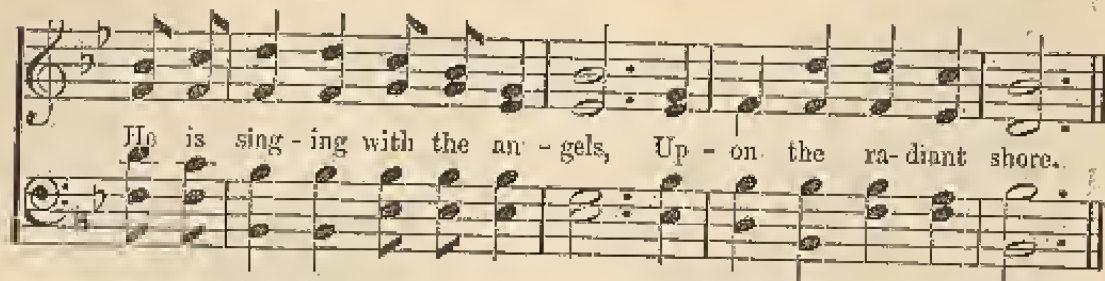


Where ho - ly bliss hath no al - ley, And sin weaves no dark spell.  
With Christ-like souls of ev - 'ry age, Who've gain'd the saint's re - nown.

## CHORUS.



Oh yes, we know our dar - ling Has on - ly gone be - fore;



He is sing - ing with the an - gels, Up - on the ra - diant shore.

3 He'll be among the shining host,  
To greet us when we land;  
Where many long departed friends  
Hath touched the glorious strand.

4 We'll clasp him to our breasts again;  
Our precious, angel boy!  
And bless the love that early took  
Him to that world of joy.

\* "Respectfully inscribed to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. DADMAN, on the departure of their little son, WILLIAM ELLSWORTH."

# ALAS ! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED. C.M.

From "ATHENÆUM COLLECTION," by permission.

S. J. VAIL.

FINE.

1. A - las ! and did my Sa - vour bleed ? And did my Sove - reign die ?  
D.C. Yes, Je - sus died for all man - kind, Bless God, he died for me.

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I ? ..

CHORUS.

D.C. in CHORUS.

Je - sus died for you, Je - sus died for me ;

2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree ?  
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears ;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe.  
Here, Lord, I give myself away ;  
'Tis all that I can do.

REST. C.M.

1 I saw one hanging on a tree,  
In agonies and blood,  
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,  
As near his cross I stood.  
2 Sure never till my latest breath  
Can I forget that look ;  
It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
Though not a word he spoke.  
3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,  
And plunged me in despair ;

I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
And helped to nail him there.  
4 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;  
But now my tears are vain ;  
Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?  
For I the Lord have slain.  
5 A second look he gave, which said,  
" I freely all forgive ;  
This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
I die that thou may'st live."



# WRESTLING JACOB. 6 lines, 8s. (New.)

J. W. D.

1. Come, O thou tra-vel-er unknown, Whom still I hold but can-not see;

2. I need not tell thee who I am; My sin and mi-se-ry do-clare;

My com-pa-ny be-fore is gone, And I am left a-lone with thee;

Thy-self hast called me by my name; Look on thy hands and read it there;

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wres-tle till the break of day.

But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.

But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.



# WRESTLING JACOB.

3 In vain thou stragglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold;  
Art thou the man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

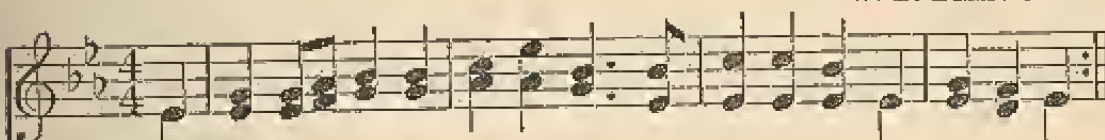
4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell;  
To know it now resolved I am;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair,  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak;  
Be conquered by my instant prayer;  
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if thy name is Love.

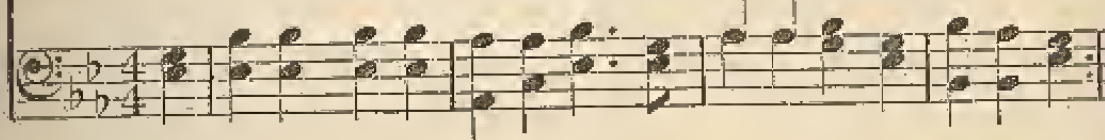
6 'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me,  
I hear thy whisper in my heart;  
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
Pure, universal Love thou art;  
To me, to all, thy bowels move,  
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

## ZION'S PILGRIM. L.M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



1. Pil-grims we are to Canaan bound, Our journey lies a - long this road,  
This wil - der - ness we tra - vel round, To reach the ci - ty of our God.  
D.C. Our robes are wash'd in Je - sus' blood, And we are trav'ling home to God.



CHORUS.

O hap - py pil - grims, spot - less fair, What makes your robes so white ap - pear?

2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,  
In this dark desert to complain;  
A few more sighs, a few more tears,  
And we shall bid adieu to pain.

3 O blessed land! O happy land!  
When shall we reach thy golden shore,  
And one redeemed, unbroken band,  
United be for evermore?

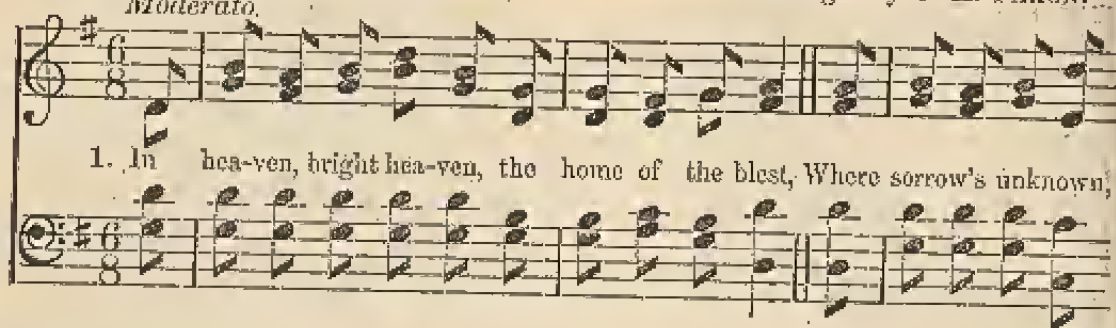
4 And if our robes are pure and white,  
May we all reach that blessed abode?  
O yes, they all shall dwell in light,  
Whose robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood.

5 O may we meet at last above,  
Amid the holy blood-washed throng;  
And sing for ever Jesus' love,  
While saints and angels join the song.


# HOME OF THE BLEST.

Words and Melody by J. A. HANDY.  
*Moderato.*

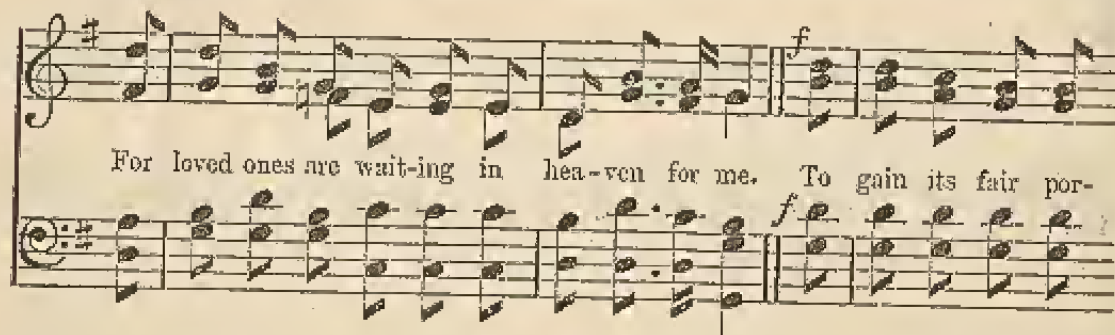
Arranged by C. H. FAXON.



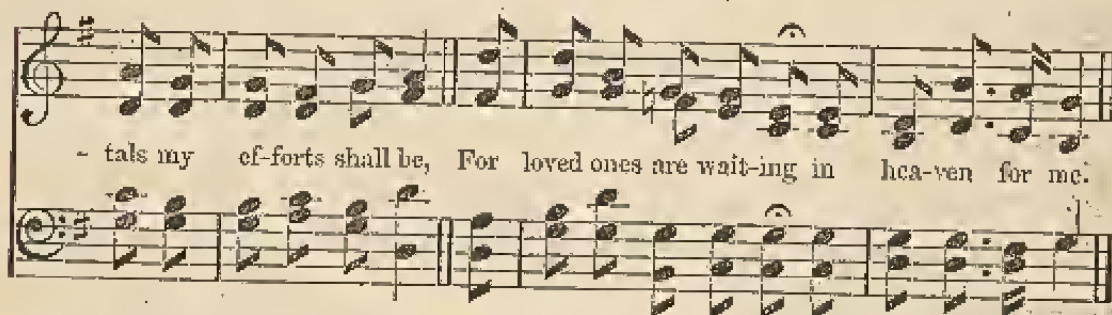
1. In hea-ven, bright hea-ven, the home of the blest, Where sorrow's unknown,



I am long-ing to rest; To gain its fair por-tals my ef-forts shall be,



For loved ones are wait-ing in hea-ven for me. To gain its fair por-



-tals my ef-forts shall be, For loved ones are wait-ing in hea-ven for me.

2 To heaven, sweet heaven, I'm hoping to go,  
When I have accomplished my mission below;  
The Bible for ever my standard shall be,  
For loved ones are waiting in heaven for me.

3 For heaven I'm striving, and ne'er will give o'er,  
Till safely I stand on the glittering shore;  
Beyond the dark waters of life's stormy sea,  
With loved ones now waiting in heaven for me.



# LET GO THE ANCHOR. 8s & 7s.

J. W. D.

1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are wa-ving On the hills of fade-less green;

And the liv - ing wa - ters la-ving Shores where heav'n-ly forms are seen.

E - den's bree - zes o'er it sigh, Bil - lows kiss its strand and die.

E - den's bree - zes o'er it sigh, Bil - lows kiss its strand and die.

2 Onward, bark! "The cape I'm rounding,"  
See the blessed wave their hands!  
Hear the harps of God resounding  
From the bright immortal bands,—  
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more,  
When on that inviting shore.

3 "Let the anchor go,"—I'm riding  
On this calm and silvery bay;  
Seaward fast the tide is gliding,  
Shores in sunlight stretch away.  
Strike the colours, furl the sail!  
I am safe within the vail!



# I SOON SHALL SEE THE DAY. C.M.

H. W. BOWEN.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear, To man-sions in the skies,  
2. Should earth a-against my soul en-gage, And fie - ry darts be hurl'd,

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear,  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage,

I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.  
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.

CHORUS.\*

I soon shall see the day . . . When all my toils shall cease;

When, free from sin and sor-row here, I shall with Je - sus rest, I shall with Je - sus rest.

\* The CHORUS may be used as a Short Metre Tune.

I SOON SHALL SEE THE DAY.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,—  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

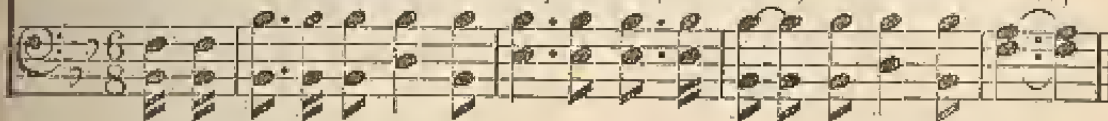
A BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR THEE, MOTHER.

*Tenderly.*

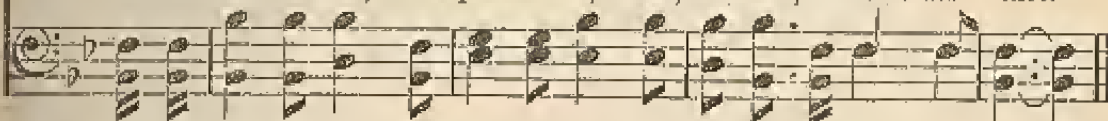
J. W. D.



1. There's a beau-ti-ful home for thee, mo-ther, A home, a home for thee;



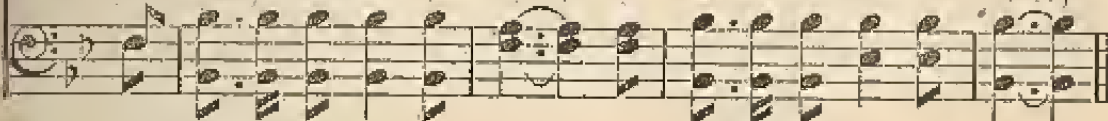
In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, mother's, a home for thee.



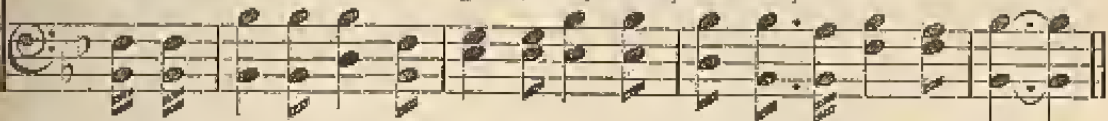
CHORUS.



A beau-ti-ful home for thee, A beau-ti-ful home for thee;



In that land of bliss, where pleasure is, There, mother's, a home for thee.



2 There's a beautiful rest\* for thee, mother,  
A rest, a rest for thee;  
In that home above, where all is love,  
There, mother's, a rest for thee.

4 There's a beautiful robe for thee, mother,  
A robe, a robe for thee;  
A robe of white, so pure and bright,  
There, mother's, a robe for thee.

3 There's a beautiful crown for thee, mother,  
A beautiful crown for thee;  
When the battle's fought, the vict'ry won,  
Our Saviour will give it thee

5 We'll seek that beautiful home, mother,  
That home, that home above;  
In that land of light, where all is bright,  
That mansion where all is love.

\* Substitute rest in the chorus.



# IMMANUEL'S BIRTH. P.M.

J. W. D.

1. All hail! hap - py day, When, en - robed in our clay,  
 2. Ye an - gels of God Sound his prai - ses a - broad,

The Re - deem - er ap - peared up - on earth; How can we re - frain  
 And ac - knowl - edge him JAH, the I AM: We al - so will join

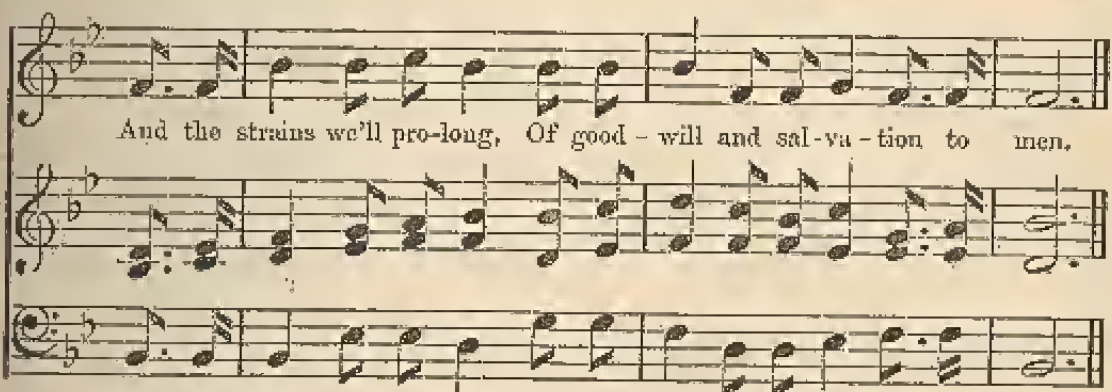
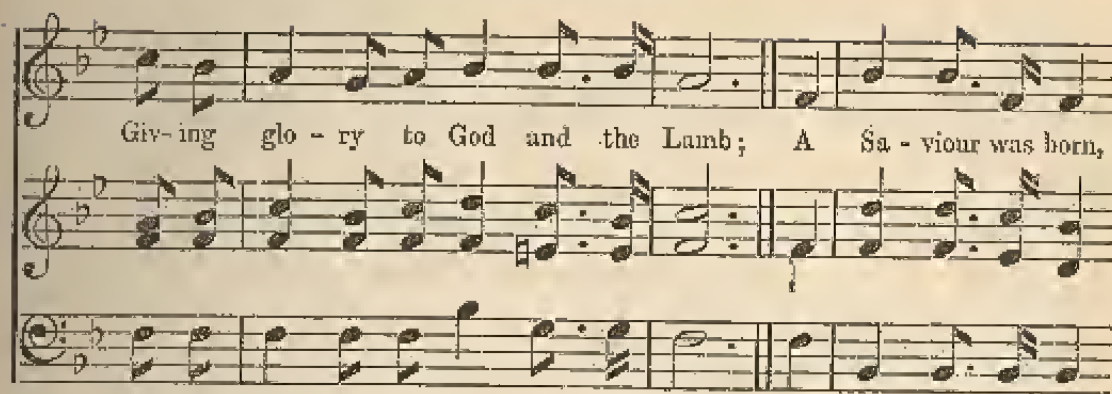
To u - nite in the strain, And to hail our Im - man - u - el's birth.  
 In a hymn so di - vine, Giv - ing glo - ry to God and the Lamb!

## CHORUS.

Then shout, shout for joy! Lift your voi - ces on high,



# IMMANUEL'S BIRTH.



3 O may the return  
Of this once blessed morn  
Be for ever remembered with joy;  
Sweet accents of praise  
All our voices shall raise;  
Hallelujah shall be our employ!

4 Let echo prolong  
The harmonious song—  
Hallelujahs again and again;  
He kindles the fire,  
Whom the nations desire,  
And to him we devote the glad strain.

## JOY OF THE YOUNG CONVERT.

1 O how happy are they  
Who the Saviour obey,  
And have laid up their treasure above!  
Tongue can never express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,  
When the favour divine  
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb  
When my heart first believed,  
What a joy I received—  
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

3 'Twas a heaven below  
My Redeemer to know,  
And the angels could do nothing more

Than to fall at his feet,  
And the story repeat,  
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long  
Was my joy and my song:  
Oh, that all his salvation might see!  
He hath loved me, I cried,  
He hath suffered and died,  
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 Oh, the rapturous height  
Of that holy delight  
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!  
Of my Saviour possessed,  
I was perfectly blest,  
As if filled with the fulness of God.

# REPENTANCE.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.

1. Bles-sed Je-sus, when I see All thy ten-der care for me,  
All thy grace and beau-ty; While my heart, in sin a-stray,  
Wanders from thee day by day, Far from love and du-ty;  
Pain and grief my soul op-press; I am filled with deep dis-tress.  
Pain and grief my soul op-press; I am filled with deep dis-tress.

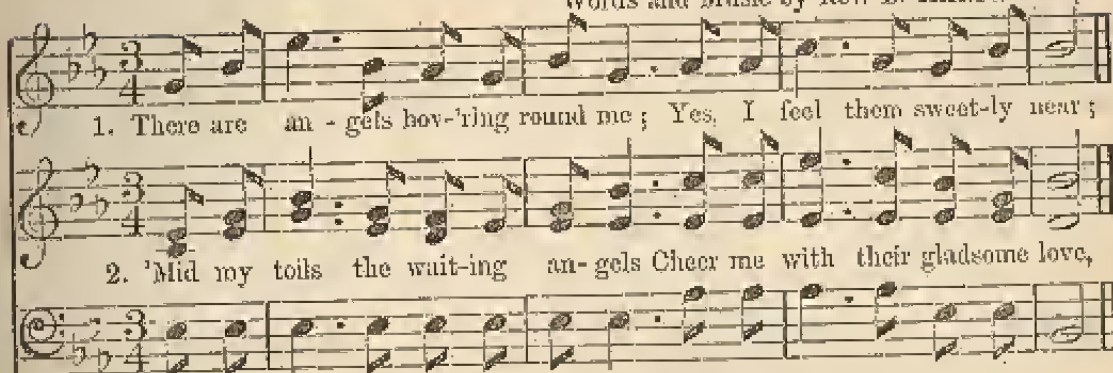
2 I have grieved thee, well I know,  
Caused thy tears and blood to flow,  
O my suffering Saviour!  
Yet amid thy agony.  
Thou hast kindly welcomed me  
To receive thy favour!  
Oh! divinest, matchless grace!  
Even while I wound to bless'

3 Bid my tears break forth and flow,  
Bid my heart relent and bow  
At thy feet, dear Jesus  
Bid my voice awake and sing,  
Bid my life its tribute bring,  
All it has most precious  
But forbid me ere again,  
By one sin to give thee pain.



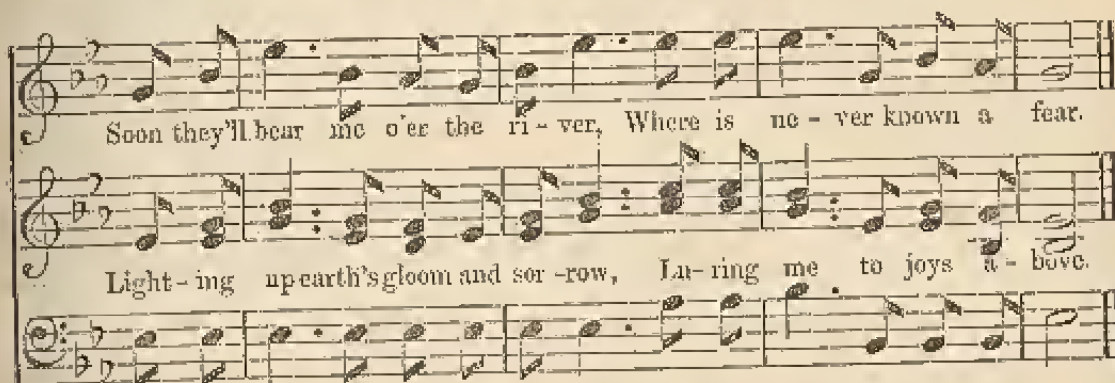
# ANGELS ROUND ME. 8s & 7s.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. There are an - gels hov - ring round me ; Yes, I feel them sweet - ly near ;

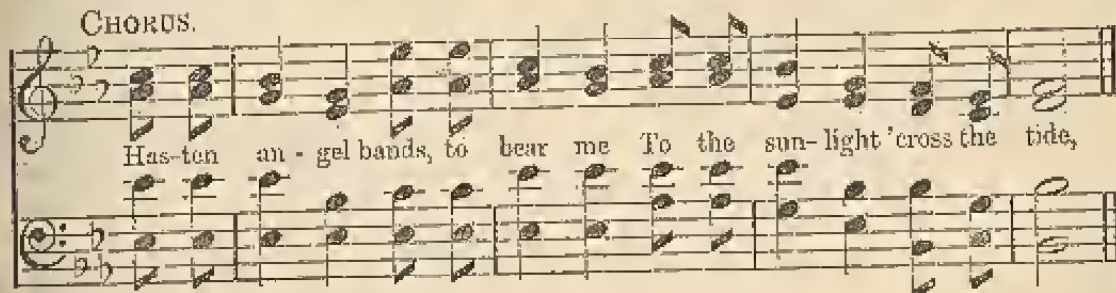
2. 'Mid my toils the wait - ing an - gels Cheer me with their gladsome love,



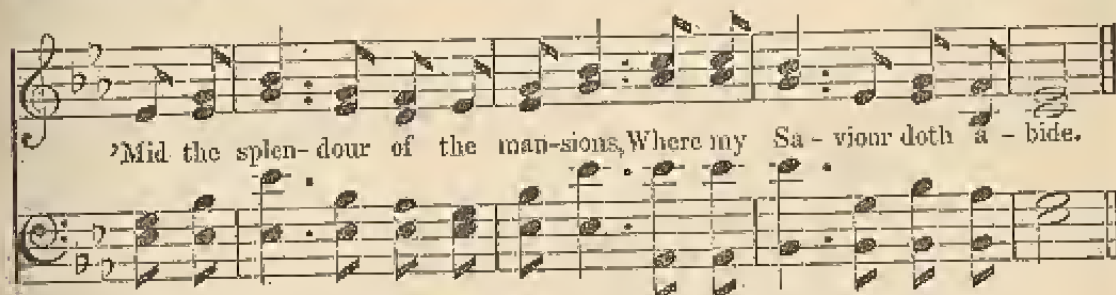
Soon they'll bear me o'er the ri - ver, Where is ne - ver known a fear.

Light - ing up earth's gloom and sor - row, La - ring me to joys a - bove.

## CHORUS.



Has - ten an - gel bands, to bear me To the sun - light 'cross the tide,



'Mid the splen - dour of the man - sions, Where my Sa - vour doth a - bide.

3 Yes, there's sunlight 'cross the river,  
Cloudless skies are ever there ;  
Night will never dim the brightness  
Of those realms of glory rare.

4 My poor body fast is sinking  
To the darkness of the tomb,  
But my spirit waits the summons,  
That will upward bid it come.

5 O'er the river, not long waiting,  
Soul with body shall unite,  
Never more to know corruption,  
But, like Jesus, changed and bright.

6 So I toil on—angels round me  
Winning me where toils come not ;  
I am drawing nigh the river,  
Where life's sorrows are forgot.



# MERCY'S FREE. P.M. (New.)

J. W. D.

1. By faith I see my Sa-viour dy-ing, On the tree, on the tree,  
2. Did Christ, when I was sin pur-su-ing, Pi-ty me, pi-ty me?

To ev-ry na-tion he is cry-ing, Look to me, look to me.  
And did he snatch my soul from ru-in, Can it be, can it be?

He bids the guil-ty now draw near, Re-pent, be-lieve, dis-miss your fear;  
Oh, yes! he did sal-va-tion bring, He is my Pro-phet, Priest and King;

Hark! hark! what pre-cious words I hear, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.  
And now my hap-py soul can sing, Mer-cy's free, mer-cy's free.

# MERCY'S FREE.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken  
Peace to me, peace to me;  
Now all my chains of sin are broken,  
I am free, I am free.  
Soon as I in his name believed  
The Holy Spirit I received,  
And Christ from death my soul relieved;  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes—  
Mercy's free, mercy's free,  
And every moment Christ is precious  
Unto me, unto me.  
None can describe the bliss I prove,  
While through this wilderness I rove;  
All may enjoy the Saviour's love—  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
Ye ministers of God, declare it,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.  
Visit the heathen's dark abode,  
Proclaim to all the love of God,  
And spread the glorious news abroad,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free;  
And this shall be my theme when dying,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.  
And when the vale of death I've passed,  
When lodged above the stormy blast,  
I'll sing, while endless ages last,  
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

## EVENING. 7s.

B. TEMPLE GEORGE.

1. Soft - ly now . . . the light of day . . . Fades up -  
2. Soon from us . . . the light of day . . . Shall for -

Soft - ly now the light of day . . .  
Soon from us the light of day . . .

- on our sight a - way; . . . Free from care, from  
- e - ver pass a - way; . . . Then, from sin and

la - bour free, Lord, we would com - mune with thee.  
sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.



# O! I WANT TO CROSS OVER!

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Oh, have you not heard of that realm of de-light, To  
2. Tho' death's foam-ing bil-lows are roll-ing be-tween, Yet

CHORUS. Oh, I want to cross o-ver, to dwell where he reigns, And

which the blessed Saviour doth each one in-vite; 'Tis prepared for the good and the  
glo-ries are there such as eye hath not seen; And songs are there sung such as

join the glad an-gels on E-den's fair plains; I want to be gathered with

pure and the blessed; 'Tis o-ver the ri-ver where the wea-ry find rest.  
ear hath not caught; And the way o'er the ri-ver, the Saviour hath taught.

all the redeemed; Yes, o-ver the ri-ver where the fields are all green.

3 'Tis a land of rare beauty—a realm of  
delight,  
O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent with  
light;  
Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er  
die,  
O! I long to pass over with Jesus on high.

4 Its fountains are pure, and its pleasures  
untold,  
Its fulness of rapture no tongue can  
unfold;  
Its life-breathing zephyrs float gently  
along  
O'er the river, enticing a purified throng.



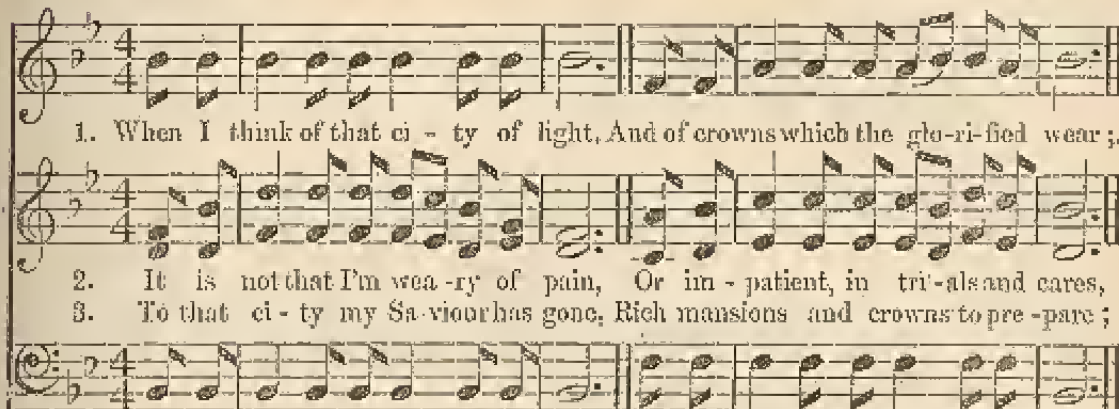
# O! I WANT TO CROSS OVER.

5 There the weary may rest, and the wicked  
ne'er come,  
There the saints are all safe in their  
heavenly home;  
With their harps and their crowns they  
for ever are seen  
Away o'er the river, where the valleys  
are green.

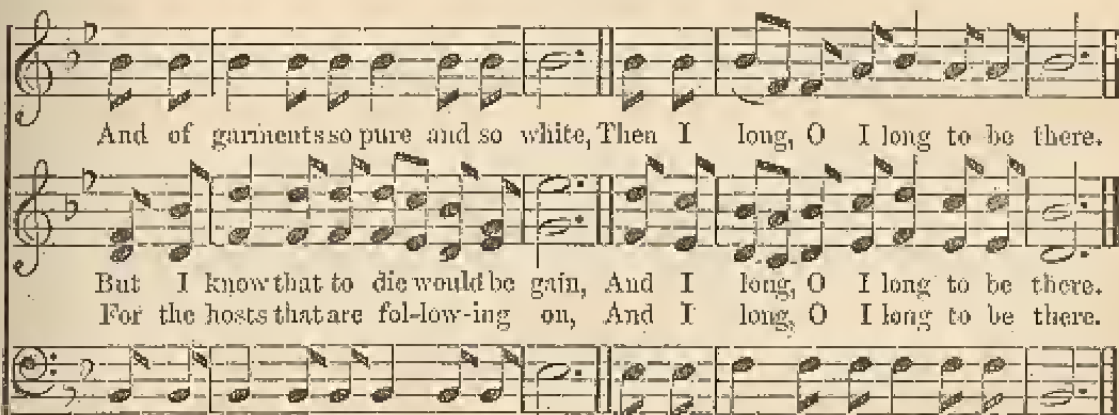
6 'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,  
To reign with him ever all happy and  
free;  
I'll join with the ransomed and with them  
abide,  
I'll cross the dark river—bright angels  
will guide.

# I LONG TO BE THERE.

G. D. BROWNE.

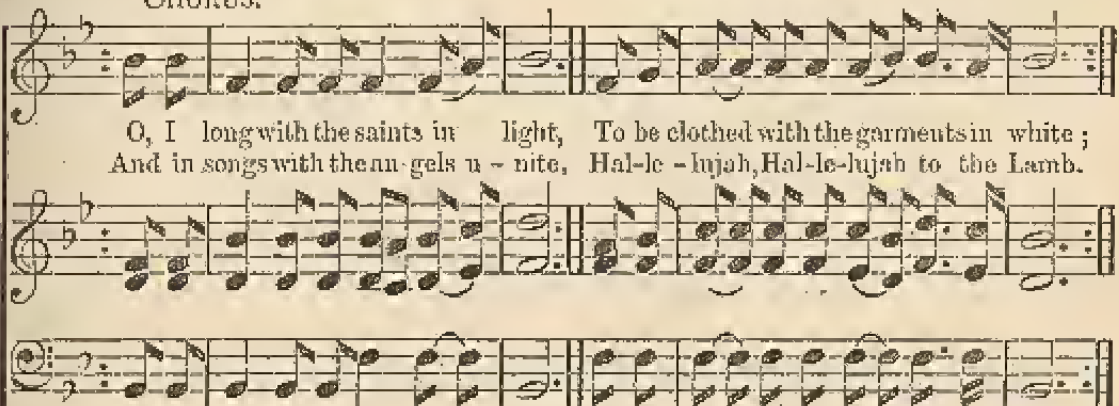


1. When I think of that ci - ty of light, And of crowns which the glo-ri-fied wear ;  
2. It is not that I'm wea-ry of pain, Or im - patient, in tri-als and cares,  
3. To that ci - ty my Sa-viour has gone, Rich mansions and crowns to pre-pare ;



And of garments so pure and so white, Then I long, O I long to be there.  
But I know that to die would be gain, And I long, O I long to be there.  
For the hosts that are fol-low-ing on, And I long, O I long to be there.

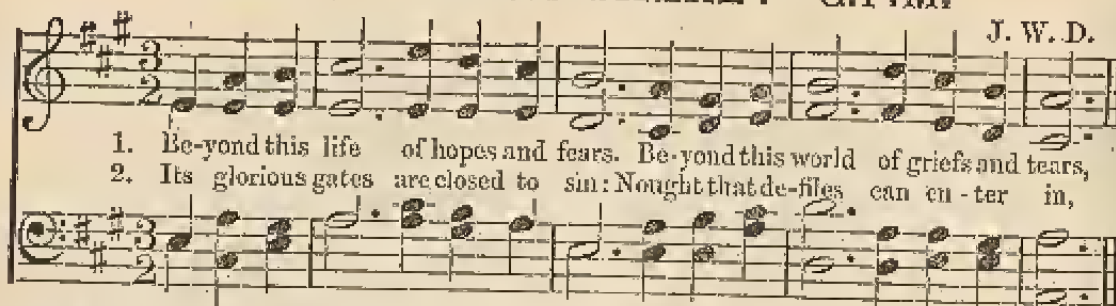
## CHORUS.



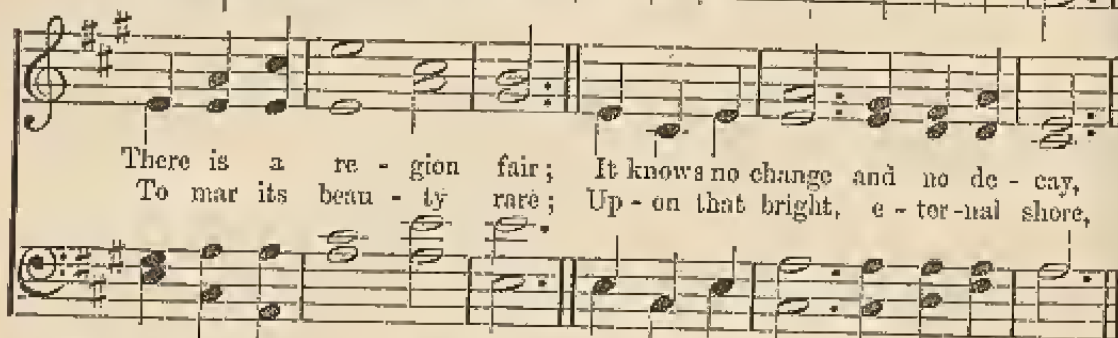
O, I long with the saints in light, To be clothed with the garments in white ;  
And in songs with the an-gels u - nite, Hal-le - lujah, Hal-le-lujah to the Lamb.

# WILL YOU BE THERE? C.P.M.

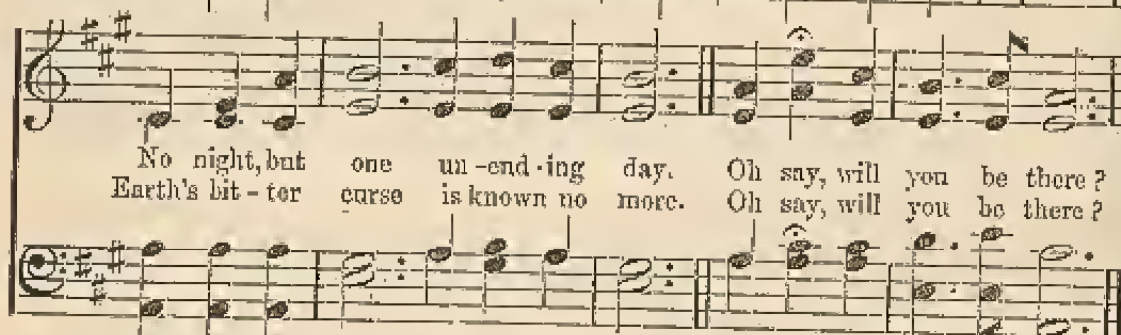
J. W. D.



1. Be-yond this life of hopes and fears. Be-yond this world of griefs and tears,  
2. Its glorious gates are closed to sin: Nought that de-files can en-ter in,

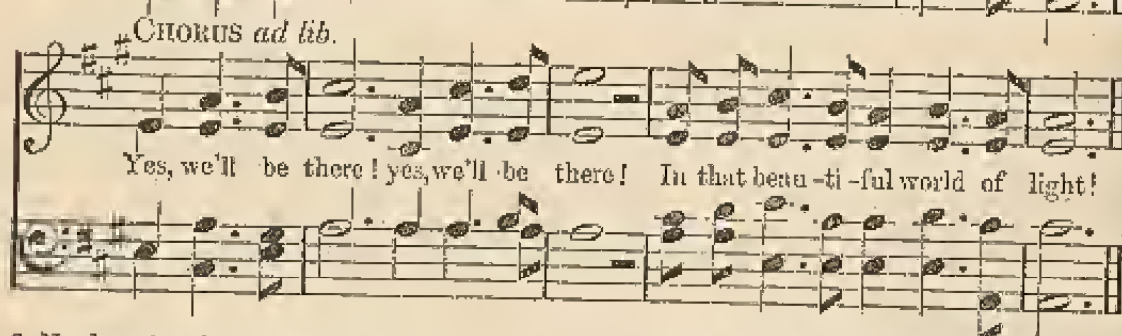


There is a re-gion fair; It knows no change and no de-cay,  
To mar its beau-ty rare; Up-on that bright, e-ter-nal shore,



No night, but one un-end-ing day. Oh say, will you be there?  
Earth's bit-ter curse is known no more. Oh say, will you be there?

*CHORUS ad lib.*



Yes, we'll be there! yes, we'll be there! In that beau-ti-ful world of light!

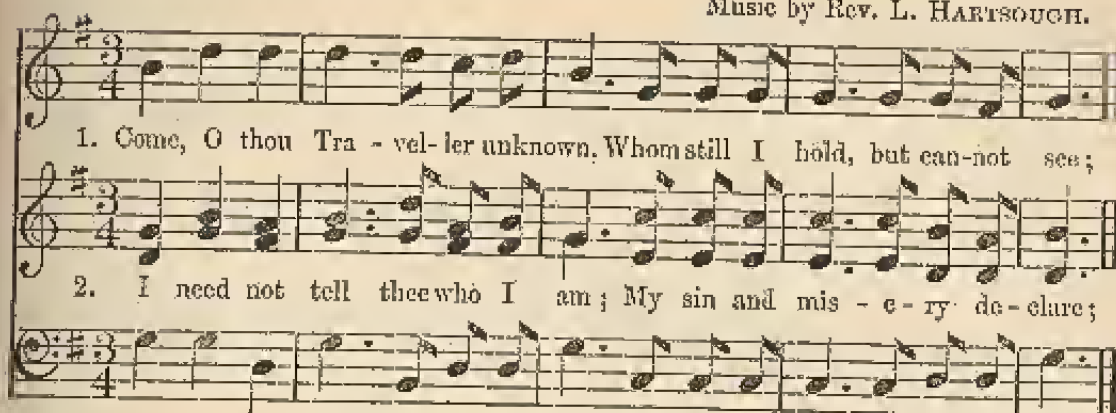
- 3 No drooping form, no tearful eye,  
No heary head, no weary sigh,  
No pain, no grief, no care;  
But joys which mortals may not know,  
Like a calm river, ever flow,  
Oh say, will you be there?
- 4 Our Saviour, once as mortal child,  
As mortal man, by man reviled,  
There many crowns doth wear;  
While thousands thousands swell the  
Of glory to the Lamb once slain! [strain  
Oh say, will you be there?

- 5 Who shall be there? The lowly here:  
All those who serve the Lord in fear,  
The world's proud mockery dare;  
Who, by the Holy Spirit led,  
Rejoice the narrow path to tread—  
These, these shall all be there!
- 6 Will you be there? You shall, you must,  
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust,  
Who did that place prepare.  
Still doth his voice sound sweetly, "Come!  
I am the Way—I'll lead you home—  
With me, you shall be there!"



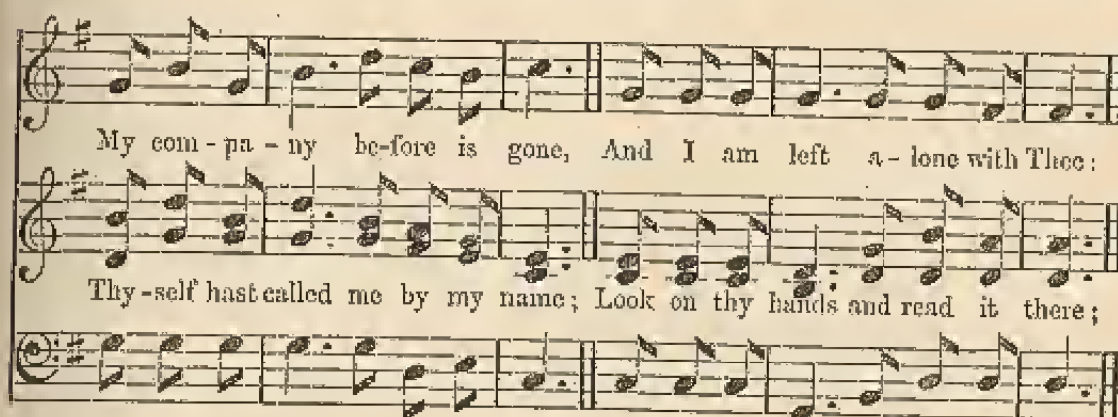
# I WILL NOT LET THEE GO. 6 lines, 8s.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



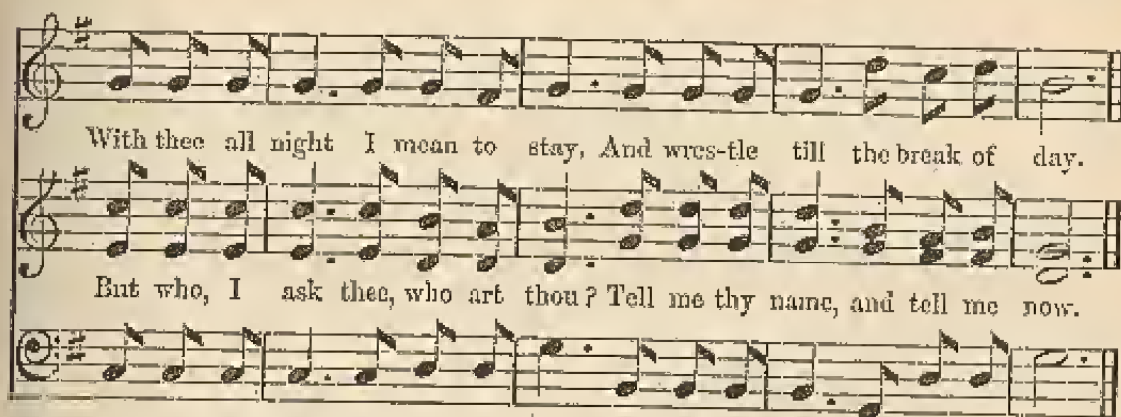
1. Come, O thou Tra - vel - ler unknown, Whom still I hold, but can-not see;

2. I need not tell thee who I am; My sin and mis - e - ry de - clare;



My com - pa - ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a - lone with Thee;

Thy - self hast called me by my name; Look on thy hands and read it there;



With thee all night I mean to stay, And wres - tle till the break of day.

But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,  
I never will unloose my hold;  
Art thou the Man that died for me?  
The secret of thy love unfold;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable name?  
Tell me, I beseech thee, tell;

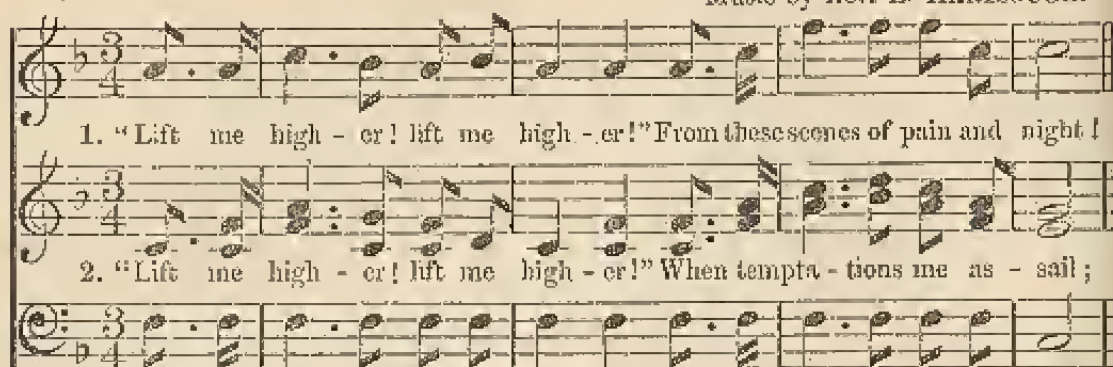
To know it now resolved I am;  
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,  
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What, tho' my shrinking flesh complain,  
And murmur to contend so long?  
I rise superior to my pain,  
When I am weak, then I am strong;  
And when my all of strength shall fail,  
I shall with the God-man prevail.



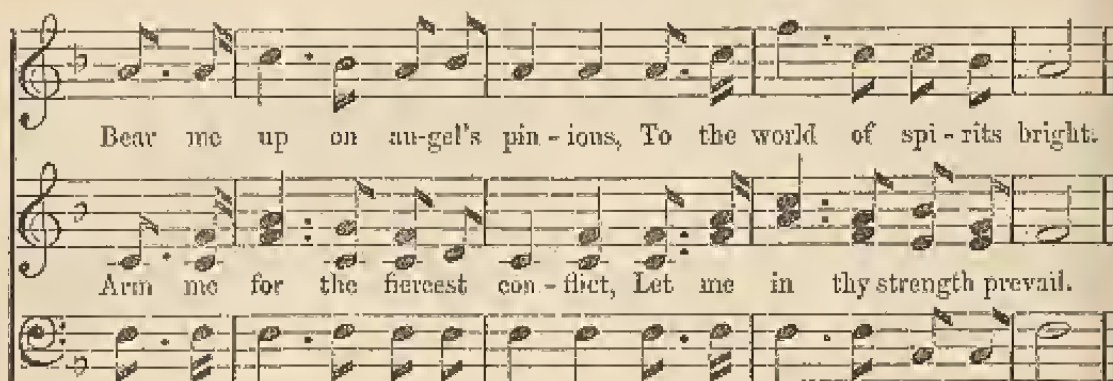
# LIFT ME HIGHER, 8s & 7s.

Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



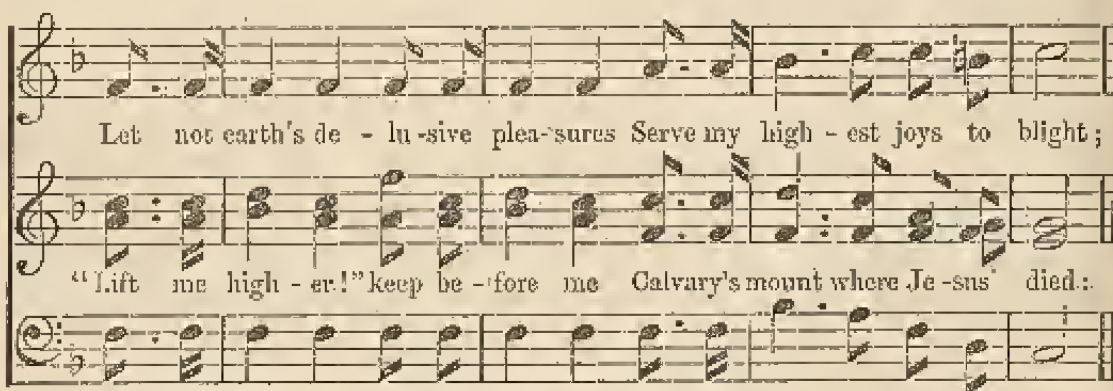
1. "Lift me high - er! lift me high - er!" From these scenes of pain and night!

2. "Lift me high - er! lift me high - er!" When tempta - tions me as - sail;



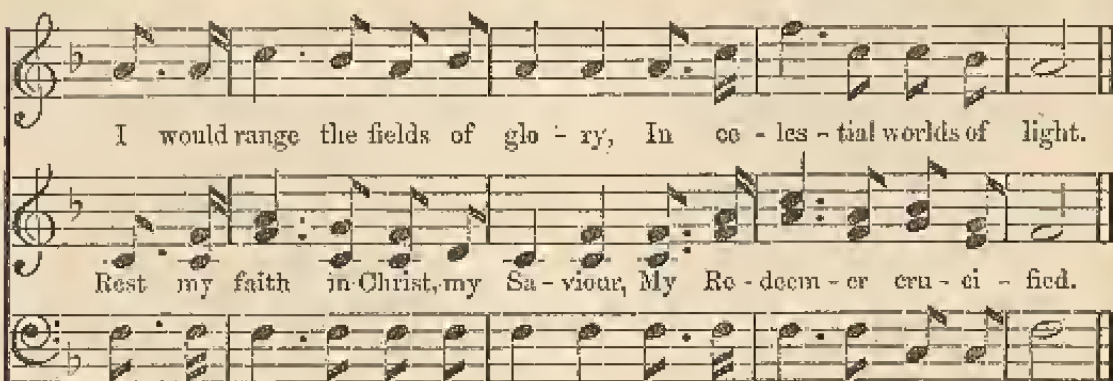
Bear me up on an - gel's pin - ions, To the world of spi - rits bright.

Arm me for the fiercest con - flict, Let me in thy strength prevail.



Let not earth's de - lu - sive plea - sures Serve my high - est joys to blight;

"Lift me high - er!" keep be - fore me Calvary's mount where Je - sus' died.



I would range the fields of glo - ry, In ce - les - tial worlds of light.

Rest my faith in Christ, my Sa - viour, My Re - deem - er cru - ci - fied.

# LIFT ME HIGHER.

3 "Lift me higher! lift me higher!"  
In affliction's darkest hour  
Let my faith surmount the trial  
In the strength of Jesus' power.  
"Lift me higher! lift me higher!"  
Till by faith the land I see  
Where the ransomed from affliction,  
Grief, and pain are ever free.

4 When death's shadows gather round me,  
Plume my spirit for its flight  
To the land that knows no sorrow,  
Neither pain, nor death, nor night.  
"Lift me higher!" HIGHER! HIGHER!  
Till my spirit ends its flight,  
Far beyond this world of darkness.  
In the realms of endless light.

S. V. R. FORD.

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

From "Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book," by permission.

*Andantino.*

DR. L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee: Ev'n tho' it be a cross  
That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my  
God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Daylight all gone,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
:|| Nearer, my God, to thee, ||:  
Nearer to thee.  
3 There let the way appear  
Steps up to heaven,  
All that thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
:|| Nearer, my God, to thee, ||:  
Nearer to thee,

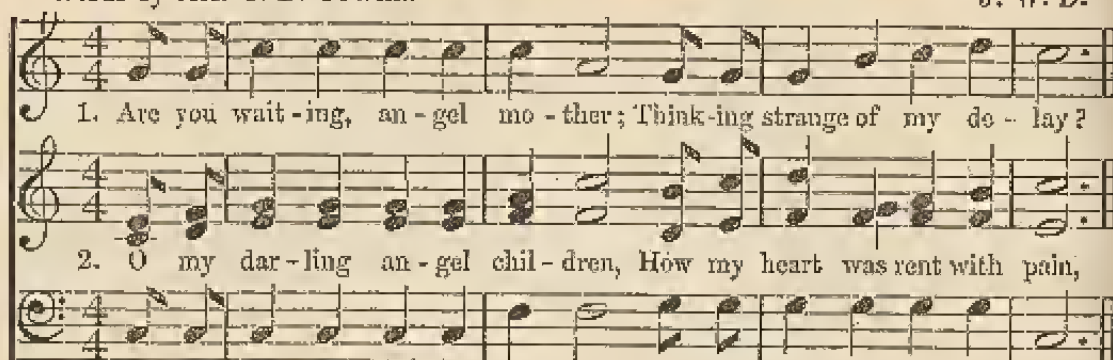
4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethels I'll raise;  
So by my vows to be  
:|| Nearer, my God, to thee, ||:  
Nearer to thee.  
5 Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upwards I fly;  
Still all my song shall be,  
:|| Nearer, my God, to thee, ||:  
Nearer to thee.



# THEY ARE WAITING FOR ME.

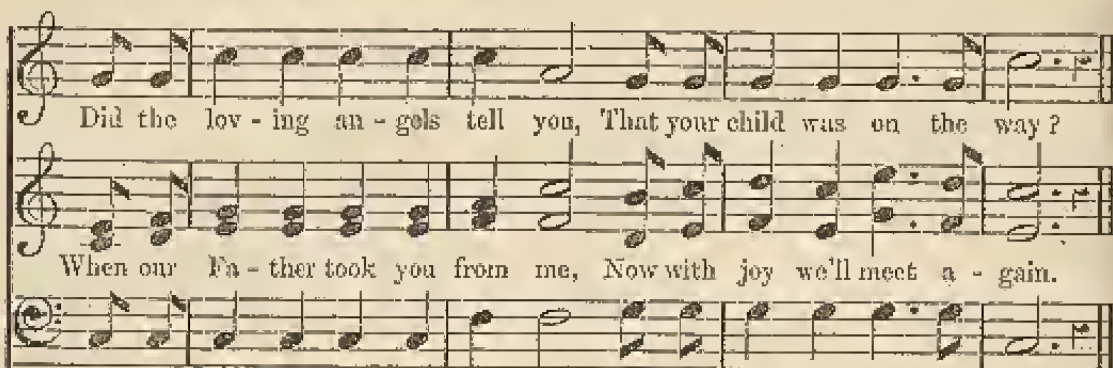
Words by Mrs. C. B. COWELL.

J. W. D.



1. Are you wait-ing, an-gel mo-ther; Think-ing strange of my do-lay?

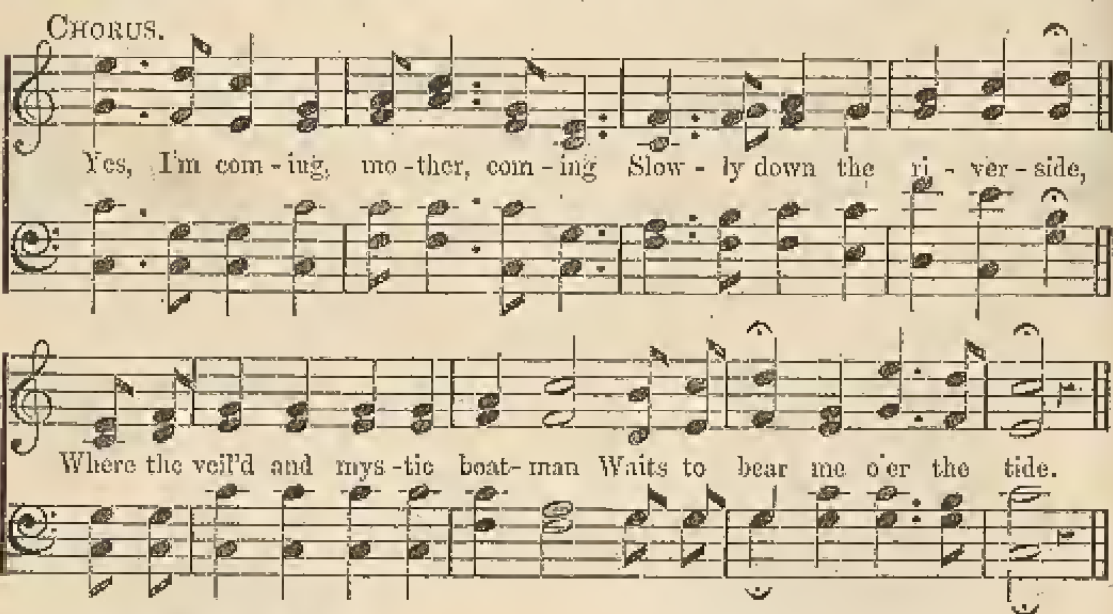
2. O my dar-ling an-gel chil-dren, How my heart was rent with pain,



Did the lov-ing an-gels tell you, That your child was on the way?

When our Fa-ther took you from me, Now with joy we'll meet a-gain.

CHORUS.



Yes, I'm com-ing, mo-ther, com-ing Slow-ly down the ri-ver-side,

Where the veil'd and mys-tic boat-man Waits to bear me o'er the tide.

- 3 For I'm coming, darling, coming  
Feebly to the river side,  
Where, beside the same pale boatman,  
I shall cross the mystic tide.
- 4 When thro' weary hours I've counted,  
Step by step, time's solemn tramp,  
As the night hung dark and heavy,  
All the air pressed chill and damp.

- 5 Suddenly from o'er the river,  
Silv'ry chimes broke on my ear;  
Infant voices seemed to whisper,  
Hasten to us, mother dear.
- 6 Yes, my darlings; only waiting  
Till our Father bids me come;  
Sitting by the bright glad river,  
Waiting to be carried home.



# WHY NOT GO ? 8s & 6s.

Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. Our Canaan fair with streets of gold, And wealth of pleasures all untold, You.  
2. Its pearly gates that close us in, Shut out all sorrow, death, and sin, And

each with us may share ; Its hopes are bright and ne-ver end, And  
pain and anxious care : No burdened ones will walk those streets, Or

an-gel hands will us at-tend ; We hope to meet you there.  
sigh-ing ones each o-ther greet ; Why not go with us there ?

3 The blessed Spirit bids you come,  
O hasten now for yet there's room,  
And you a crown shall wear ;  
Neglecting Christ of heaven you fail,  
Obeying him you will prevail,  
And soon be with us there.

4 The royal road leads surely on  
Thro' fightings oft, but victory's won,  
Yes, safe 'mid every snare ;  
The thronging angels fill the sky,  
To cheer us on where none can die—  
Why not go with us there ?

## THE PILGRIM'S LOT.

1 How happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear !  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.

2 No foot of land do I possess,  
No cottage in the wilderness ;  
A poor wayfaring man.  
I lodge awhile in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro.  
Till I my Canaan gain.

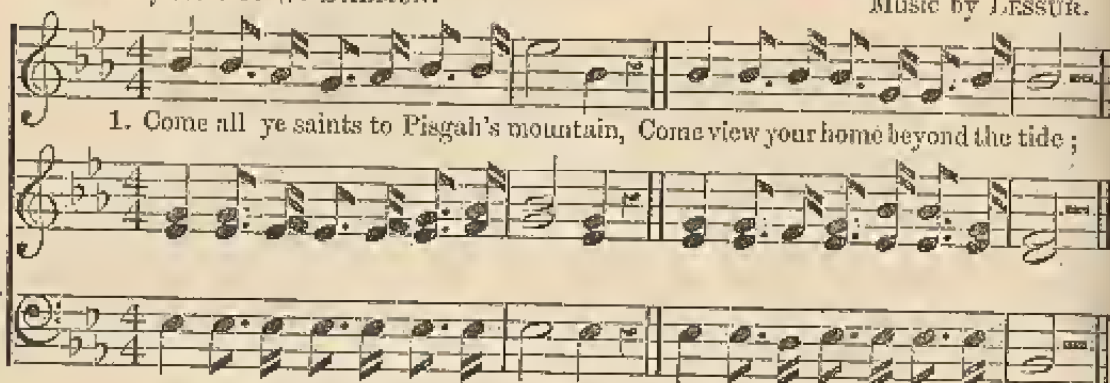
3 Nothing on earth I call my own,  
A stranger to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise ;  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a city out of sight,  
A city in the skies.

4 There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,  
And my abiding home ;  
For me my elder brethren stay,  
And angels beckon me away,  
And Jesus bids me come !

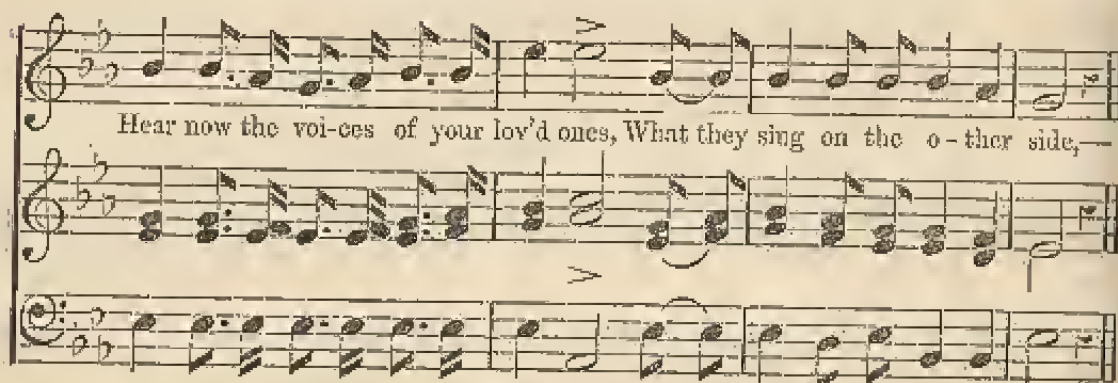
# OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

Words by Rev. J. W. DADMON.

Music by LESSUR.

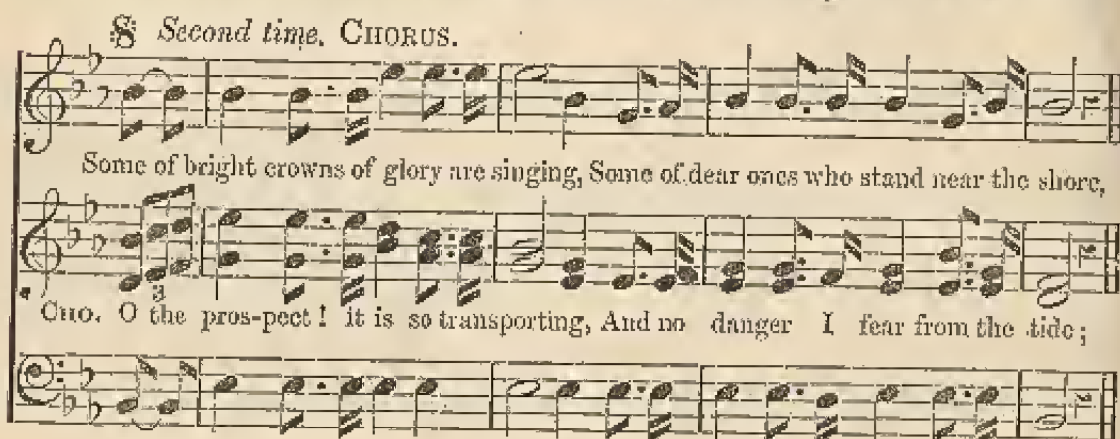


1. Come all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide ;



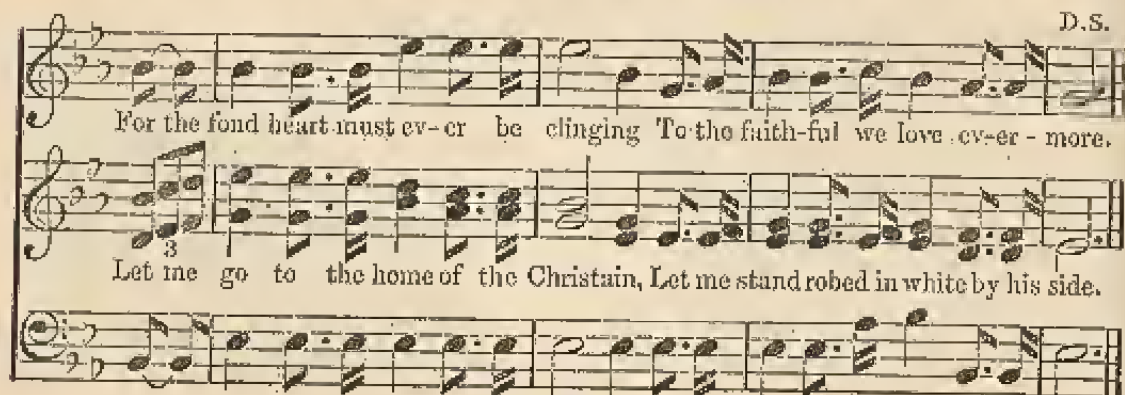
Hear now the voi-ces of your lov'd ones, What they sing on the o-ther side,—

§ Second time. CHORUS.



Some of bright crowns of glory are singing, Some of dear ones who stand near the shore,  
 Quo. O the pros-pect ! it is so transporting, And no danger I fear from the tide ;

D.S.



For the fond heart must ev-er be clinging To the faith-ful we love ev-er - more.  
 Let me go to the home of the Christain, Let me stand robed in white by his side.



# OUR LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

2 There endless springs of life are flowing,  
There are the fields of living green;  
Mansions of beauty are provided,  
And the King of the saints is seen,  
Soon my conflicts and toils will be ended,  
I shall join those who've passed on  
before;  
For my lov'd ones, O how I do miss them!  
I must press on and meet them once  
more.

3 Faith now beholds the flowing river,  
Coming from underneath the throne;  
There, too, the Saviour reigns for ever,  
And he'll welcome the faithful home.  
Would you sit by the banks of the river,  
With the friends you have lov'd by  
your side?  
Would you join in the song of the angels?  
Then be ready to follow your guide.

## CHRIST OUR PILOT. 8s & 7s.

J. W. D.

1. Sai - lor, en - ter not life's voy-age, With -out com-pass, star, guide.

For its quick-sands all a-round thee, Thick are strewn on ev-'ry side.  
D.S. He's the star of con-so-la-tion, And will guide him safe-ly home.

CHORUS.

Je - sus calm'd the rag - ing o - cean; And wher-e'er the sai - lor roams.

2 Smooth, serenely flow its waters,  
But the sunken rocks are near,  
Many a gallant bark hath foundered,  
How wilt thou the danger clear?

3 See its circling eddies darken,  
Wave on wave of passion rise,  
Earth hath here no hand to guide thee,  
Seek thy pilot from the skies.

4 Seek, to thread thy path of danger,  
Him who once in mortal form,  
When the tempest raged in fury,  
Trode the wave and stilled the storm.

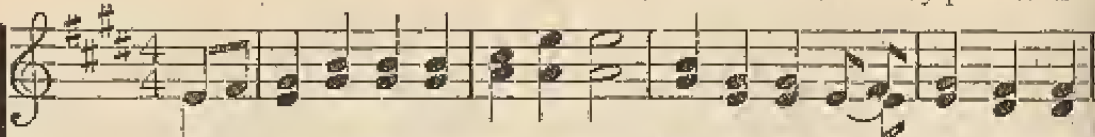
5 He shall guide thee o'er the billow,  
Through each changing wave of strife  
Till thy bark is safely anchored  
On the "crystal sea of life."

MISS S. A. BROWN.




# THE UNION BAND.

W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.



1. O we're a band of breth-ren dear, Who will join this hap-py band?



Who live as pil-grim strangers here, Who will join this hap-py band?

## CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We will join this hap-py band,



Singing Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, We will join this hap-py band.

2 The prophets and apostles too  
Once belonged to this happy band ;  
And all God's children here below,  
All have joined this happy band.  
Hallelujah, &c.

3 Let no contention e'er divide  
Members of this happy band ;  
But firm, united, side by side,  
Through this life together stand.  
Hallelujah, &c.

4 And when death comes, as come it must,  
To divide this happy band ;  
The links will not return to dust,  
They will shine at God's right hand.  
Hallelujah, &c.

# THAT BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

J. W. D.

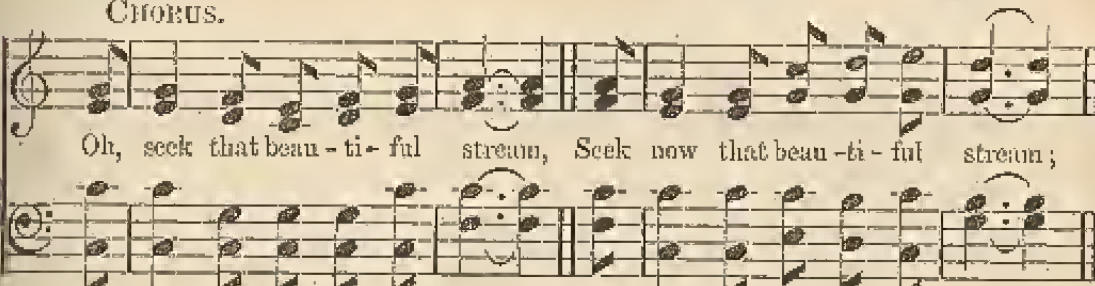


1. O have you not heard of a beau-ti - ful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land?

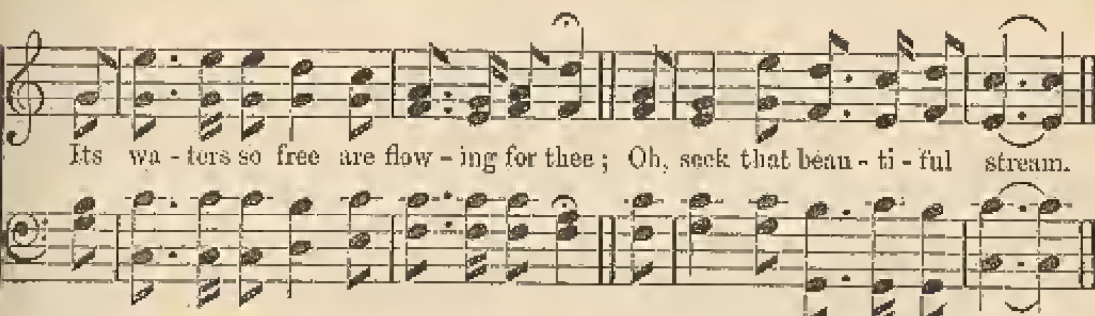


Its wa-ters gleam bright in the hea-ven-ly light, And rip - ple o'er golden sand.

## CHORUS.



Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream, Seek now that beau - ti - ful stream;



Its wa - ters so free are flow - ing for thee; Oh, seek that beau - ti - ful stream.

2 With murmuring sound doth it wander  
along,  
Through fields of eternal green;  
Where songs of the blest, in their heaven  
of rest,  
Float soft on the air serene.

3 Its fountains are deep, and its waters are  
pure,  
And sweet to the weary soul;  
It flows from the throne of Jehovah alone,  
Oh, come where its bright waves roll.

4 This beautiful stream is the river of life.  
It flows for all nations, free!  
A balm for each wound in its water is  
found,  
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee!

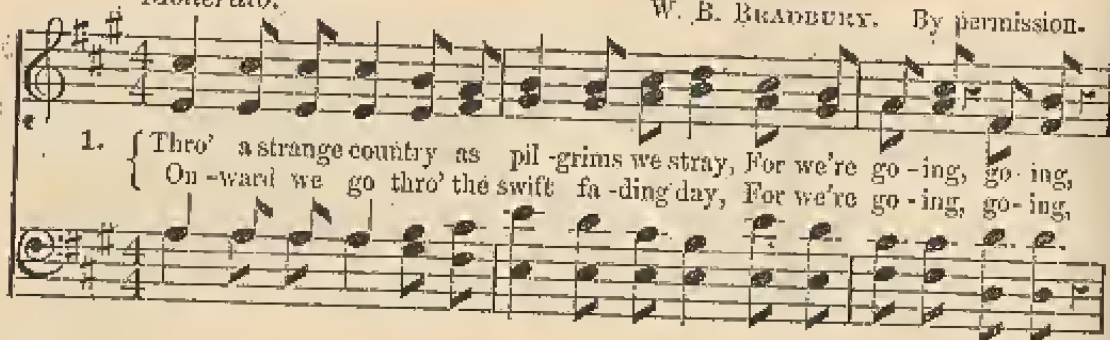
5 Oh, will ye not drink of this beautiful  
stream,  
And dwell on its peaceful shore?  
The Spirit says, "Come, all ye weary  
ones, home,  
And wander in sin no more."



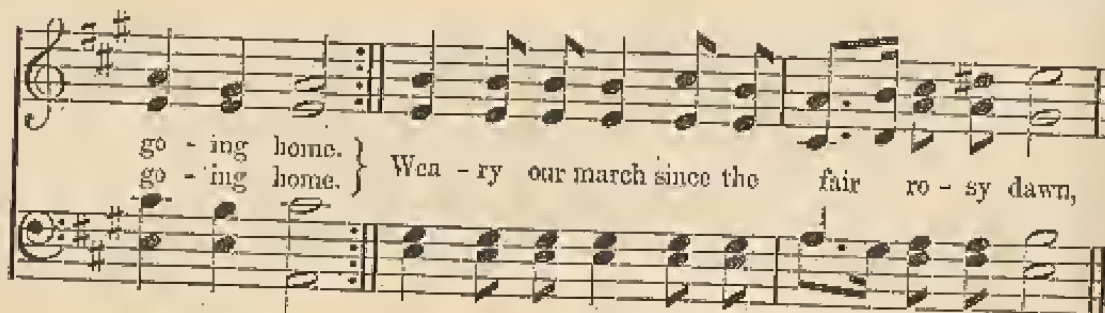
# GOING HOME.

*Moderato.*

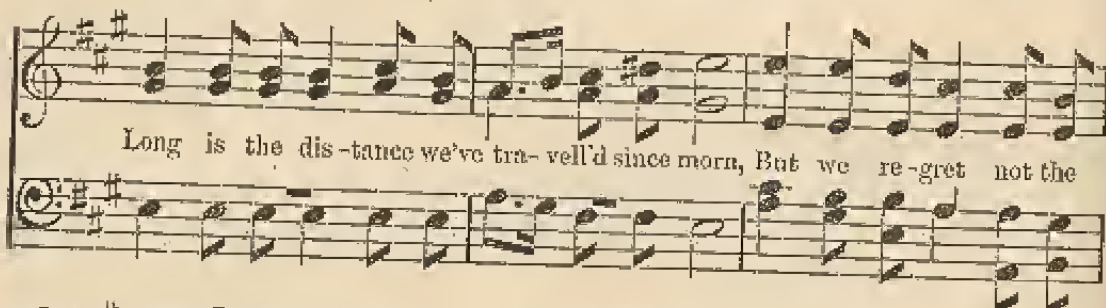
W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.



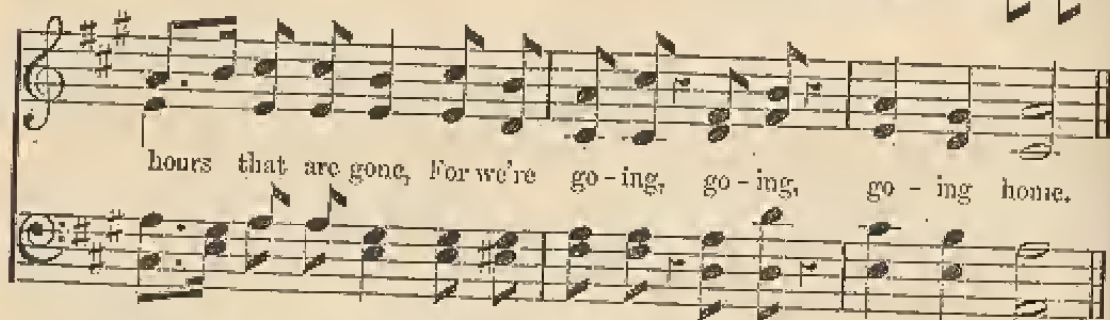
1. { Thro' a strange country as pil-grims we stray, For we're go-ing, go-ing,  
On-ward we go thro' the swift fa-ding day, For we're go-ing, go-ing,



go-ing home. } Wea-ry our march since the fair ro-sy dawn,  
go-ing home. }



Long is the dis-tance we've tra-vell'd since morn, But we re-gret not the



hours that are gone, For we're go-ing, go-ing, go-ing home.

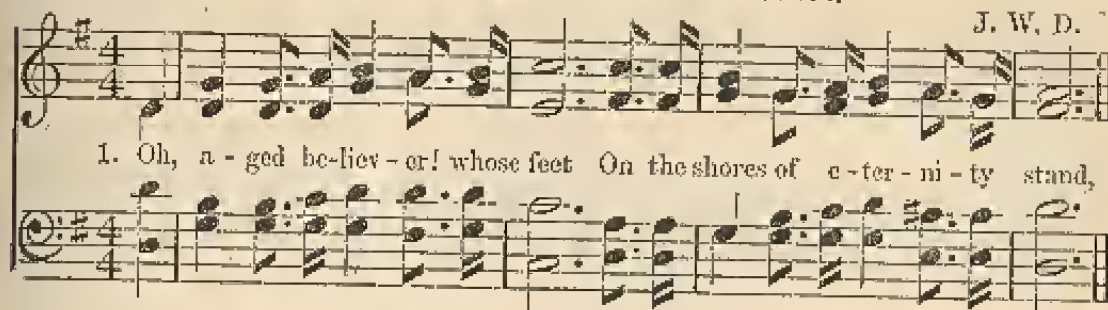
2 Why should we gather earth's withering  
flowers,  
When we're going, going, going home?  
Soon shall we tread the fair heavenly  
bowers,  
For we're going, going, going home;  
There, fragrant garlands immortal will  
bloom, [gloom,  
Untouched by blight, and unshadowed by  
And is ever strewing the path to the tomb,  
For we're going, going, going home?

3 Soon we shall hear the glad welcoming  
voice,  
We are going, going, going home,  
Bidding our spirits ever rejoice,  
We are going, going, going home.  
Home to our mansion prepared in the  
sky,  
Where we can never more suffer or die;  
O! let our anthems of praise ring on  
high!  
We are going, going, going home.

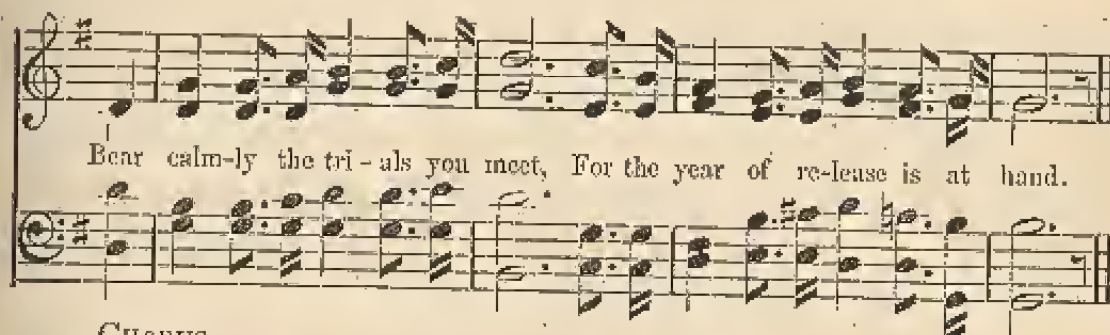
# THE YEAR OF RELEASE.

"The year of release is at hand."—DEUT. XV. 9.

J. W. D.

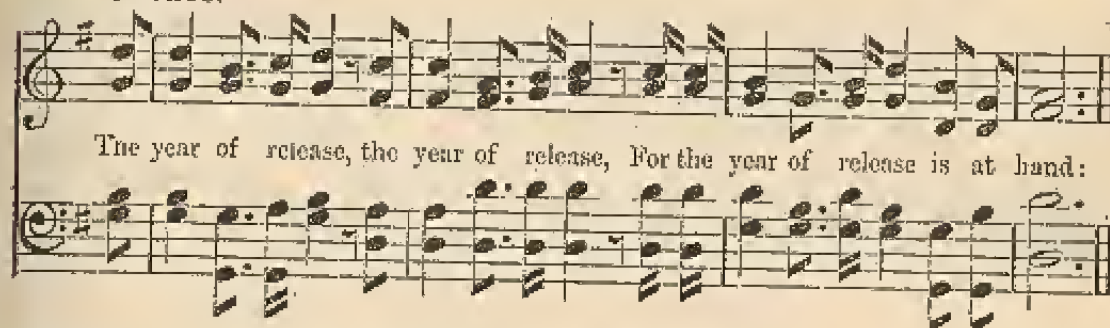


1. Oh, a - ged be-liev - er! whose feet On the shores of e - ter - ni - ty stand,

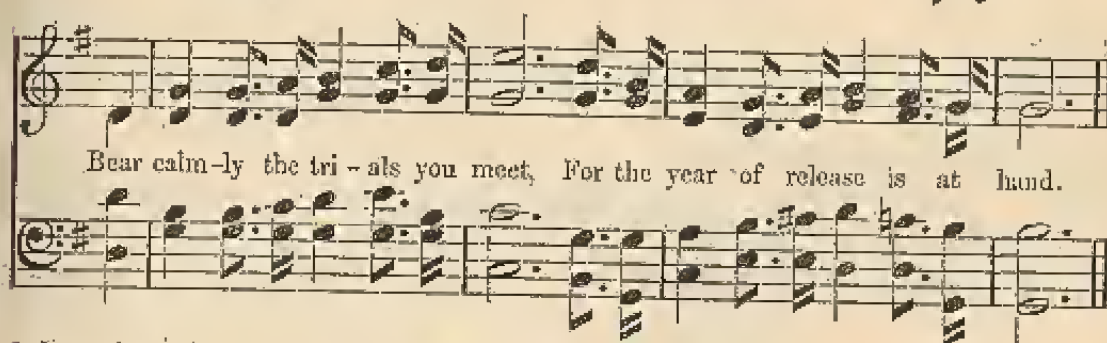


Bear calm-ly the tri - als you meet, For the year of re - lease is at hand.

## CHORUS.



The year of release, the year of release, For the year of release is at hand:



Bear calm-ly the tri - als you meet, For the year of release is at hand.

2 Long, long, tho' fatigued and oppress'd.  
You have toil'd at your Master's com-  
But soon you shall enter his rest, [mand:  
For the year of release is at hand.

3 How fair are those mansions above!  
The scenes that await you, how grand!  
How thrilling the welcome of love!  
And the year of release is at hand.


4 No storms of temptation or care  
Sweep over that beautiful land;  
But joys never-fading are there,  
And the year of release is at hand!

5 Earth's pleasures are taking their flight,  
But the glories celestial expand;  
And faith almost changes to sight,  
For the year of release is at hand!

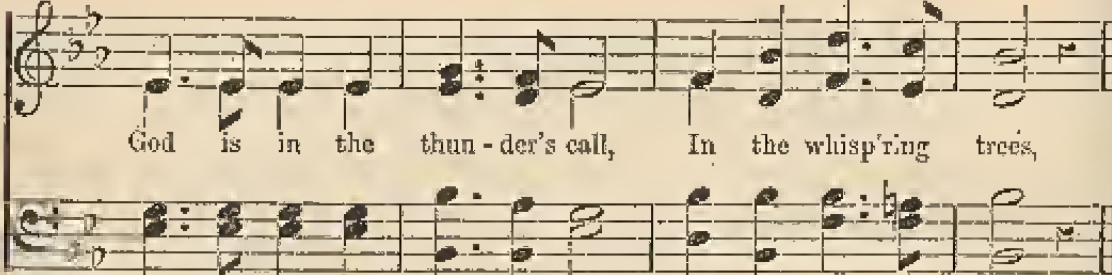


# GOD IS EVERYWHERE. 7s.

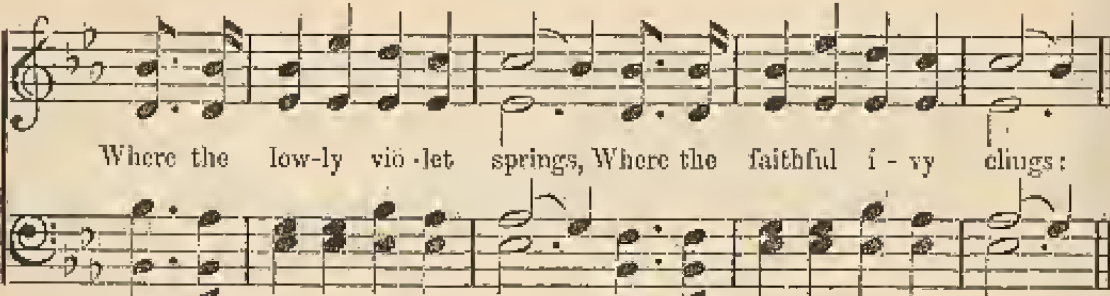
J. W. D.



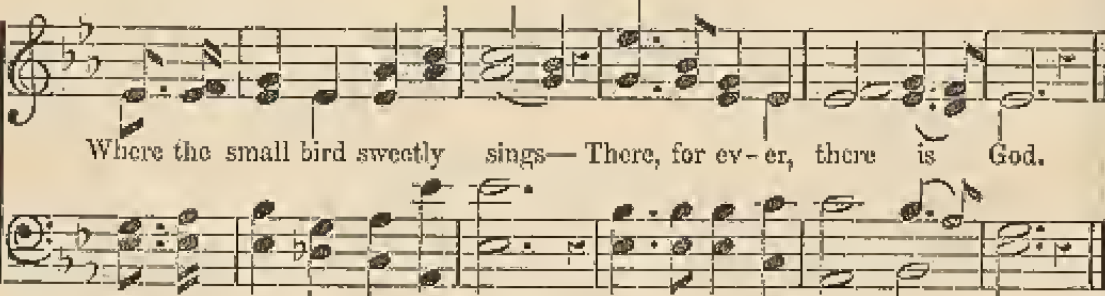
1. God is in the tor-rent's fall, In the sum-mer breeze;



God is in the thun-der's call, In the whisp'ring trees,



Where the low-ly vio-let springs, Where the faithful i-vy clings:



Where the small bird sweetly sings— There, for ev-er, there is God.

2 God is in the flashing eye.  
In the speaking tongue;  
God is in the mourner's cry,  
In the marriage song;  
With the saint at morning praying,  
With the midnight murder slaying,  
With the cradled infant playing—  
There, for ever, there is God.

3 God is in the army's path,  
In the ocean's swell;  
God is in the whirlwind's wrath,  
In the tolling bell;  
By the sinner's dying bed,  
By the watcher's weary head,  
By the living and the dead—  
There, for ever, there is God.

# JESUS PAID IT ALL. 7s & 6s.

J. W. D.

1. Nought of me - rit, or of price, Re - mains to jus - tice due;

Je - sus died, and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

## CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, Paid all the debt I owe,

Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When he, from his lofty throne,  
Stooped down to do and die,  
Everything was fully done,  
"Tis finished!" was his cry.  
Jesus paid it all, &c.

3 Weary, working, plodding one,  
O, wherefore toil you so?  
Cease your "doing;" all was done,  
Done ages long ago.  
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 'Till to Jesus' work you cling  
Alone by simple faith,  
"Doing" is a deadly thing,  
Your "doing" ends in death.  
Jesus paid it all, &c.

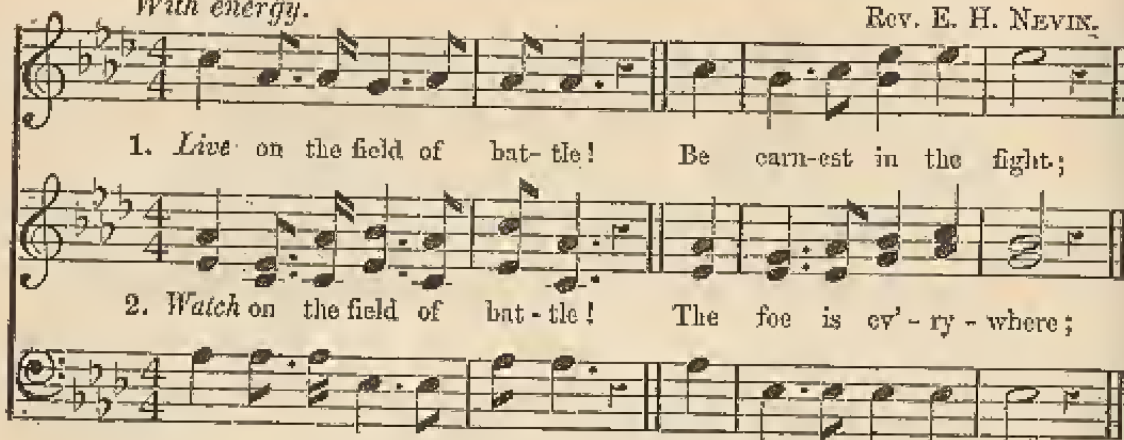
5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,  
Down, all at Jesus' feet;  
Stand in him, in him alone,  
All glorious and complete  
Jesus paid it all, &c.



# THE CHRISTIAN HERO. 7s & 6s.

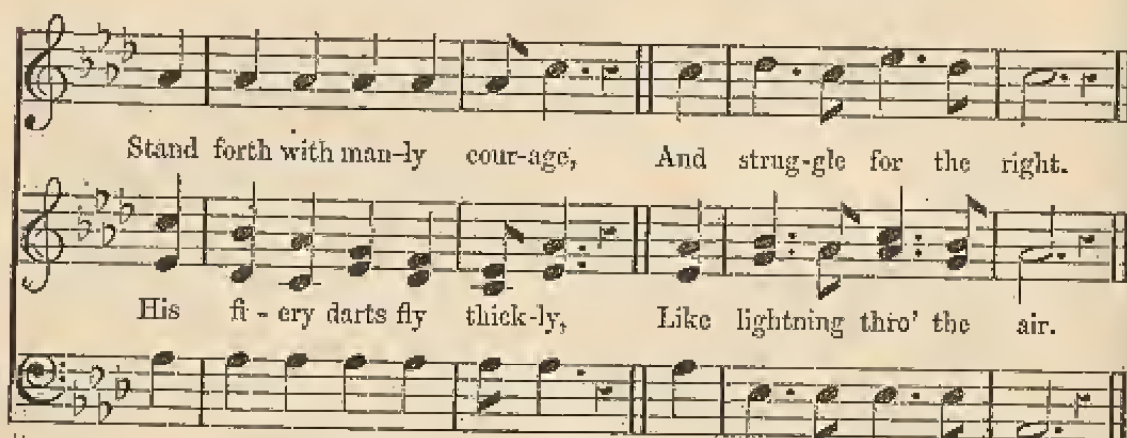
*With energy.*

REV. E. H. NEVIN.



1. *Live* on the field of bat-tle! Be earn-est in the fight;

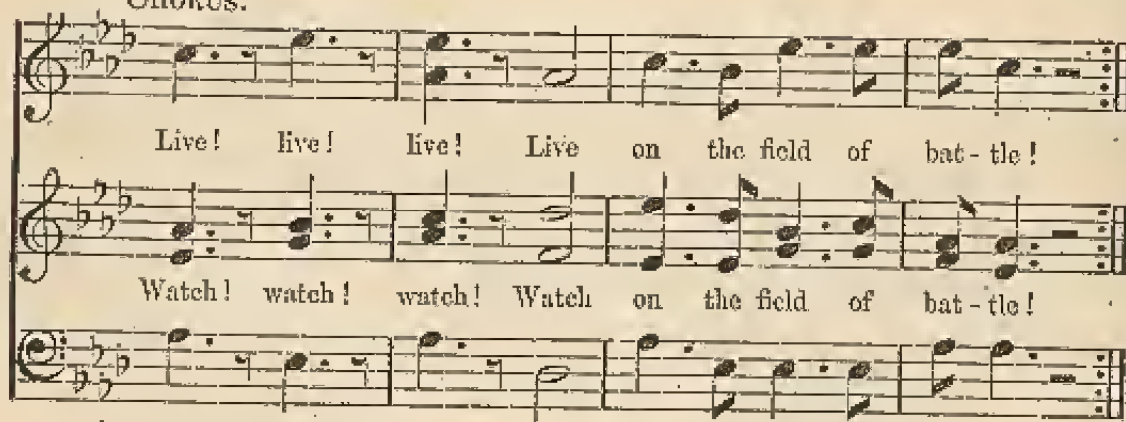
2. *Watch* on the field of bat-tle! The foe is ev'-ry-where;



Stand forth with man-ly cour-age, And strug-gle for the right.

His fi-ery darts fly thick-ly, Like lightning thro' the air.

## CHORUS.



Live! live! live! Live on the field of bat-tle!

Watch! watch! watch! Watch on the field of bat-tle!

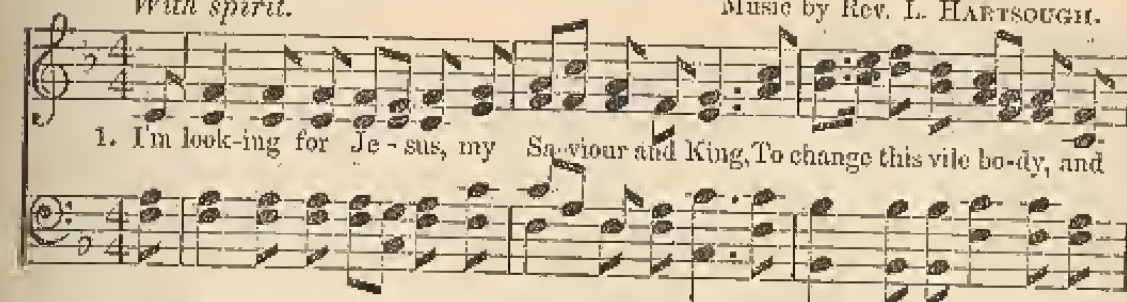
3 *Pray* on the field of battle!  
 God works with those who pray;  
 His mighty arm can nerve us,  
 And make us win the day.  
 Pray! pray! pray!  
 Pray on the field of battle!

4 *Die* on the field of battle!  
 'Tis noble thus to die;  
 God smiles on valiant soldiers,  
 Their record is on high.  
 Die! die! die!  
 Die on the field of battle!

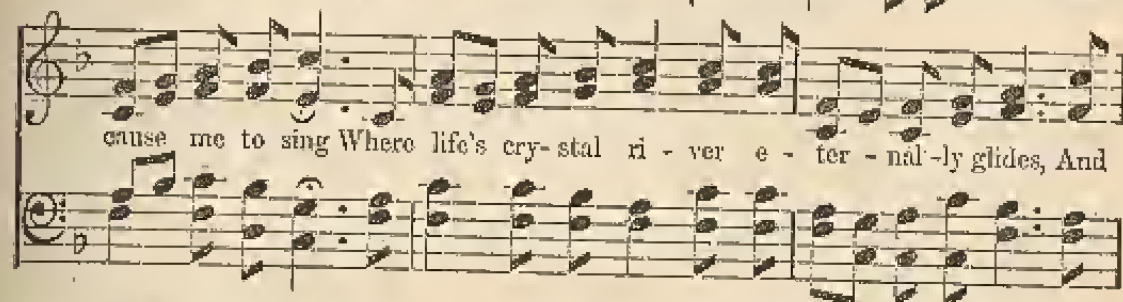
# THEN ROLL, ROLL AWAY.

*With spirit.*

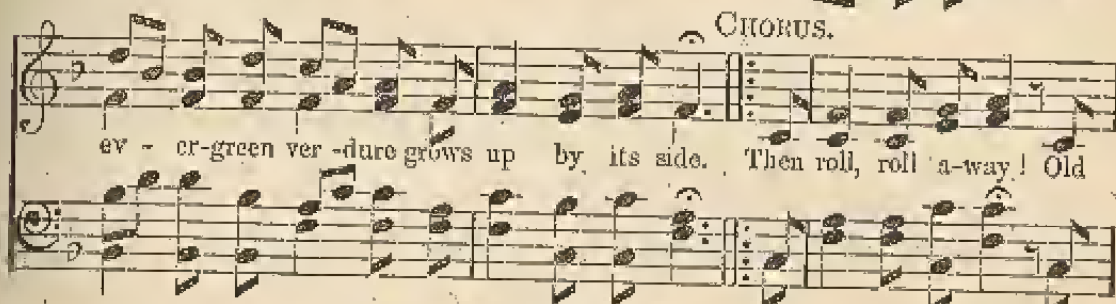
Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



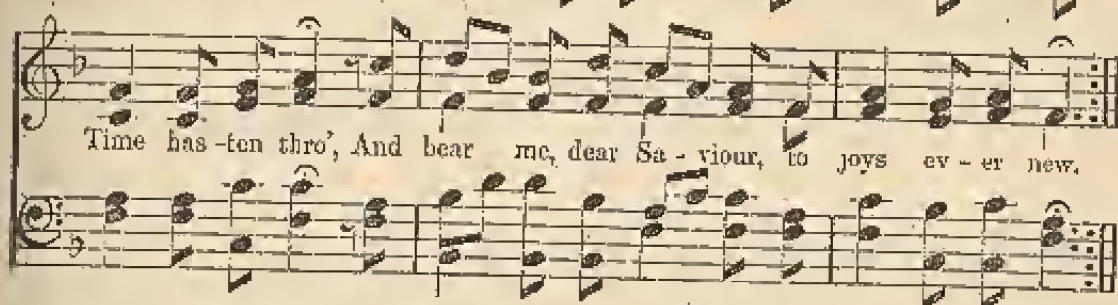
1. I'm look-ing for Je-sus, my Sa-viour and King, To change this vile bo-dy, and



cause me to sing Where life's cry-stal ri-ver e-ter-nal-ly glides, And



CHORUS.  
ev-er-green ver-dure grows up by its side. Then roll, roll a-way! Old



Time has-ten thro', And bear me, dear Sa-viour, to joys ev-er new.

2 I'm hoping in Jesus that soon I shall see  
A world bathed in glory, a soil that is  
free,  
Where the toil-worn and weary for ever  
will sing  
Loud anthems of praises to Jesus, our  
King.

3 I'm waiting for Jesus, who soon will  
appear,  
To waken my kindred that I love so dear;  
And give us a home with the pure and  
the bless'd,  
In the realms of fair Canaan for ever to  
rest.

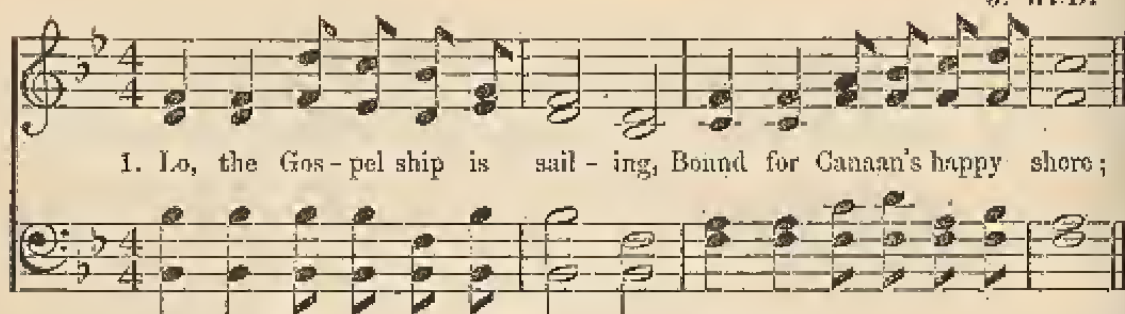
4 I'm longing for Jesus to end this rude  
strife,  
Which shades us with sorrow embittering  
life;  
I weep over follies the pathway I tread,  
O'er hopes often blasted, and friends that  
are dead.

5 I'm sighing for Jesus, old earth has  
grown drear,  
And wait for the hour when he shall  
appear  
To make it his home ever beauteous and  
fair,  
I long to behold it, I sigh to be there.

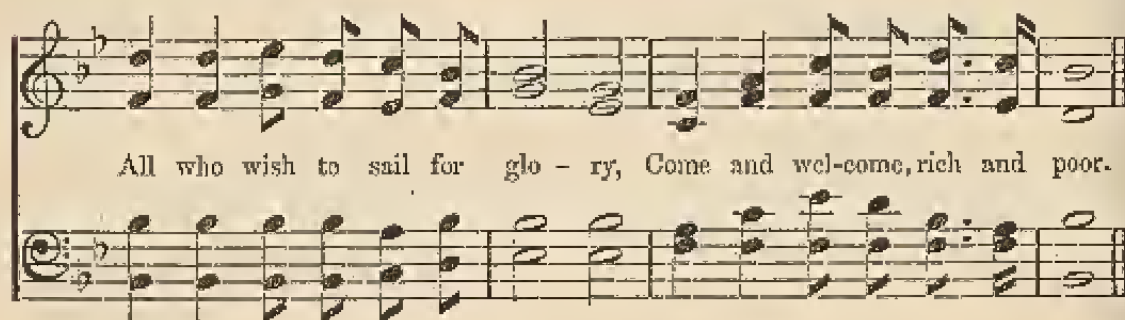


# PORT OF GLORY.

J. W. D.

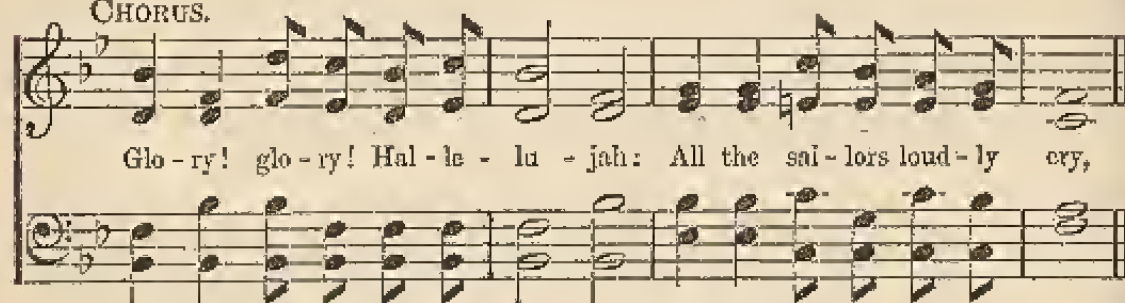


1. Lo, the Gos - pel ship is sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore;

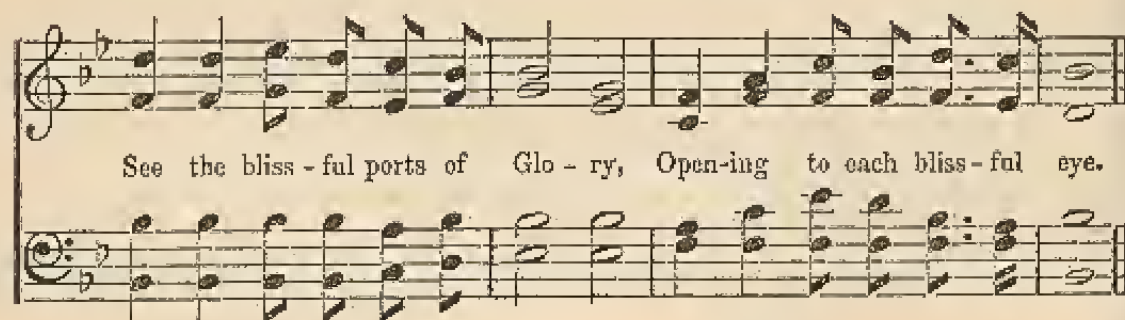


All who wish to sail for glo - ry, Come and wel-come, rich and poor.

## CHORUS.



Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah: All the sai - lers loud - ly cry,



See the bliss - ful ports of Glo - ry, Open - ing to each bliss - ful eye.

- 2 Thousands she has safely landed  
Far beyond this mortal shore;  
Thousands yet are sailing in her,  
Yet there's room for thousands more.
- 3 Richly laden with provisions,  
Want her sailors never know;

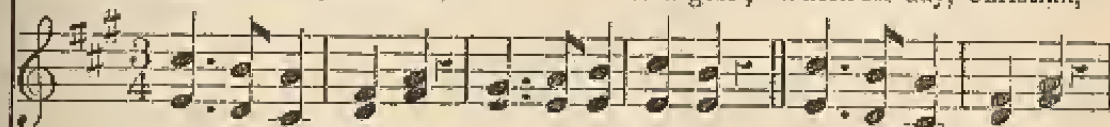
- Gospel grace, and every blessing,  
From her noble Pilot flow.
- 4 Sails well filled with heavenly breezes,  
Swiftly waft the ship along;  
All her company rejoicing—  
Glory! bursts from every tongue.

# ONWARD AND UPWARD.

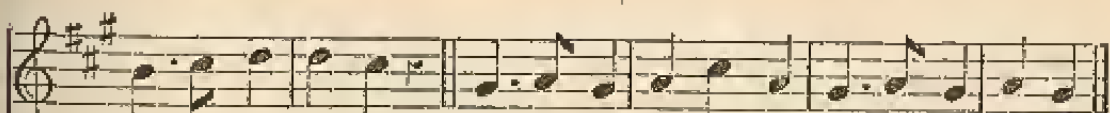
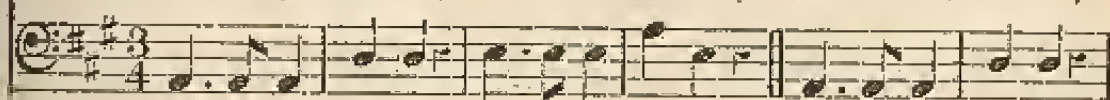
REV. G. ROBBINS.



1. Breast the wave, Christian, When it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian,



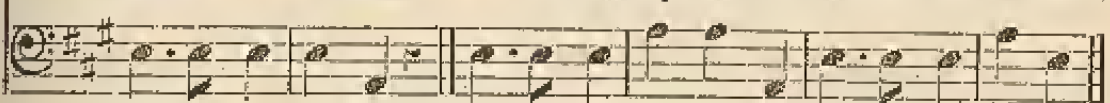
2. Fight the fight, Christian, Je - sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian,



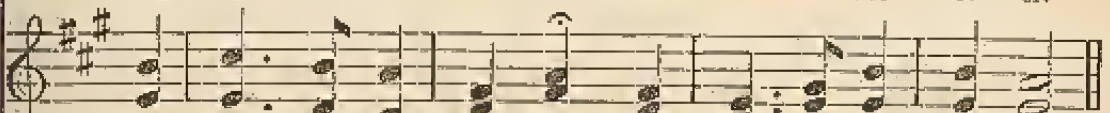
When the night's longest; On-ward and upward Still be thine en-deavour;



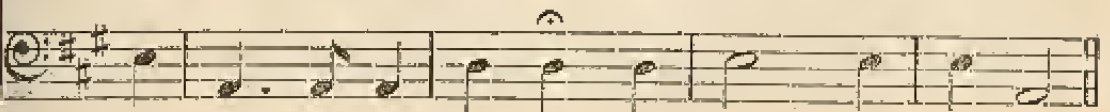
Heaven is be-fore thee; On-ward and upward Still be thine en-deavour;



The rest that re-main-eth Shall be . . for-ev-er.



The rest that re-main-eth Shall be . . for-ev-er.



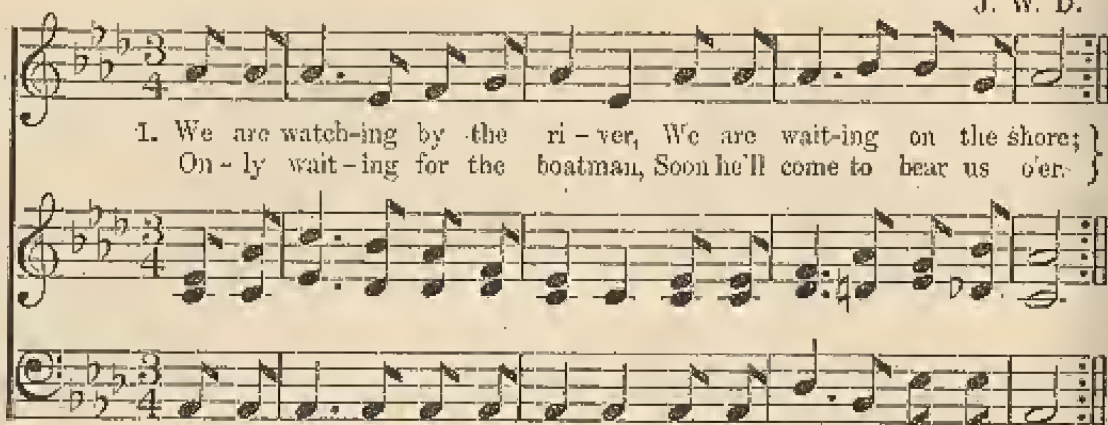
3 Bear the cross, Christian,  
Follow thy Master;  
Bright the crown, Christian,  
Haste thee on faster.  
Onward and upward  
Still be thine endeavour;  
The rest that remaineth  
Shall be for ever.

4 Lift the eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth;  
Raise the heart, Christian,  
Ere it reposeth.  
Onward and upward  
Still be thine endeavour;  
The rest that remaineth  
Shall be for ever.



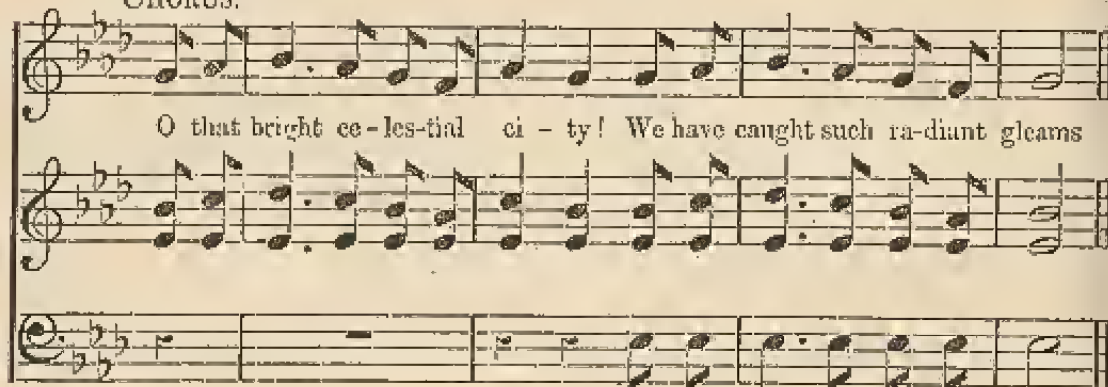
# WAITING FOR THE BOATMAN. 8s & 7s.

J. W. D.

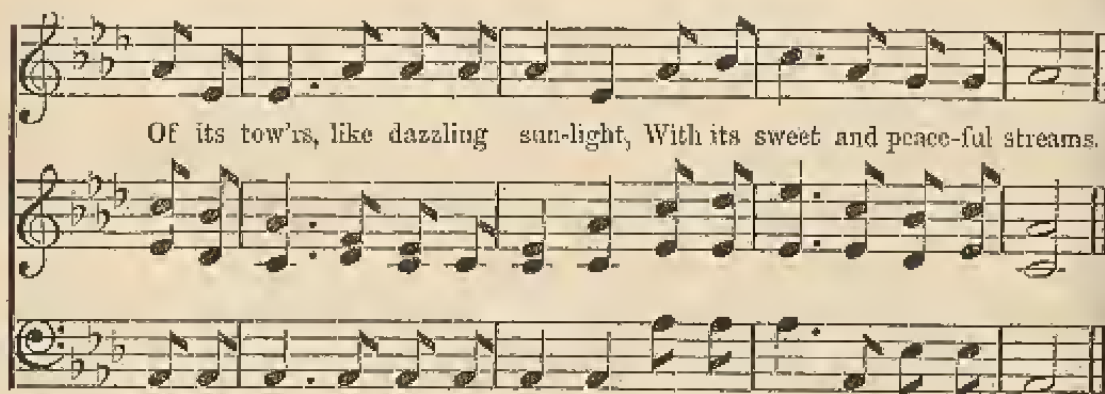


1. We are watch-ing by the ri-ver, We are wait-ing on the shore;  
On-ly wait-ing for the boatman, Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

## CHORUS.



O that bright ce-les-tial ci - ty! We have caught such ra-diant gleams



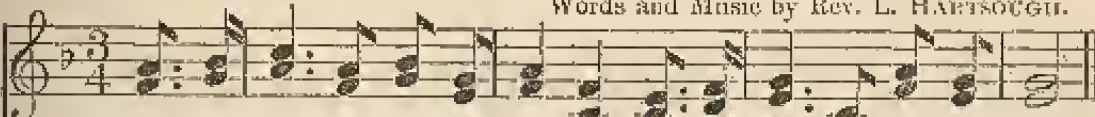
Of its tow'rs, like daz-zling sun-light, With its sweet and peace-ful streams.

- 2 He has called for many a loved one,  
We have seen them leave our side;  
With our Saviour we shall meet them.  
When we, too, have crossed the tide.
- 3 Though the mist hangs o'er the river,  
And its billows loudly roar;  
Yet we hear the song of angels  
Wafted from the other shore.



- 4 When we've passed that vale of shadows,  
With its dark and chilling tide.  
In that bright and glorious city  
We shall evermore abide.
- 5 So we're marching by the river,  
We are watching on the shore,  
Only waiting for the boatman,  
Soon he'll come to bear us o'er.

# OUR SOLDIER BOY IS MISSING.\*



Words and Music by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



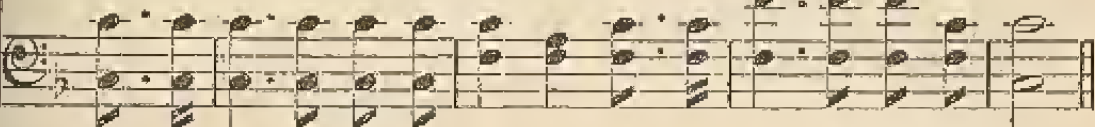
1. In our house-hold band we miss him, Shall we nev - er meet him here?  
 CHORUS. O our sol - dier boy is miss-ing, But he lies where fell the brave;

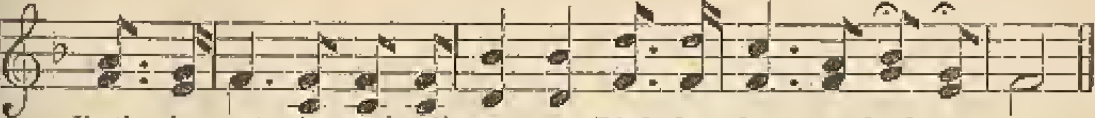
Round the board, and round the al - tar, — O we miss him ev' - ry - where,  
 Cherished is the mem'-ry left us, For he died our land to save.

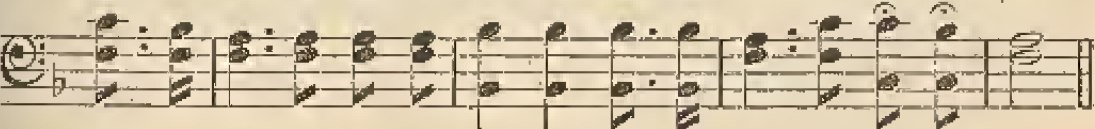
Scarcely a year since he was num-ber'd With our coun - try's no - ble braves,



*D. C. for Chorus.*



Forth he went in manhood's pow - er, Died he thus our land to save.



2 Where we go, how much reminds us  
 Of the dear one whom we love;  
 But they tell us, nobly, bravely,  
 He at duty's call did move.  
 In the camp was loving, prayerful,  
 On the battle-field was brave;  
 And with pride we hear them tell us,  
 Honoured is our soldier's grave.

3 Ah! he lies before Port Hudson,  
 With the brave who nobly fell,  
 As the iron hail was strewing  
 With the dead both hill and dale.  
 Cherished is the mem'ry left us,  
 Round our hearts still clings his love;  
 And we hope soon to embrace him  
 In the realms of light above.

\* In memory of JOHN D. WEST, who fell, June 14, 1863, amid the fiercest of that last and fearful charge made upon Port Hudson before its fall.



# DID CHRIST O'ER SINNERS WEEP?

J. W. D.

1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?  
2. The Son of God in tears, The wond'-ring an - gels see;

8 FINE.

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev' - ry eye.  
Be thou as - ton - ish'd, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.  
D.S. In heav'n a lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.

CHORUS. D.S.

He wept that we might weep, Each sin de - mands a tear;

## THE HEART OF STONE.

- 1 O that I could repent,  
With all my idols part,  
And to thy gracious eye present  
An humble, contrite heart.
- 2 A heart with grief oppress'd,  
For having grieved my God;  
A troubled heart, that cannot rest  
Till sprinkled with thy blood.

- 3 Jesus, on me bestow  
The penitent desire;  
With true sincerity of woe,  
My aching breast inspire.
- 4 With soft'ning pity look  
And melt my hardness down;  
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,  
And break this heart of stone.

# SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L.M. Double.

From "The Golden Chain." By permission.

W. B. BRADBURY.

*Slow.*

1 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me  
D.C. And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare, By thy re-

from a world of care, And bids me at my  
- turn, sweet hour of pray'r, And oft es-caped the

FINE.

Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish-es known: In sea-sons  
temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.

D.C.  
of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of-ten found re-lief,

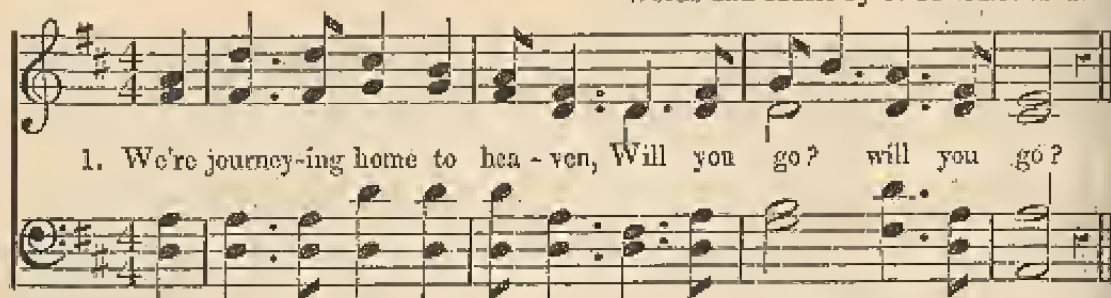
2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
Thy wings shall my petition bear  
To him whose truth and faithfulness  
Engage the waiting soul to bless.  
And since he bids me seek his face,  
Believe his word, and trust his grace,  
I'll cast on him my every care,  
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!  
May I thy consolation share,  
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,  
I view my home, and take my flight!  
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise  
To seize the everlasting prize;  
And shout, while passing thro' the air,  
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

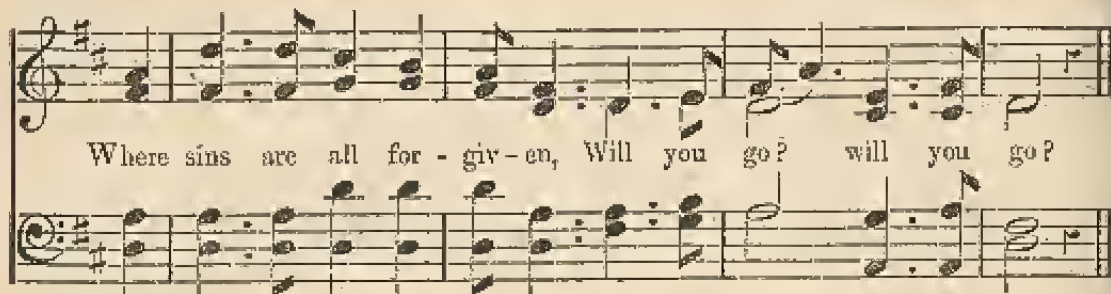


# JOURNEYING HOME TO HEAVEN.

Words and Music by J. M. STEWART.



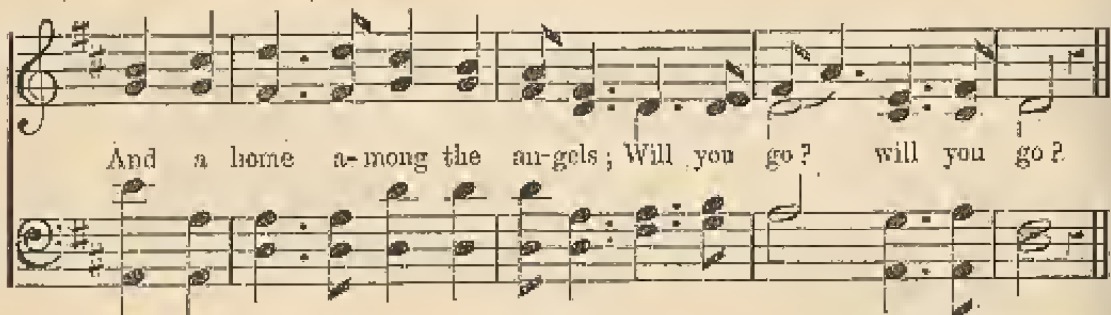
1. We're journey-ing home to hea - ven, Will you go? will you go?



Where sins are all for - giv - en, Will you go? will you go?



There Je - sus waits to wel - come us, And crowns of life be - stow,



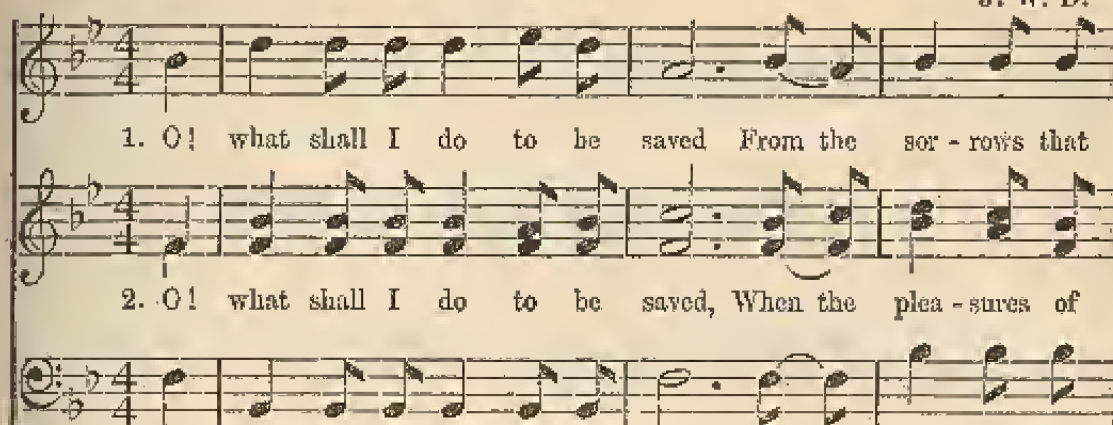
And a home a - mong the an - gels; Will you go? will you go?

- 2 The loved and blest are waiting,  
Will you go? will you go?  
Our sorrows contemplating,  
Will you go? will you go?  
They tell us all is peaceful there,  
And tears no longer flow,  
And the songs are never ending,  
Will you go? will you go?
- 3 O, soon will be that meeting,  
Will you go? will you go?  
And blest will be that greeting,  
Will you go? will you go?

- There parting never more is known,  
Like farewells here below,  
Where our God again unites us,  
Will you go? will you go?
- 4 Then let us join in singing,  
Will you go? will you go?  
While homeward we are winging,  
Will you go? will you go?  
The dove of old returned no more,  
When ceased the water's flow,  
From her home beyond the mountains,  
Will you go? will you go?

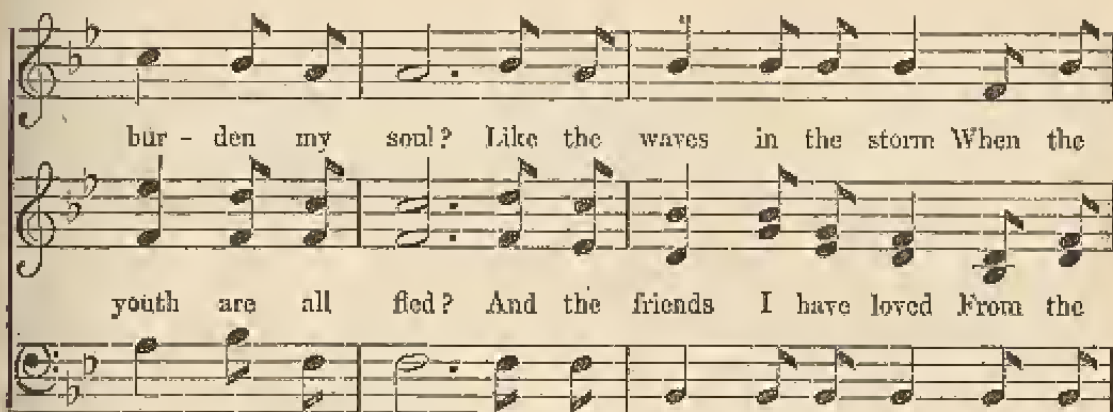
# WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

J. W. D.



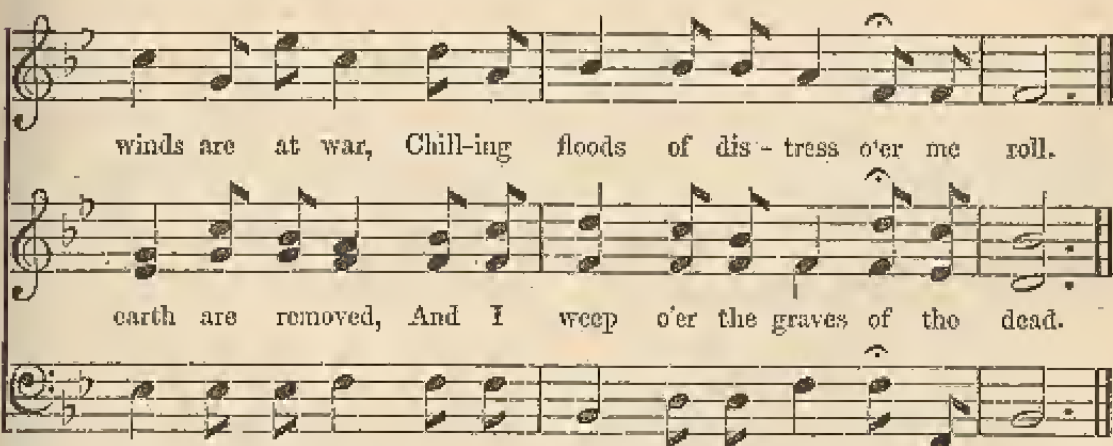
1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor - rows that

2. O! what shall I do to be saved, When the plea - sures of



bur - den my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the

youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved From the



winds are at war, Chill - ing floods of dis - tress o'er me roll.

earth are removed, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead.

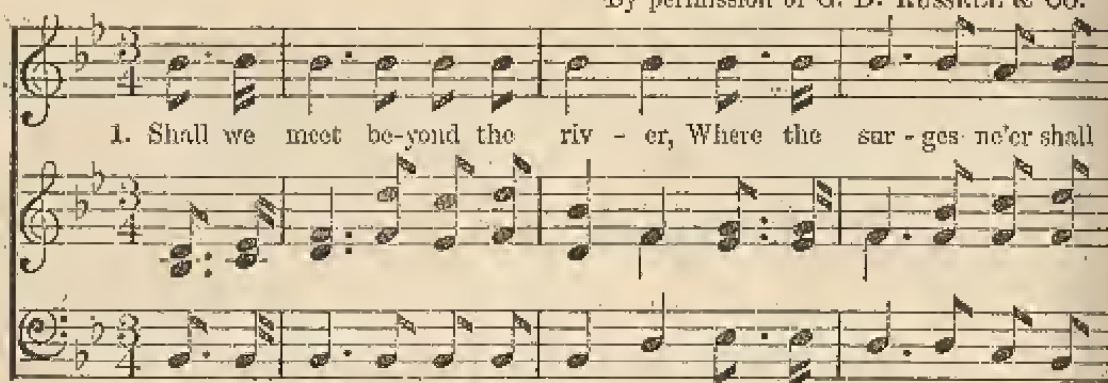
3 O! what shall I do to be saved  
When sickness my strength shall  
subdue?  
Or the world in a day,  
Like a cloud, roll away,  
And eternity opens to view.

4 O! Lord look in mercy on me, [soul?  
Come, O come, and speak peace to my  
Unto whom shall I flee,  
Dearest Lord, but to thee,  
Thou canst make my poor broken  
heart whole.

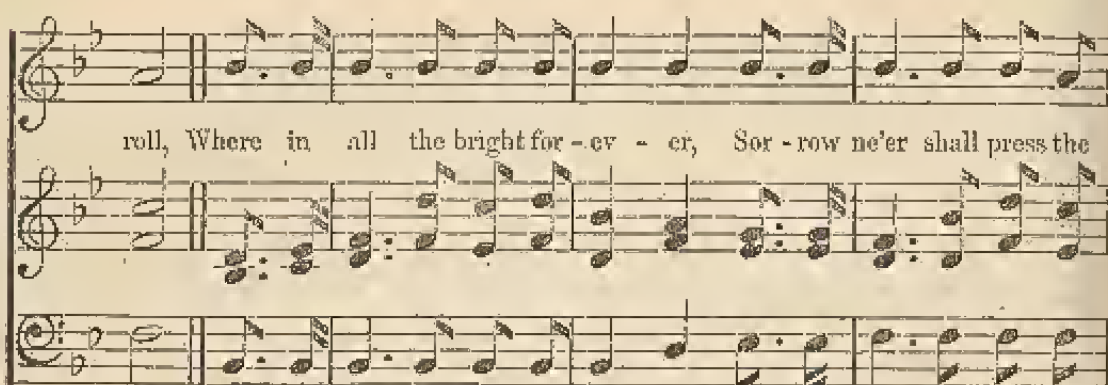


# SHALL WE MEET? 8s & 7s.

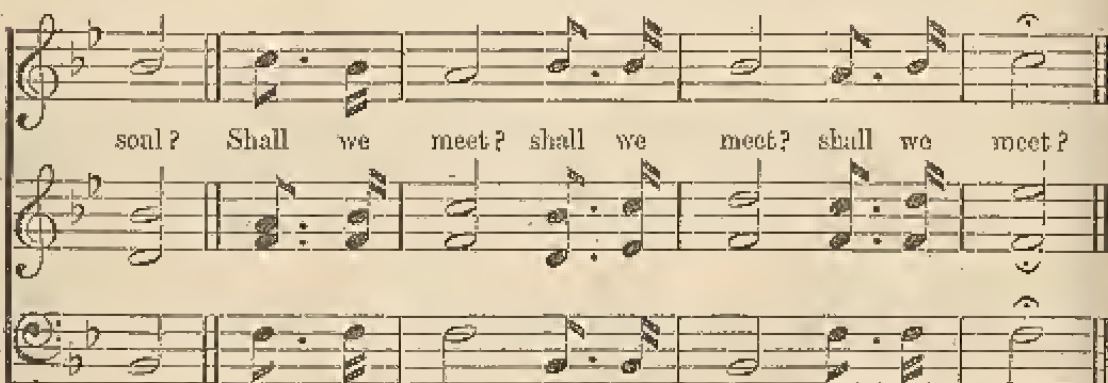
By permission of G. D. RUSSELL & Co.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges ne'er shall



roll, Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the



soul? Shall we meet? shall we meet? shall we meet?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour,  
When our stormy voyage is o'er?  
Shall we meet and cast our anchor  
By the fair celestial shore?  
Shall we meet? &c.

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,  
Where the towers of crystal shine,  
Where the walls are all of jasper,  
Built by workmanship divine?  
Shall we meet? &c.

4 Shall we meet with many a lov'd one,  
That was torn from our embrace?  
Shall we listen to their voices,  
And behold them face to face?  
Shall we meet? &c.

# SHALL WE MEET?

CHORUS, AND ANSWER.

1. Yes, we'll meet be-yond the riv-er, When our con-flicts all are o'er ;

2. Yes, we'll meet in you-der mansions, Where our wand-rings all shall cease,

And we'll spend the blest for - ev - er, On that bright ce - les - tial shore.

There we'll meet our dear com-pan-ions, And be crown'd with per-fect peace.

3 Yes, we'll meet, where bliss immortal  
Sweeter far than rest can be ;  
And before the throne eternal,  
All our earthly triumphs see.

4 Yes, we'll meet, where all is onward,  
Every change new glories bring ;  
And the host still moving forward,  
Glorify our heavenly King.

## OLD HUNDRED. L.M.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow ; Praise him, all creatures here be - low -

Praise him a - bove, ye heav-en-ly host ; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



# SILOAM. C.M.

I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's sha-dy rill How sweet the li-ly grows!

How sweet the breath, be-neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew-y rose!

## THE CHRISTIAN CHILD.

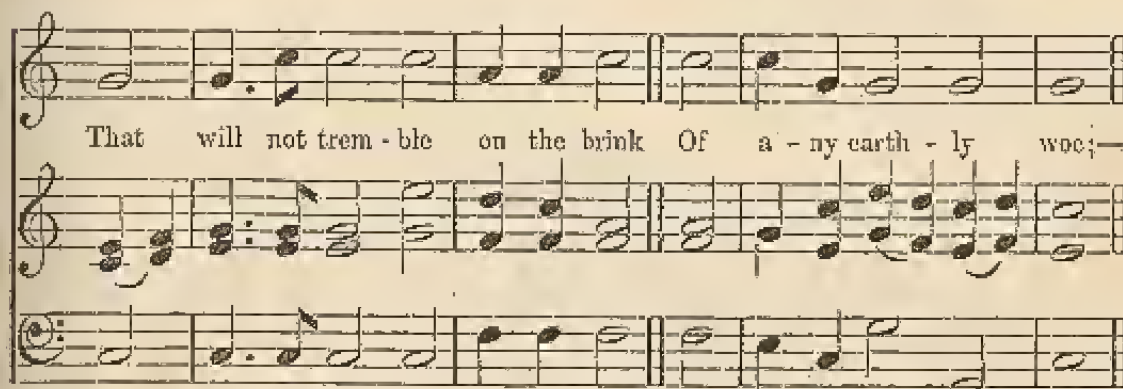
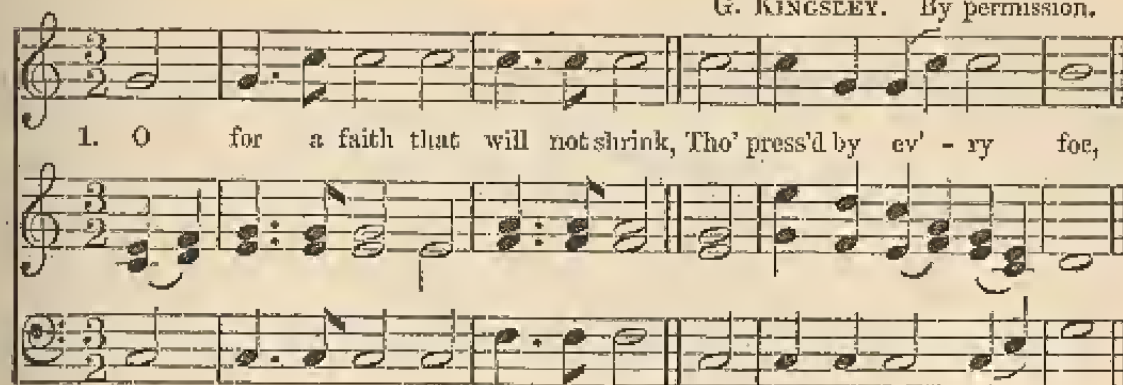
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Lo! such the child whose early feet<br/>The paths of peace have trod;<br/>Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,<br/>Is upward drawn to God.</p> <p>3 By cool Siloam's shady rill<br/>The lily must decay;<br/>The rose that blooms beneath the hill<br/>Must shortly fade away.</p> | <p>4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour<br/>Of man's maturer age,<br/>Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,<br/>And stormy passion's rage.</p> <p>5 O thou who givest life and breath,<br/>We seek thy grace alone,<br/>In childhood, manhood, age, and death,<br/>To keep us still thine own.</p> |
|--|--|

## DEATH GAIN TO THE FAITHFUL.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow<br/>When God recalls his own,<br/>And bids them leave a world of woe<br/>For an immortal crown?</p> <p>2 Is not e'en death a gain to those<br/>Whose life to God was given?<br/>Gladly to earth their eyes they close,<br/>To open them in heaven.</p> | <p>3 Their toils are past, their work is done,<br/>And they are fully blest;<br/>They fought the fight, the victory won,<br/>And entered into rest.</p> <p>4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,<br/>God has recalled his own;<br/>But let our hearts, in every woe,<br/>Still say, "Thy will be done."</p> |
|---|---|

# HEBER. C.M.

G. KINGSLEY. By permission.



## FOR VICTORIOUS FAITH.

- 2 That will not murmur or complain  
Beneath the chast'ning rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God ;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear,  
When tempests rage without ;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt ;—
- 4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread  
Nor heeds its scornful smile ; [frown.

- That seas of trouble cannot drown,  
Or Satan's arts beguile ;—
- 5 A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last hour is fled,  
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,  
Illumes a dying bed.
- 6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss  
Of an eternal home.

## THE ONLY SOLACE IN SORROW.

- 1 O thou who driest the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceived and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee.
- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown ;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw

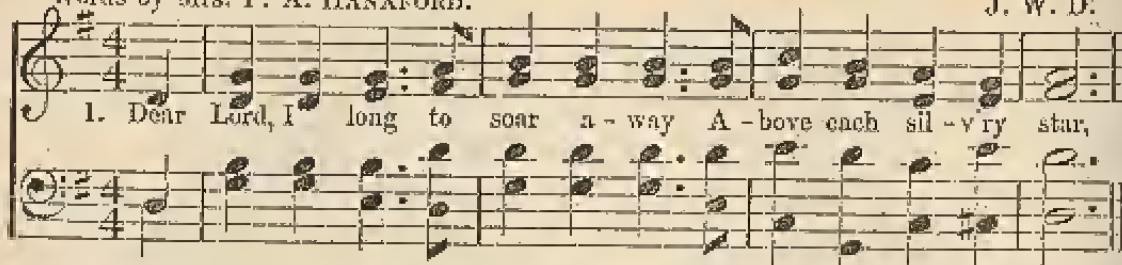
- Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
- 4 O, who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not his wing of love  
Come brightly wafting thro' the gloom  
Our peace-branch from above.
- 5 Then sorrow, touched by him, grows bright,  
With more than rapture's ray ;  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.



# MY HOME ABOVE THE STARS. P.M.

Words by Mrs. P. A. HANAFORD.

J. W. D.



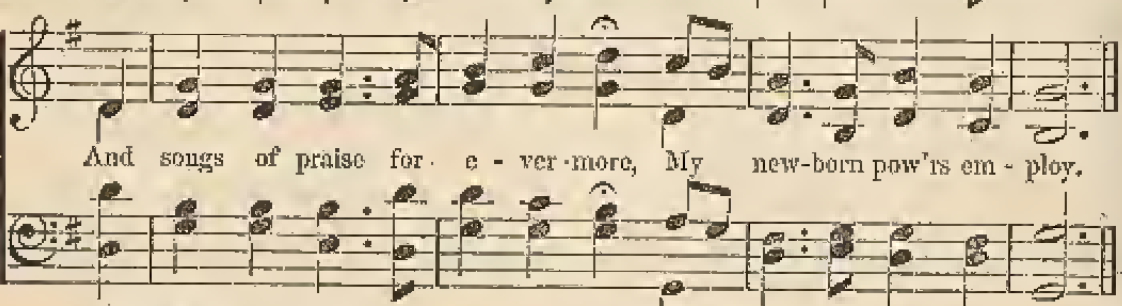
1. Dear Lord, I long to soar a-way A-bove each sil-v'ry star,



And find that glo-rious rest-ing place, Where ho-ly an-gels are,



Where, from the fount of sa-cred love, I'll quaff a draught of joy,

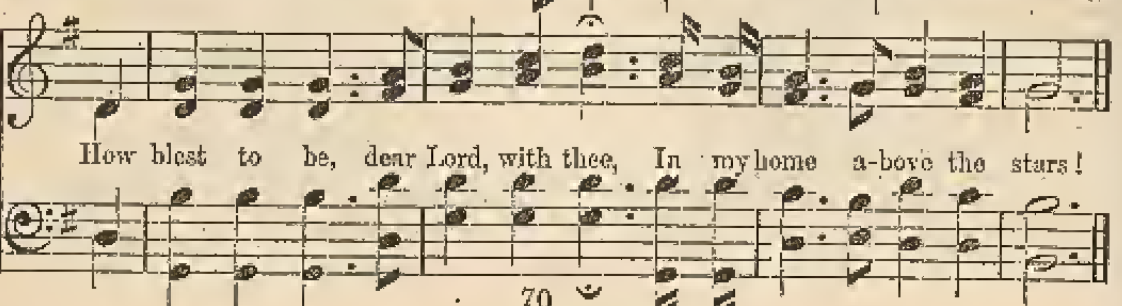


And songs of praise for e-ver-more, My new-born pow'rs em-ploy.

## CHORUS.



A-bove the stars, a-bove the stars, My home a-bove the stars!



How blest to be, dear Lord, with thee, In my home a-bove the stars!

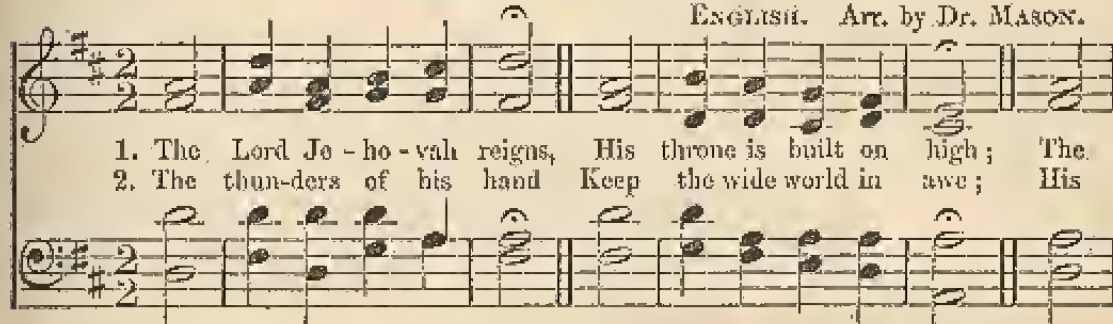
# MY HOME ABOVE THE STARS.

- 2 No weary days I then shall know,  
No night of grief and care;  
The shining robes of righteousness,  
Each happy saint shall wear.  
And I shall see my Master's face,  
The Lord I love below,  
Thorn-crowned and crucified for me—  
O, how I long to go!
- 3 There shall I from my labours rest,  
No fears nor doubts I'll know;  
But gladly through the golden streets,  
With song and shout I'll go.

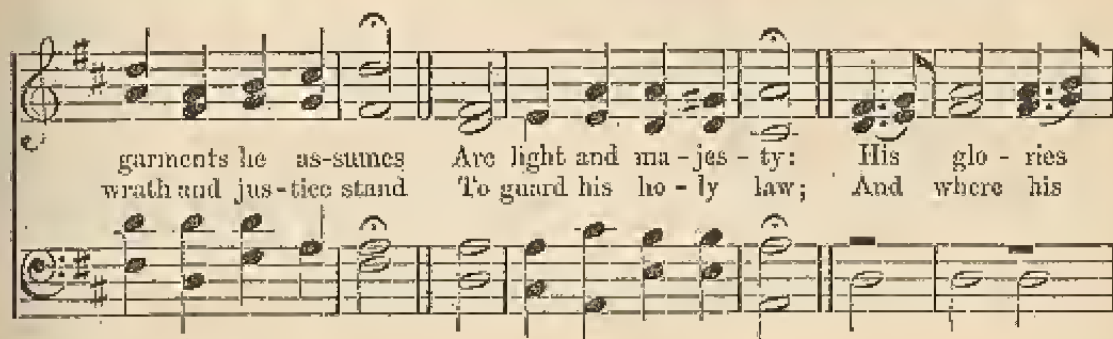
- When will the angel come for me,  
When shall I upward soar,  
When shall I scale the heavenly heights,  
And tread the earth no more?
- 4 No tear shall dim the eyes that gaze  
Upon the glories there,  
Each saint who suffered with the Lord,  
His joyful reign shall share.  
No sin shall mar the sacred joy,  
No parting tear shall flow;  
There all God's ransomed children meet,  
O, how I long to go!

## HADDAM. P.M.

ENGLISH. Arr. by Dr. MASON.



1. The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The  
2. The thun-der of his hand Keep the wide world in awe; His



garments he as-sumes Are light and ma-jes-ty: His glo-ries  
wrath and jus-tice stand To guard his ho-ly law; And where his



shine with beams so bright, No mor-tal eye can bear the sight.  
love re-solves to bless, His truth con-firms and seals the grace.

- 3 Through all his mighty works,  
Amazing wisdom shines;  
Confounds the powers of hell,  
And all their dark designs;  
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil  
His great decrees and sovereign will.

- 4 And will this sovereign King  
Of glory condescend;  
And will he write his name,  
My Father and my Friend?  
I love his name, I love his word;  
Join all my powers to praise the Lord.



# JOYFULLY.

REV. A. D. MERRILL.

1. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, on-ward I move, Bound for the land of bright  
An-ge-lic cho-ris-ters sing as I come, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly

spi-rits a-bove; } Soon with my pil-grimage end-ed be-low,  
haste to thy home. }

Home to that land of de-light will I go, Pil-grim and stranger, no

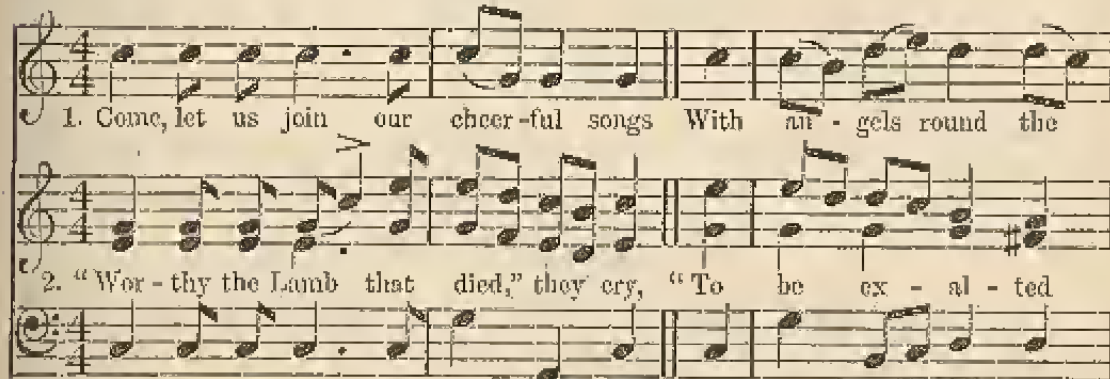
more shall I roam, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly rest-ing at home.

# JOYFULLY.

2 Friends fondly cherished have passed on  
before, [shore;  
Waiting, they watch me approaching that  
Singing, to cheer me through death's  
chilling gloom,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home  
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear,  
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!  
Rings with the harmony heaven's high  
dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me  
low,  
Strike, King of Terrors, I fear not the  
blow;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,  
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be  
gone;  
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

## CONWAY. C.M.



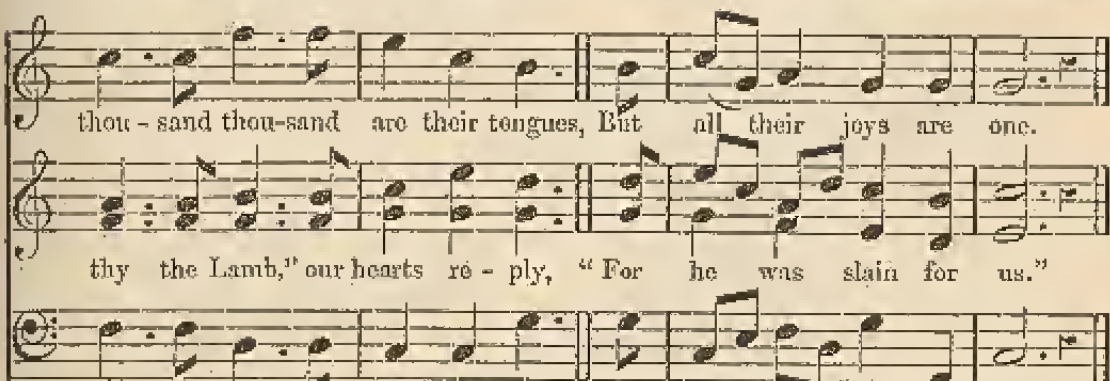
1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the

2. "Wor- thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex- al- ted



throne; Ten thou- sand thou- sand are their tongues, Ten

thus: "Wor- thy the Lamb," our hearts re- ply, "Wor-



thou- sand thou- sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

thy the Lamb," our hearts re- ply, "For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.



# WARE. L.M.

G. KINGSLEY. By permission.

1. O, for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart a-way;

And thaw, with beams of love di-vine, This heart, this fro-zen heart of mine.

## THE STUBBORN HEART.

2 The rocks can read, the earth can quake,  
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
O Lord, an adamant would melt;  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

4 Thy judgments, too, which devils fear—  
Amazing thought! unmoved I hear;  
Goodness and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

5 But power divine can do the deed,  
And, Lord, that power I greatly need;  
Thy spirit can from dross refine,  
And melt and change this heart of mine.

## THE ONLY PLEA.

1 Jesus, the sinner's friend, to thee,  
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Open thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul,  
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;  
Dark, till in me thine image shine,  
And lost I am, till thou art mine.

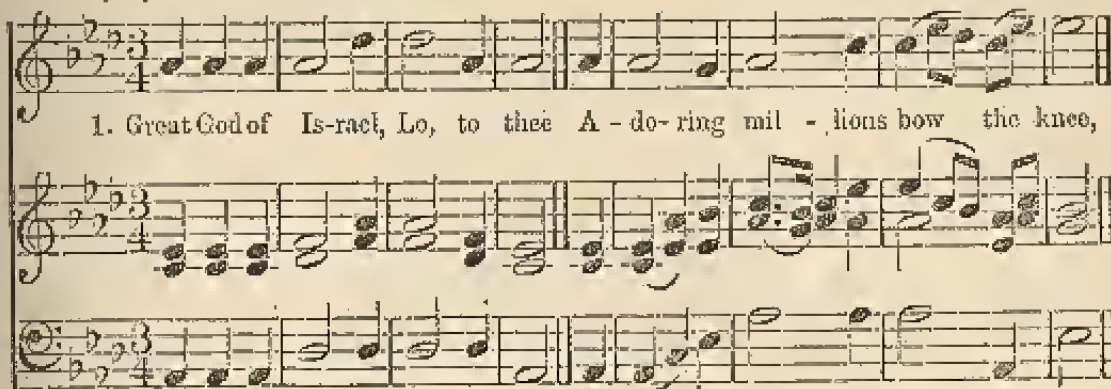
3 At last I own it cannot be,  
That I should fit myself for thee;  
Here, then, to thee I all resign,  
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What shall I say thy grace to move!  
Lord, I am sin, but thou art love;  
I give up every plea beside—  
Lord, I am lost, but thou hast died.

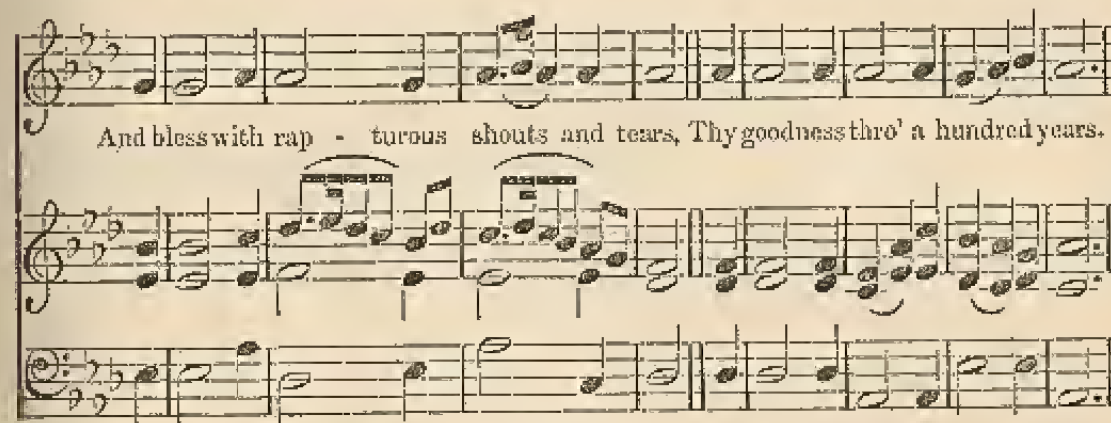
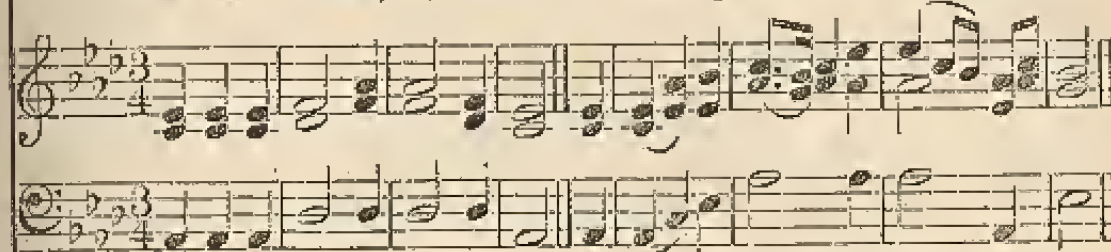
# CENTENARY HYMN. L.M.

Poetry by REV. G. LANSING TAYLOR.\*

Arr. by REV. C. W. BALLOU



1. Great God of Is-ra-el, Lo, to thee A - do - ring mil - lions bow the knee,



And bless with rap - turous shouts and tears, Thy goodness thro' a hundred years.

2 Since first our sires this New World trod,  
What wonders hast thou wrought, O God!  
A nation, vast from sea to sea,  
A church, whose myriads worship thee.

3 God of Elijah, flash thy fire  
Responsive, while our prayers aspire;  
Till hearts and holocausts shall flame  
A sacrifice to Jesus' name.

4 Pour forth thy spirit from on high!  
Convert, illumine, sanctify!  
Till millions more, with Israel's host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

## MY HEART IS FIXED

1 My heart is fixed on thee, my God,  
I rest my hope on thee alone;  
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,—  
To all mankind thy love make known.

2 Awake, my tongue, awake, my lyre,  
With morning's earliest dawn arise;  
To songs of joy my soul inspire,  
And swell your music to the skies.

3 With those who in thy grace abound,  
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice;  
Till every land, the earth around,  
Shall hear, and in thy name rejoice.

4 Eternal God, celestial King,  
Exalted be thy glorious name;  
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,  
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.

\* Composed for the Methodist Centennial Jubilee, held in Boston Music Hall, June 7th, 1866.



# SUNNY-SIDE. 8s & 7s.

J. W. D.

1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bles-sing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Sunny-Side'. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody line, a treble staff with a harmonic accompaniment, and a bass staff with a bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Life and health, and peace pos-ses-sing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing friend.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Love and grief my heart di-vi-ding, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;

The third system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Still in faith and hope a-bi-ding, Life de-ri-ving from his death.

The fourth system of musical notation, concluding the piece. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

# SUNNY-SIDE

2 O how blessed is this station!  
 Low before the cross I'll lie,  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Pleading in the victim's eye.  
 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing,  
 Mercy streaming in his blood;  
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,  
 While upon the Lamb I gaze,  
 Here I see my sins forgiven,  
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.  
 May I still enjoy this feeling,  
 In all need to Jesus go;  
 Prove each day his blood more healing,  
 And himself more deeply know.

## IS IT TRUE? 7s.

J. W. D.

1. Is it true that I must lie In the grave-yard bye-and-  
 2. Is it true, as ma-ny say, Life is but a pass-ing

- bye, And with o - thers, gone be - fore, Sleep till  
 day, And that heaven is lost or won, Ere this

time shall be no more? Is it true? Oh, is it true?  
 fleet - ing day has flown? Is it true? Oh, is it true?

3 Is it true that on the cross,  
 Jesus bled and died for us,  
 And, while hanging on the tree,  
 Upward sent a prayer for me?  
 Is it true? Oh, is it true?

4 Is it true that all death's slain  
 Will arise and live again;  
 And to final judgment go,  
 Some for bliss and some for woe?  
 Is it true? Oh, is it true?



# A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD. C.M.

WIESENTHAL.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame;

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in common time (C.M.) and features a melody in the treble staff and accompaniment in the grand staff.

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb.

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The notation is consistent with the first system, featuring a treble clef and a grand staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord?

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment. The notation is consistent with the previous systems, featuring a treble clef and a grand staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

The fourth system of musical notation consists of three staves, concluding the melody and accompaniment on this page. The notation is consistent with the previous systems, featuring a treble clef and a grand staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

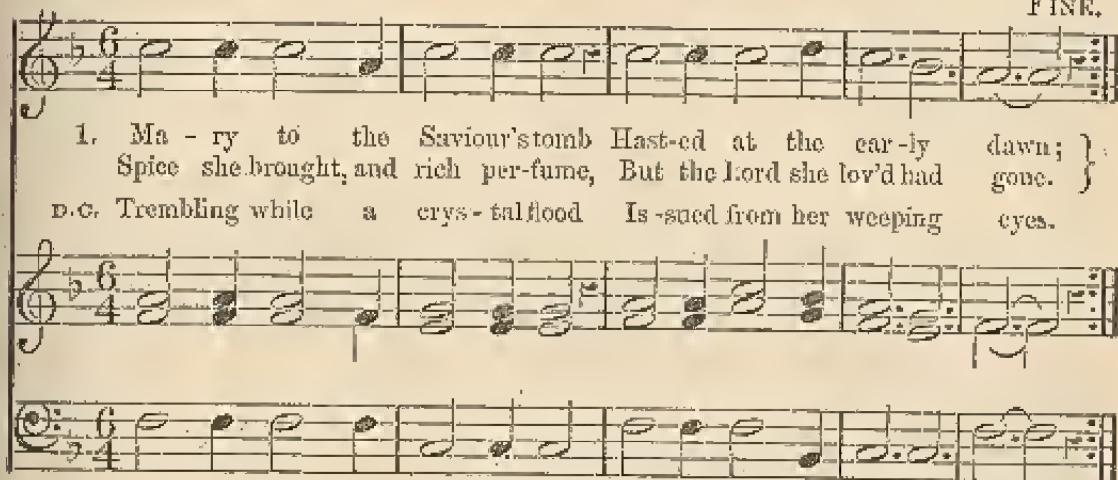
# A CLOSER WALK WITH GOD

2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.  
Return, O holy dove, return!  
Sweet messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.

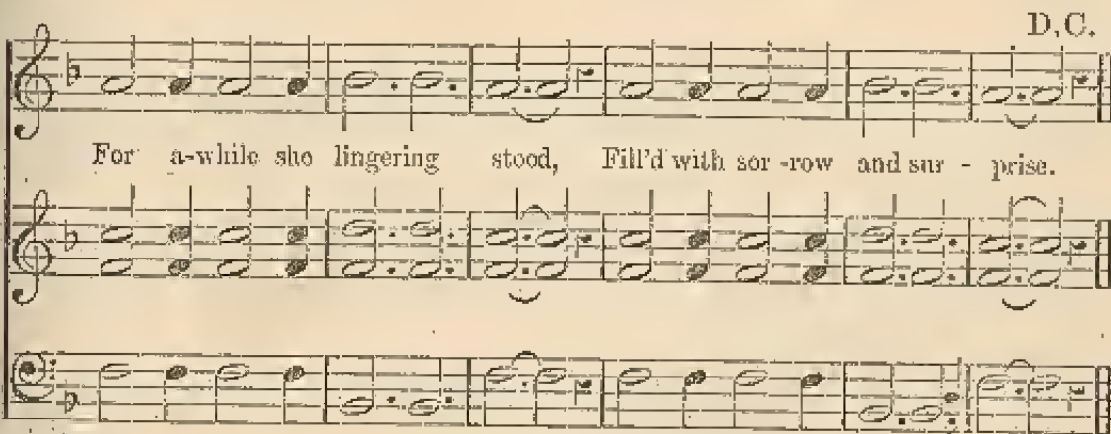
3 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be;  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.  
So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## MARTYN. 7s.

S. B. MARSH.  
FINE.



1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn; }  
Spice she brought, and rich per - fume, But the Lord she lov'd had gone. }  
D.C. Trembling while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weeping eyes.



D.C.  
For a - while she lingering stood, Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise.

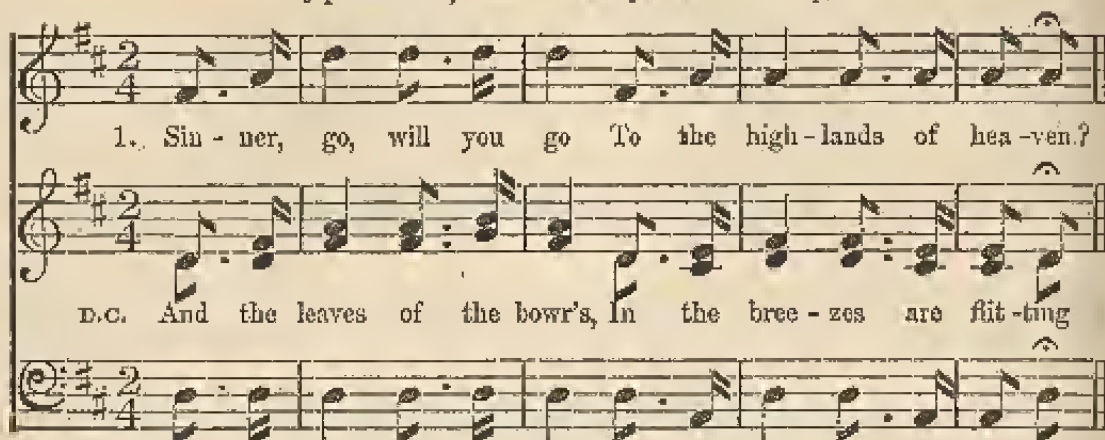
2 But her sorrows quickly fled,  
When she heard his welcome voice;  
Christ had risen from the dead,—  
Now he bids her heart rejoice.  
What a change his word can make,  
Turning darkness into day;  
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,  
He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,  
When she thought her all was lost.  
Will for your relief appear,  
Though you now are tempest-tossed.  
On his arm your burden cast,  
On his love your thoughts employ;  
Weeping for a while may last,  
But the morning brings the joy.



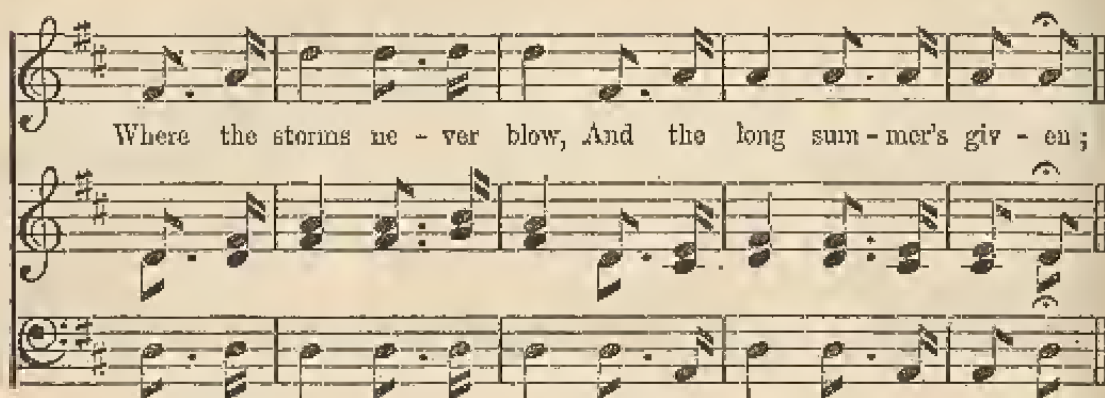
# THE SINNER'S INVITATION. 6s & 7s.

By permission, from "Wesleyan Sacred Harp."

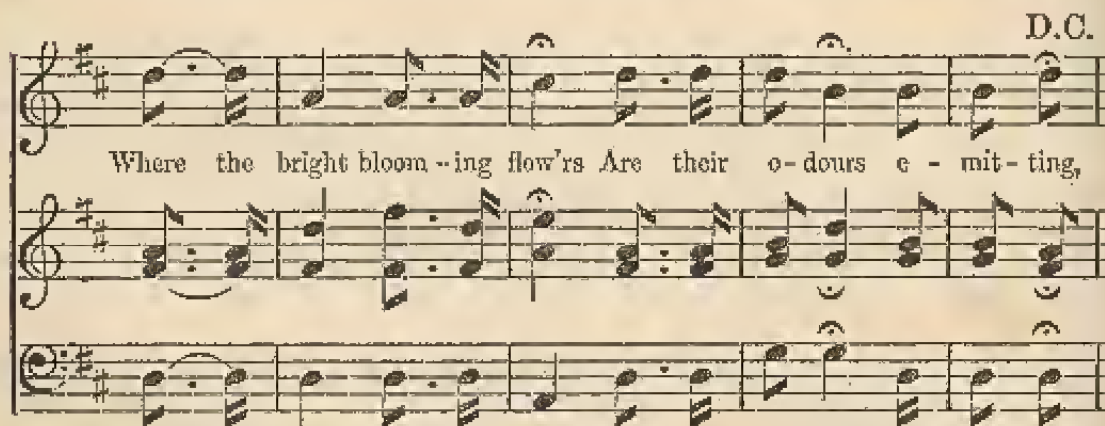


1. Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high - lands of hea - ven?

D.C. And the leaves of the bow's, In the bree - zes are flit - ting



Where the storms ne - ver blow, And the long sum - mer's giv - en;



Where the bright bloom - ing flow'rs Are their o - dours e - mit - ting,

D.C.

2 Where the saints robed in white,  
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,  
Shining beauteous and bright,  
Shall inhabit the mountain  
Where no sin nor dismay,  
Neither trouble nor sorrow,  
Shall be felt for a day,  
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home;  
Sinner, canst thou believe it?  
And invites thee to come;  
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?  
O come, sinner, come,  
For the time is receding;  
And the Saviour will soon  
And for ever cease pleading.

# PETERBORO'. C.M.

1. Once more, my soul, the ris-ing day Sa-lutes thy wak-ing eyes;

Once more, my voice, thy tri-bute pay To him that rules the skies.

## MORNING—SELF-CONSECRATION.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Night unto night his name repeats,<br/>The day renews the sound;<br/>Wide as the heavens on which he sits,<br/>To turn the seasons round.</p> | <p>3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,<br/>My tongue shall speak his praise;<br/>My sins might rouse his wrath to flame,<br/>But yet his wrath delays.</p> |
|--|--|
- 4 O God, let all my hours be thine,  
Whilst I enjoy the light;  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a peaceful night.

## INSTRUCTING THE YOUNG.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Delightful work! young souls to win,<br/>And turn the rising race,<br/>From the deceitful paths of sin,<br/>To seek redeeming grace.</p>     | <p>3 Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way<br/>To guide untutored youth,<br/>And show the mind which went astray,<br/>The Way, the Life, the Truth.</p> |
| <p>2 Children our kind protection claim;<br/>And God will well approve,<br/>When infants learn to lisp his name,<br/>And their Redeemer love.</p> | <p>4 Almighty God, thine influence shed,<br/>To aid this blest design;<br/>The honours of thy name be spread,<br/>And all the glory thine.</p>       |



# "FOR EVER WITH THE LORD." S.M.

I. B. WOODBURY. By permission.

1. "For ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be: Life from the dead is

This system contains the first three staves of the hymn. The top staff is the vocal melody in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff using a treble clef and the bottom staff using a bass clef.

in that word, 'Tis im - mortal - i - ty. Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab -

This system contains the next three staves of the hymn, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment from the first system.

- sent from him I roam; Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march near - er

This system contains the next three staves of the hymn, continuing the vocal melody and piano accompaniment.

home, near - er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.

This system contains the final three staves of the hymn, concluding with the phrase 'home, near - er home, near - er home, A day's march near - er home.'

"FOR EVER WITH THE LORD."

2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times to faith's aspiring eye  
Thy golden gates appear!  
Ah, then my spirit faints,  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
My heavenly home above.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,  
And all my comfort flies;  
Like Noah's dove I flit between  
Rough seas and stormy skies.  
Anon the clouds depart,  
The winds and waters cease;  
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
Expands the bow of peace.

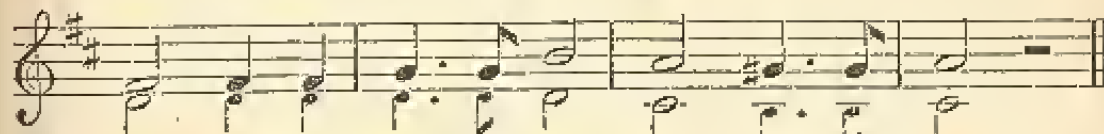
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

SOLO OR DUET.

S. W. W. W. W.

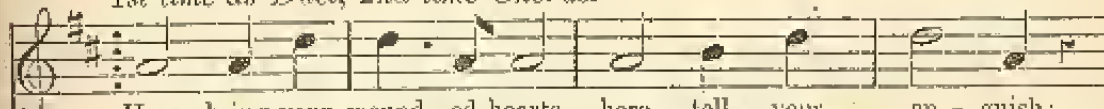


1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish:

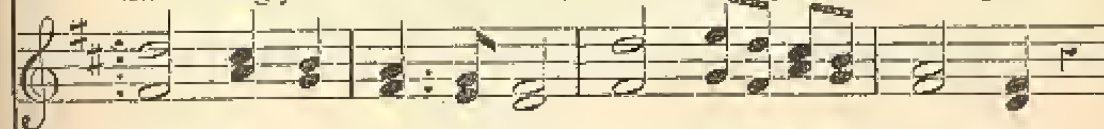


Come, at the mer - cy - seat fer - vent - ly kneel;

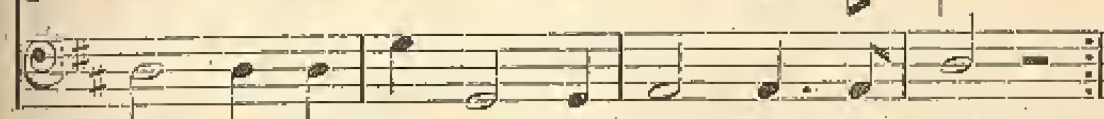
1st time as Duet, 2nd time Chorus.



Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish;



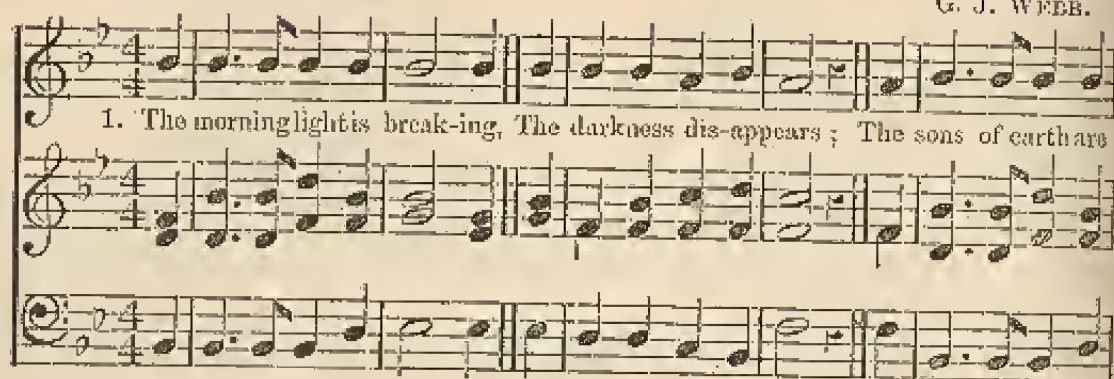
Earth has no sor - row that heav'n can - not heal.



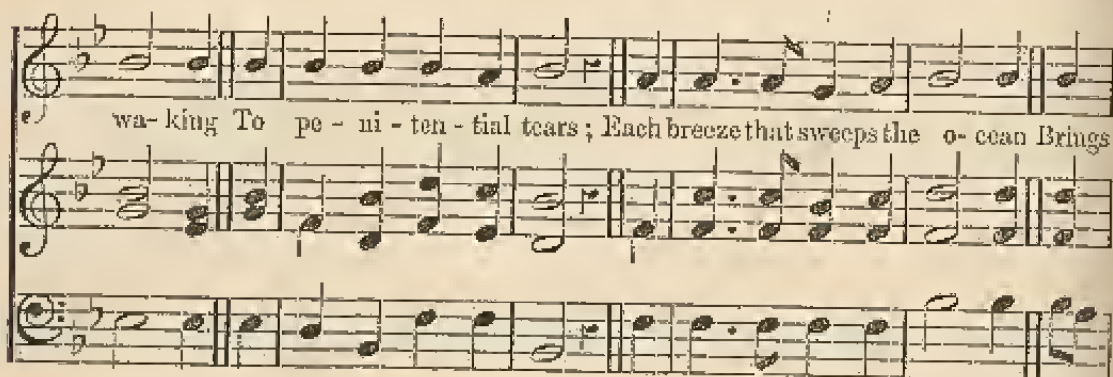
2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and  
pure,— [ing—  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say—  
Earth has no sorrow that heaven  
cannot cure.

3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure  
from above; [knowing—  
Come to the feast of love, come, ever  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can  
remove.

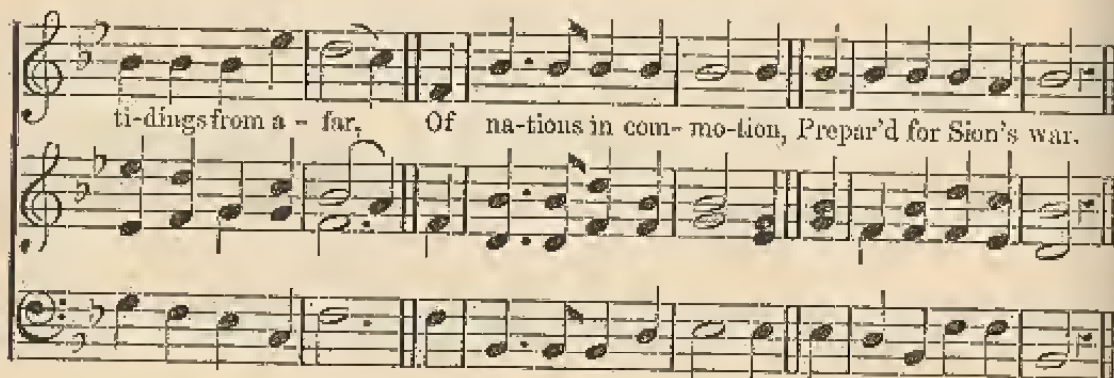




1. The morning light is break-ing, The darkness dis-appears ; The sons of earth are



wa-king To pe - ni - ten - tial tears ; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings



ti-dings from a - far, Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepar'd for Sion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,  
In many a gentle shower ;  
And brighter scenes before us  
Are opening every hour.  
Each cry to heaven going,  
Abundant answer brings ;  
And heavenly gales are blowing,  
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love ;  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above ;

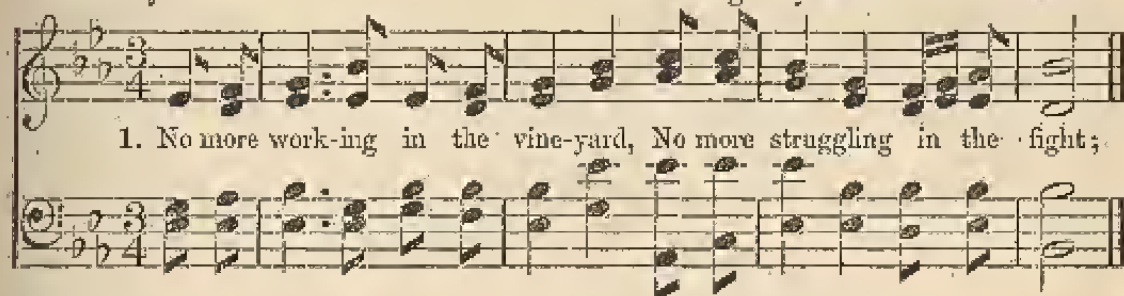
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel's call obey ;  
And seek the Saviour's blessing—  
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way ;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay ;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home,  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim the Lord is come.

# LOOSE THE CABLE, LET ME GO

Words by CHILSON.

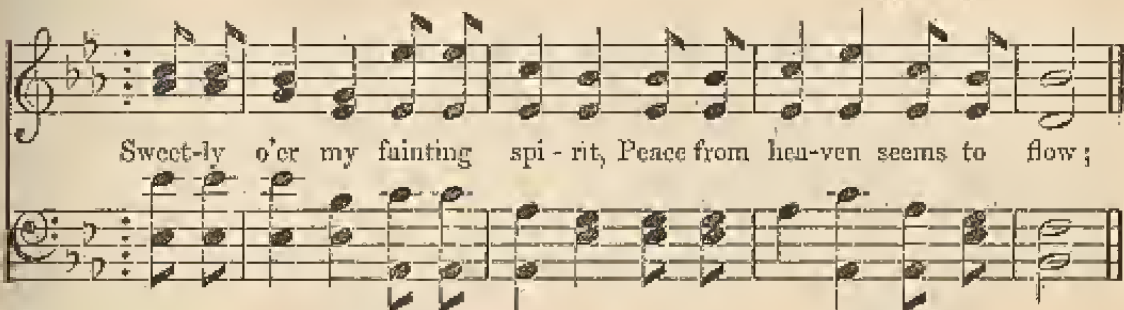
Arranged by REV. J. W. DADMUN.



1. No more work-ing in the vine-yard, No more struggling in the fight;



Stand I here with loins all gird-ed, Rea-dy for my up-ward flight;



Sweet-ly o'er my fainting spi-rit, Peace from hea-ven seems to flow;



Seek no long-er to de-tain me, Loose the ca-ble, let me go.

- 2 Holy angels round me hover,  
Their light forms I almost see;  
Golden harp and crown immortal,  
They are holding out to me.  
Endless joys, eternal pleasures,  
Soon on me they will bestow;  
From their presence do not keep me,  
Loose the cable, let me go.
- 3 But a little season only,  
Ere the hearts that here are one,  
Shall forever be united,  
In the realm beyond the sun.

- Love cannot be quenched by dying,  
But will stronger, purer grow;  
Wipe away the tears at parting,  
Loose the cable, let me go.
- 4 When so near the holy city,  
Even at its pearly gate;  
While its songs are wafted to me,  
Would you have me longer wait?  
O, the joy that fills this moment,  
O, the happiness I know!  
Seek no longer to detain me,  
Loose the cable, let me go!

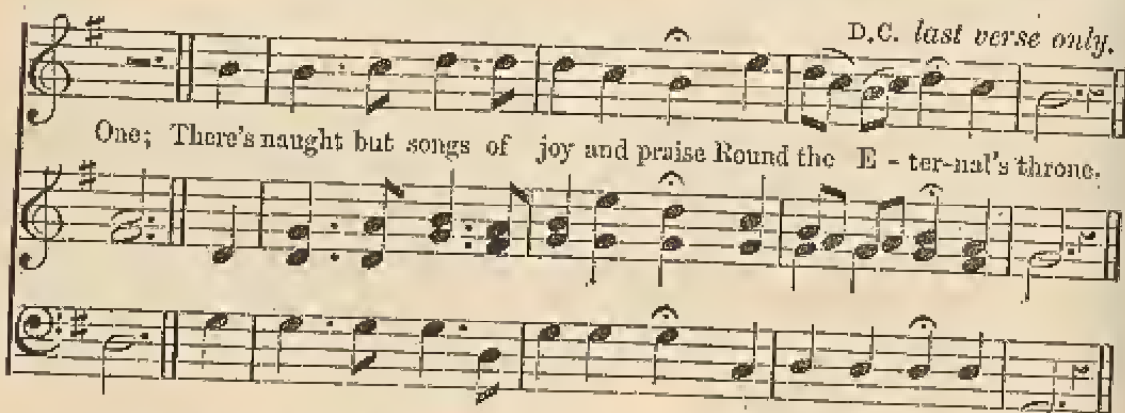
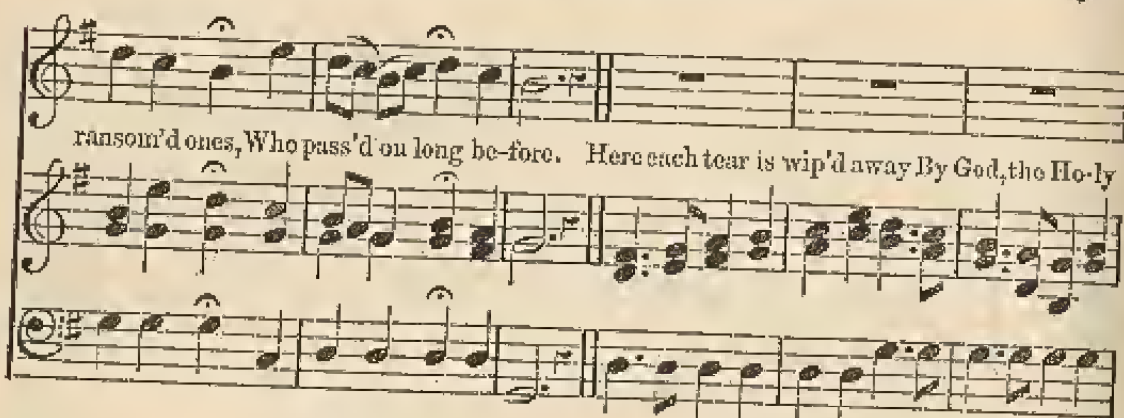
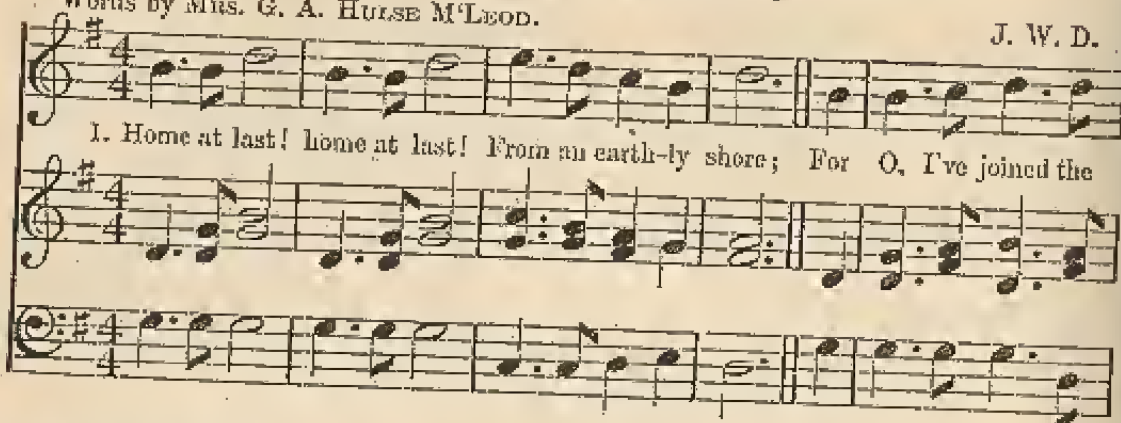


# HOME AT LAST.

Sung at the grave of Bishop Waugh.

Words by Mrs. G. A. HULSE M'LEOD.

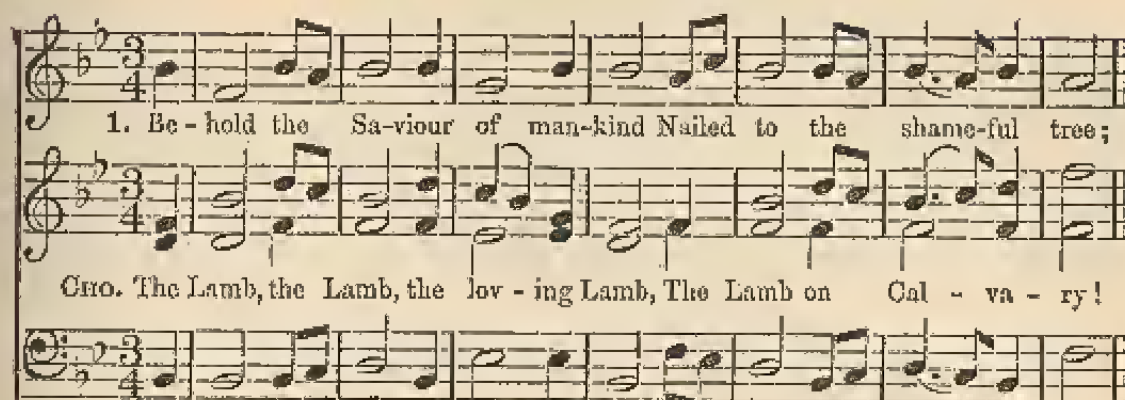
J. W. D.



- 2 The pure in heart! the pure in heart!  
 Robed in spotless white,  
 Are here with starry crowns of joy,  
 All gloriously bright.  
 Some I loved so long ago,  
 Who left me sad and lone,  
 I meet among the heavenly host,  
 Within our Father's home.
- 3 Safe at home! safe at home!  
 O, let the echo go,

To soothe the hearts that mourn me yet,  
 In that first home below.  
 His dear arms are round me now,  
 Who was for sinners slain;  
 Through him I've won eternal life,  
 For me to die was gain.  
 Safe at home! safe at home!  
 From an earthly shore;  
 I'll bless and praise thee, O my God,  
 For ever, evermore.

# THE BLEEDING SAVIOUR. C.M.



1. Be - hold the Sa - vour of man - kind Nailed to the shame - ful tree;

CRO. The Lamb, the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry!



How vast the love that him in - clined To bleed and die for thee!

The Lamb was slain, but lives a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

## HE DIED FOR THEE.

- 2 Hark! how he groans, while nature  
shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend;  
The temple's vail in sunder breaks—  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid!  
"Receive my soul!" he cries;

See where he bows his sacred head;  
He bows his head and dies.

- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious  
chain,  
And in full glory shine;  
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine?

## GODLY SORROW AT THE CROSS.

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?  
And did my sov'reign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,

When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,  
For man, the creature's sin.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.



# DEDHAM. C.M.

GARDNER.

1. Sweet was the time when first I felt The Sa-viour's pard'-ning blood,

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

## MOURNING DEPARTED JOYS.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light revealed,  
His praises tuned my tongue;  
And when the evening shades prevailed,  
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
And saw his glory shine;  
And when I read his holy word,  
I called each promise mine.

- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,  
My soul in darkness mourns;  
And when the morn the light reveals,  
No light to me returns.
- 5 Rise, Lord, and help me to prevail;  
O make my soul thy care;  
I know thy mercy cannot fail;  
Let me that mercy share.

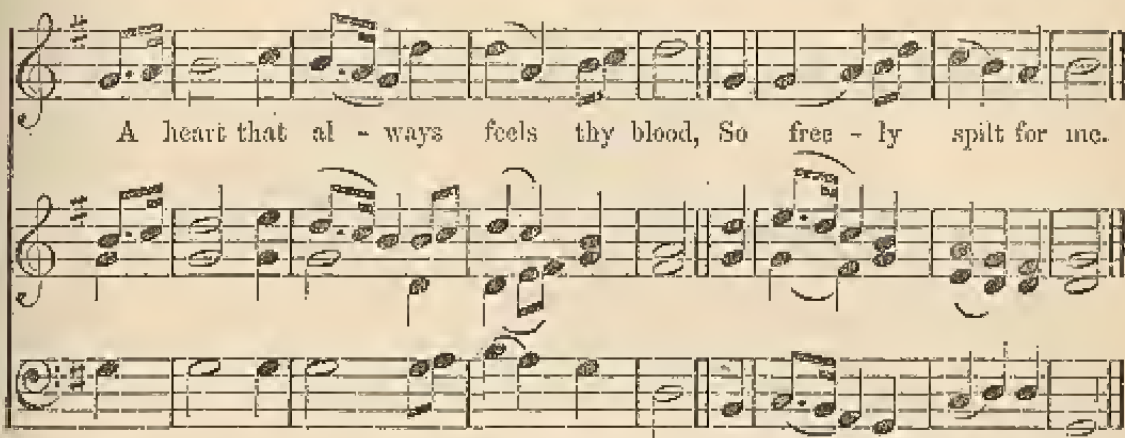
## THE PROMISED BLESSING

- 1 See, Jesus, thy disciples see,  
The promised blessing give;  
Met in thy name, we look to thee,  
Expecting to receive.
- 2 Thee we expect, our faithful Lord,  
Who in thy name are joined;  
We wait, according to thy word,  
Thee in the midst to find.
- 3 With us thou art assembled here;  
But, O, thyself reveal;

- Son of the living God, appear,  
Let us thy presence feel.
- 4 Breathe on us, Lord, in this our day,  
And these dry bones shall live,  
Speak peace into our hearts, and say,  
The Holy Ghost receive.
- 5 Whom now we seek, O may we meet,  
Jesus, the crucified;  
Show us thy bleeding hands and feet,  
Thou who for us hast died.

# ST. MARTIN'S. C.M.

TANSUR. 1735.



## A PERFECT HEART.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jésus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart, in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love.

## ENTIRE PURIFICATION.

1 For ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side;  
This all my hope, and all my plea—  
For me the Saviour died.

2 My dying Saviour and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thine own.  
Wash me, and mine thou art;  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my heart.

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve;  
Till hope in full fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.



# ANTIOCH. C.M.

Dr. L. MASON. By permission

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Sa-viour comes, The Sa-viour, pro-mised long;

2. Hark, the glad sound! the Sa-viour comes, The Sa-viour, pro-mised long;

And

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare a throne, And ev-'ry voice a

ev-'ry voice a song, . . . . . And ev-'ry voice a song.

song, And ev-'ry voice a song, And ev-'ry, ev-'ry voice a song.

ev-'ry voice a song, And ev-'ry voice a song, And ev-'ry voice a song.

## THE SAVIOUR COMES.

- 2 He comes, the prisoner to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest fims of vice,  
To clear the mental ray;

And on the eyes oppressed with night,  
To pour celestial day.

- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The wounded soul to cure;  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
T' enrich the humble poor.

## THE DEAR NAME.

- 1 Jesus, the name high over all,  
In hell, or earth, or sky;  
Angels and men before it fall,  
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;

It scatters all their guilty fear,  
It turns their hell to heaven.

- 3 Oh! that the world might taste and see  
The riches of his grace;  
The arms of love that compass me,  
Would all mankind embrace.

# JOYFUL SOUND. C.M. Double.

E. L. WHITE.

1. O joy - ful sound of gos - pel grace, Christ shall in me ap - pear!

I, ev - en I, shall see his face,— I shall be ho - ly here.  
D.S. Con - queror thro' him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.

The glo - rious crown of righ - teous-ness To me reached out I view ;

## A HOPE FULL OF IMMORTALITY.

2 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,  
I now exult to see ;  
My hope is full (O, glorious hope !)  
Of immortality.  
With me, I know, I feel, thou art ;  
But this cannot suffice,  
Unless thou plantest in my heart  
A constant paradise.

3 My earth thou waterest from on high,  
But make it all a pool ;  
Spring up, O well, I ever cry,  
Spring up within my soul.  
Come, O my God, thyself reveal,  
Fill all this mighty void ;  
Thou only canst my spirit fill,  
Come, O my God, my God.



# MAN THE LIFE-BOAT. 8s & 7s.

J. W. D.

1. Man the life-boat! man the life-boat! Hearts of love, your suc-cour lend!

See! the shattered ves-sel stag-gers! Quick! O quick! as - sis-tance lend!

Now the fra-gile boat is hang-ing On the bil-low's feathery height;

*rit.*  
Now 'midst fear -ful depths descend-ing, While we with-er at the sight.

# MAN THE LIFE-BOAT.

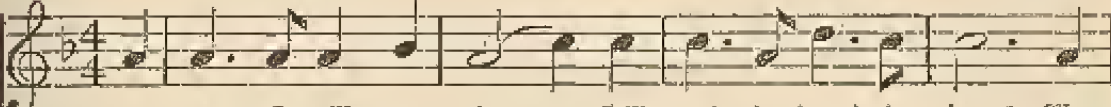
- 2 Courage! courage! she's in safety,  
See again her buoyant form,  
By his gracious hand uplifted,  
Who controls the raging storm.  
With her precious cargo freighted,  
Now the life-boat nears the shore;  
Parents, brethren, friends, embracing  
Those they thought to see no more.
- 3 Christian! pause, and deeply ponder,  
Is there nothing you can do?  
The sinking ship, the storm, the life-boat,  
Have they not a voice for you?

There's a storm, a fearful tempest—  
Souls are sinking in despair;  
There's a shore of blessed refuge,  
Try, O try to guide them there.


- 4 O, remember him who saved you.  
Whose right hand deliverance wrought;  
Who, from depths of guilt and anguish,  
You to peace and safety brought.  
'Tis his voice who cheers you onward;  
"He that winneth souls is wise;"  
Launch the gospel's blessed life-boat  
Venture all to win the prize.

## NO PARTING THERE. S.M.


J. W. D.



1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heav'n-ly shore? The



CHO. There'll be no part-ing there, There'll be no part-ing there; In




land for ev - er bright and fair, Where sor - row reigns no more?



heav'n a - lone no sor-row's known, There'll be no part - ing there.



- 2 Shall I, unworthy I,  
To fear and doubting given,  
Mount up at last, and happy fly  
On angel's wings to heaven.

- 3 Hail! love divine and pure,  
Hail! mercy from the skies;  
My hopes are bright and now secure,  
Upborne by faith I rise.

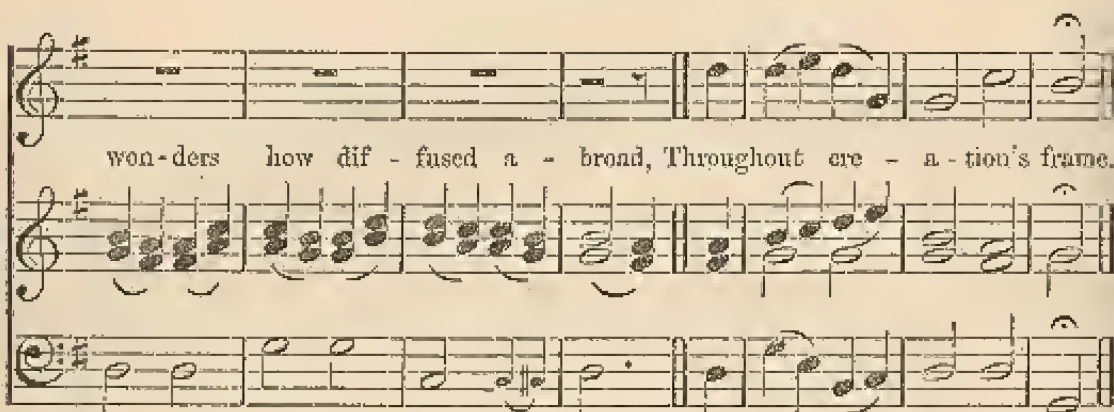
- 4 I part with earth and sin,  
And shout the danger's past;  
My Saviour takes me fully in,  
And I am his at last.

W. HUNTER.



# SHIRLAND. S.M.

STANLEY.



## HIS NAME IS GLORIOUS.

- 2 The lark mounts up the sky,  
With unambitious song;  
And hears her Maker's praise on high,  
Upon her artless tongue.
- 3 Fain would I rise and sing  
To my Creator too;

- Fain would my heart adore my King,  
And give him praises due.
- 4 Let joy and worship spend  
The remnant of my days;  
And to my God my soul ascend,  
In sweet perfumes of praise.

## BLESSINGS SOUGHT IN PRAYER.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace,  
The promise calls me near;  
There Jesus shows a smiling face,  
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and thy love;  
I ask to serve thee here below,  
And reign with thee above.

- 3 Teach me to live by faith,  
Conform my will to thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.
- 4 If thou these blessings give,  
And wilt my portion be,  
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,  
And find my heaven in thee.

## THE REDEEMER'S TEARS.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears  
The wond'ring angels see;

- Be thou astonished, O my soul,  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep,  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

# NEWTON. 8s.

1. How ted-i-ous and tasteless the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see;

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have lost all their sweetness to me.

D.S. But when I am hap-py in him, De-cem-ber's as plea-sant as May.

The mid-sum-mer sunshines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice.  
I should, were he always thus high,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resigned;  
No changes of season or place,  
Would make any change in my mind.

While blessed with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song;  
Say, why do I languish and pine?  
And why are my winters so long?  
O! drive these dark clouds from my sky.  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;  
Or take me to thee up on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

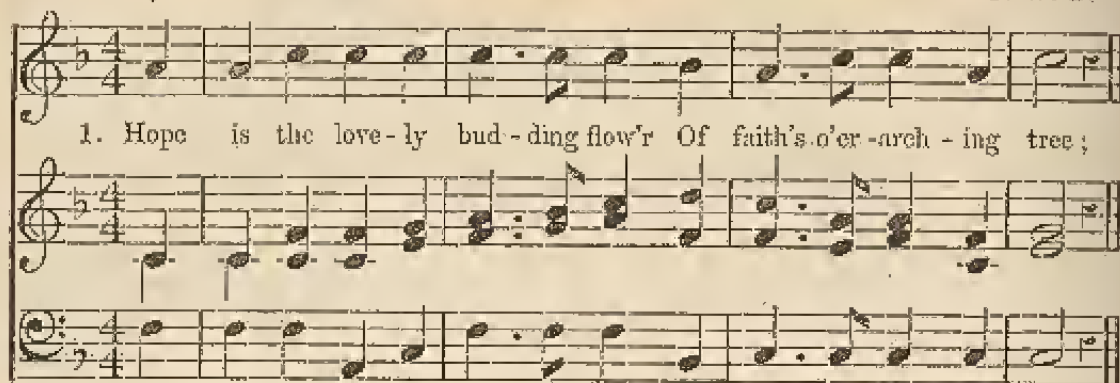


# HOPE IN JESUS. 8s & 6s.

Gratefully inscribed to Rev. J. W. DABNUN.

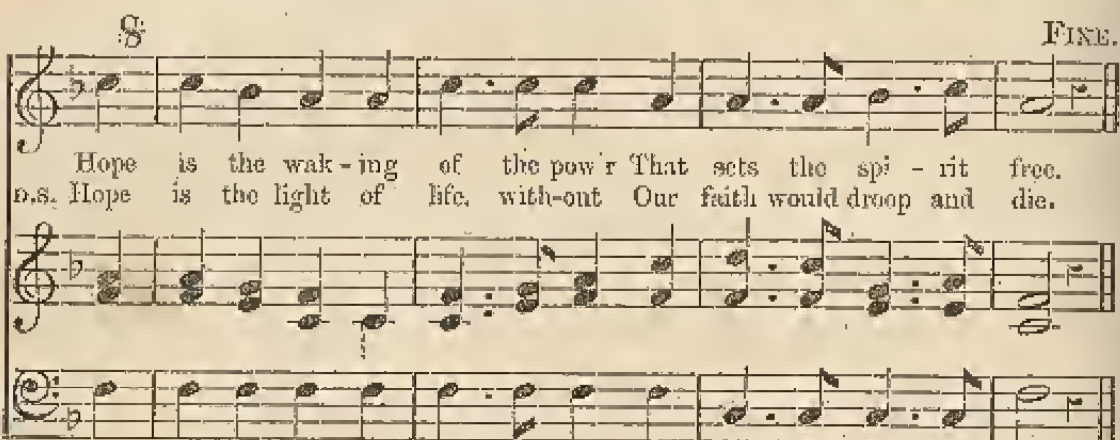
Words by S. ADAM WIGGIN.

J. W. D.



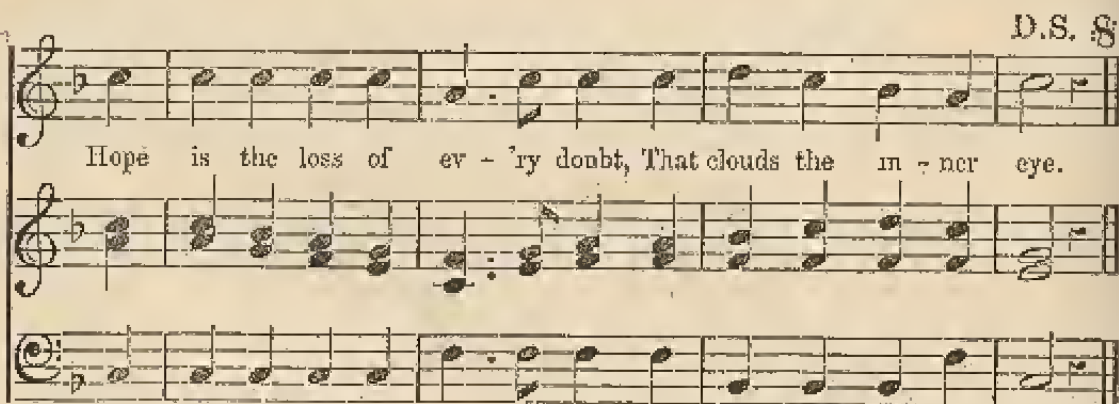
1. Hope is the love-ly bud-ding flow'r Of faith's o'er-arch-ing tree;

8 FINE.



Hope is the wak-ing of the pow'r That sets the spi-rit free.  
D.S. Hope is the light of life, with-out Our faith would droop and die.

D.S. 8



Hope is the loss of ev-ry doubt, That clouds the in-ner eye.

2 Hope is the anchor of the soul,  
When clouds of sorrow rise;  
Hope can pale death's fell power control,  
And raise us to the skies.  
Hope is the "nimbus," rays divine,  
Round the Redeemer's head;  
Which on our weary way may shine,  
And holy comfort shed.

3 Hope, wakened in the sinner's heart,  
Dispelleth all his fears;  
Dawns on him now the better part,  
Hope wipes away his tears.  
Hope is the Christian's life and stay,  
With "hope in Jesus" blest;  
Our ransomed spirits soar away  
To everlasting rest.

# HERE IS NO REST.

1. Here o'er the earth as a stran-ger I roam, Here is no rest,

here is no rest; Here as a pil-grim I wan-der a-lone,  
D.S. My heart doth leap while I hear Je-sus say,

FINE. D.S.  
Yet I am blest, I am blest; {For I look for-ward to that glo-rious day,  
When sin and sor-row will va-nish a-way  
There, there is rest, there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,  
Here is no rest, here is no rest;  
Here I am grieved while my foes me sur-  
round,  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Let them revile me, and scoff at my  
name,  
Laugh at my weeping, endeavour to shame;  
I will go forward, for this is my theme—  
There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe,  
Here is no rest, here is no rest;  
Here I must part with the friends I hold  
dear,  
Yet I am blest, I am blest.  
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,  
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;  
They have been called to receive their  
reward,  
There, there is rest, there is rest.



# O, SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S.M.

Air from "Sacred Melodies." By permission.

Har. by E. E. BLANCHARD.

1. Oh, sing to me of heav'n, When I'm cal-led to die,  
 CHO. There'll be no sor-row there, There'll be no sor-row there,  
 Sing songs of ho-ly ec-sta-sy, To waft my soul on high.  
 In heav'n a-bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor-row there.

- 2 When cold and sluggish drops  
Roll off my marble-brow,  
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,  
Let heaven begin below.
- 3 When the last moments come,  
O! watch my dying face;  
To catch the bright seraphic gleam  
Which o'er my features plays.
- 4 Then to my raptured ear,  
Let one sweet song be given;

Let music charm me last on earth,  
And greet me first in heaven.

- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,  
And lay me down to rest;  
And fold my pale and icy hands  
Upon my lifeless breast.
- 6 Then, round my senseless clay  
Assemble those I love;  
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,  
My glorious home above.

MRS. DANA.

## ALL-SUFFICIENT GRACE.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,  
Harmonious to the ear;  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- CHO. I'm glad salvation's free,  
I'm glad salvation's free;  
Salvation's free for you and me,  
I'm glad salvation's free.
- 2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;

- And all the steps that grace displays,  
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves our praise.

# NUREMBURG. 7s.

GERMAN.

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sa - vour deigns to die,  
What me - lo - dious sounds we hear, Burst - ing on the ra - vished ear:

Love's re - deem - ing work is done— Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come!

## COME AND WELCOME.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
On his pierced body laid,  
Justice owns the ransom paid.  
Bow the knee, embrace the Son,  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee, the festal board  
See with richest bounty stored;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Thou shalt be a child confessed;  
Never from his house to roam,  
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

## IN DARKNESS.

1 Once I thought my mountain strong,  
Firmly fixed, no more to move;  
Then my Saviour was my song,  
Then my soul was filled with love.  
Those were happy, golden days,  
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

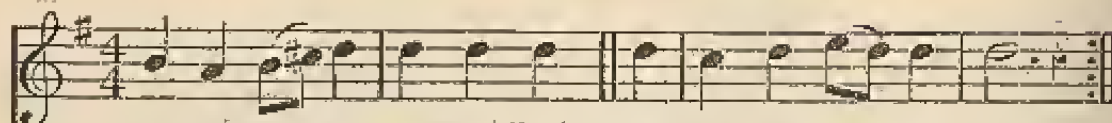
2 Little, then, myself I knew,  
Little thought of Satan's power;  
Now I feel my sins renew,

Now I feel the stormy hour.  
Sin has put my joys to flight,  
Sin has turned my day to night.

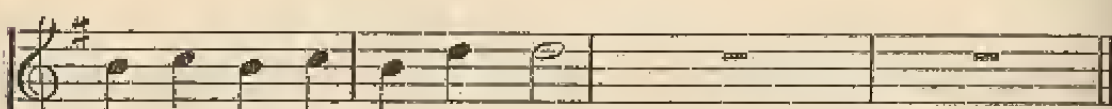
3 Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul,  
Bid my dying hopes revive;  
Make my wounded spirit whole,  
Far away the tempter drive.  
Speak the word and set me free,  
Let me live alone to thee.



# AMSTERDAM. 7s & 6s.



1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace : }  
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things, T'ward hea - ven thy native place ; }



Sun and moon, and stars de - cay ; Time shall soon this earth re - move ;



Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

## THE BETTER PORTION.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun,  
Both speed them to their source :  
So a soul that's born of God,  
Pants to view his glorious face ;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize ;  
Soon our Saviour will return  
Triumphant in the skies.  
There we'll join the heavenly train,  
Welcomed to partake the bliss ;  
Fly from sorrow, care, and pain,  
To realms of endless peace.

# BEAUTIFUL ZION.

From the "Musical Pioneer," by permission.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-love, Beau-ti-ful ci-ty that I love,

Beau-ti-ful gates of pear-ly white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light;

*rit.*  
He who was slain on Cal - va - ry O-pens those pear-ly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,  
Beautiful angels clothed in white,  
Beautiful strains that never tire,  
Beautiful harps through all the choir.  
There shall I join the chorus sweet,  
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,  
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,  
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,

Beautiful all who enter there.  
Thither I press with eager feet,  
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,  
Beautiful songs the angels sing,  
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,  
Beautiful home of perfect peace.  
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,  
Haste to this heavenly home with me.



# THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION. C.M.

Matthew ii. 28.

E. R. BLANCHARD.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest ;

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the middle and bottom staves.

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast."

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the middle and bottom staves.

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad ;

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the middle and bottom staves.

I found in him a rest - ing place, And he has made me glad.

The fourth system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the middle and bottom staves.

# THE SAVIOUR'S INVITATION.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold I freely give  
 The living water; thirsty one,  
 Stoop down and drink, and live."  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light;  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In him my star, my sun,  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 Till travelling days are done.

## DUNDEE. C.M.

1. Je - sus, great Shepherd of the sheep, To thee for help we fly:

2. He comes, of hell-ish mal-ice full, To scat-ter, tear, and slay;

Thy lit-tle flock in safe-ty keep, For O! the wolf is nigh.

He seiz-es ev-ry strag-gling soul As his own law-ful prey.

## SAFETY IN UNION.

3 Us into thy protection take,  
 And gather with thine arm;  
 Unless the fold we first forsake  
 The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel power,  
 While by our Shepherd's side;  
 The sheep he never can devour,  
 Unless he first divide.

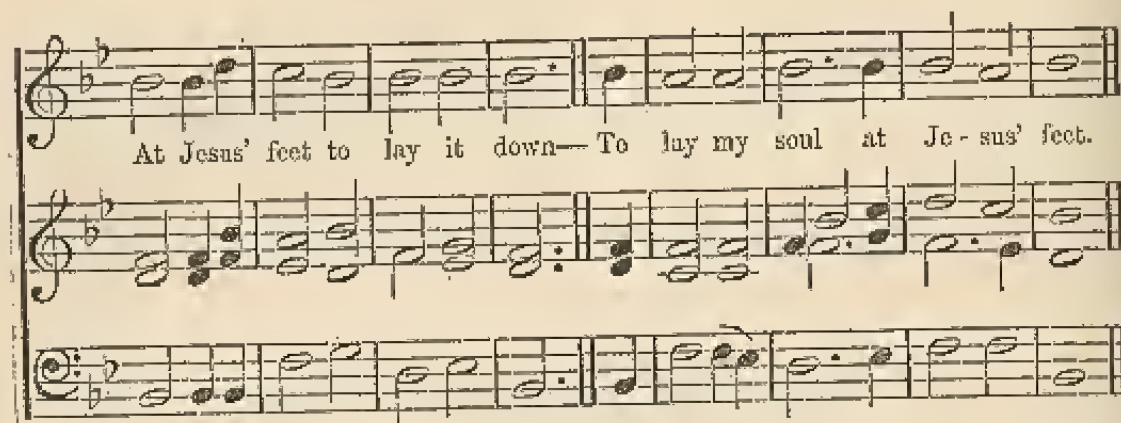
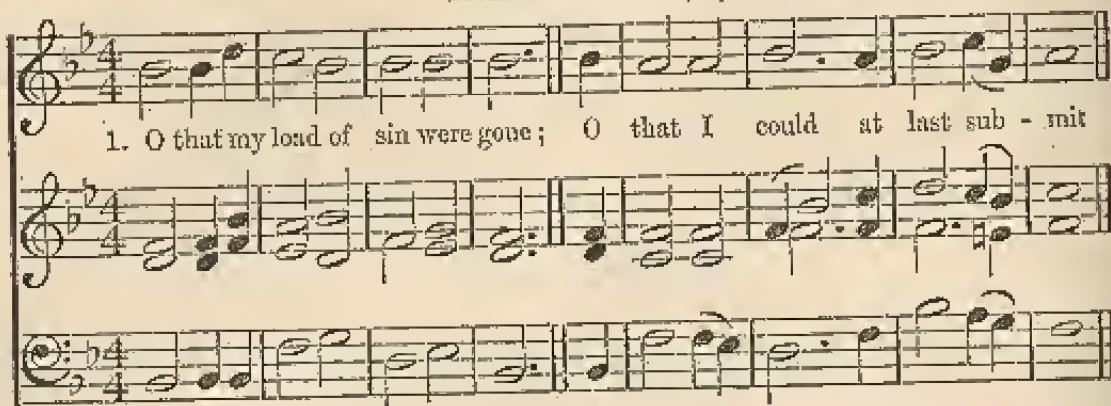
5 O! do not suffer him to part  
 The souls that here agree;  
 But make us of one mind and heart,  
 And keep us one in thee.

6 Together let us sweetly live,  
 Together let us die;  
 And each a starry crown receive,  
 And reign above the skies.



# WARD. L.M.

From a Scotch tune, by L. MASON. By permission.



2 Rest for my soul I long to find,  
Saviour of all, if mine thou art;  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free;  
I cannot rest till pure within—  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
Thy light and easy burden prove;  
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,  
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power,  
My heart from every sin release;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

## THE DIVINE TEACHER.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound  
From lips of gentleness and grace,  
While list'ning thousands gathered round,  
And joy and reverence filled the place.

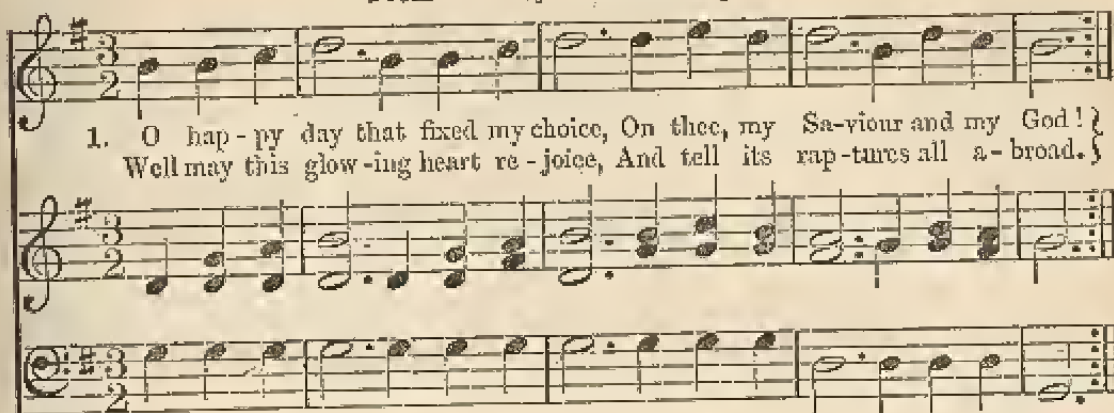
2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,  
To heaven he led his followers' way;  
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,  
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,  
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.  
Yes, sacred teacher, we will come,  
Obey, and be for ever blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust,  
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;  
A nobler mansion waits the just,  
And Jesus has prepared the way.

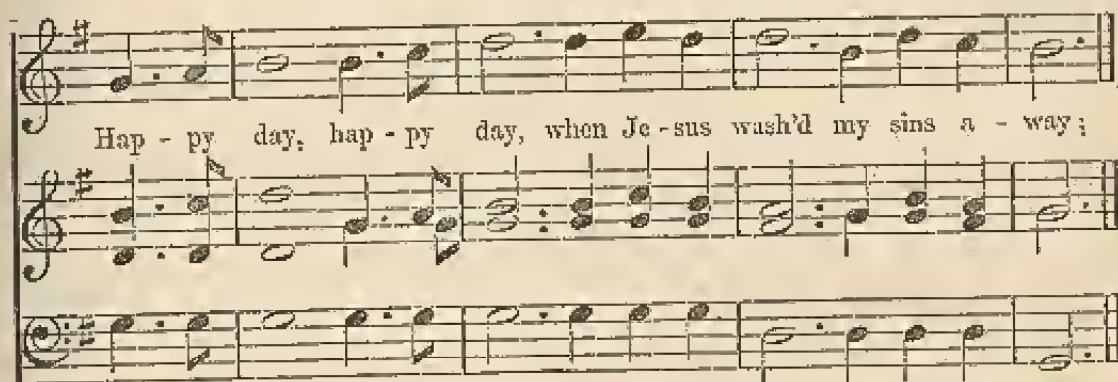
# HAPPY DAY. L.M.

From "Wesleyan Sacred Harp."



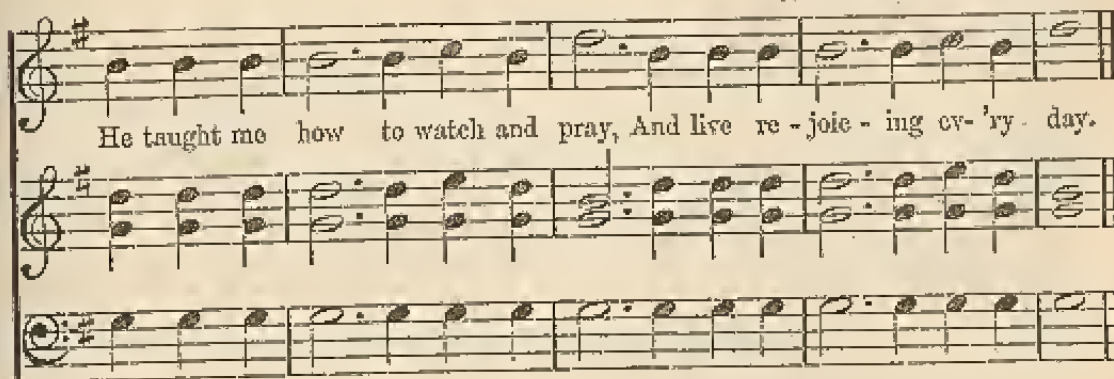
1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice, On thee, my Sa - viour and my God !  
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.

FINE.



Hap - py day, hap - py day, when Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way ;

End with 2nd Strain.



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joice - ing ev - 'ry - day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love ;  
Let cheerful anthems fills his house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done ! the great transaction's done,  
I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

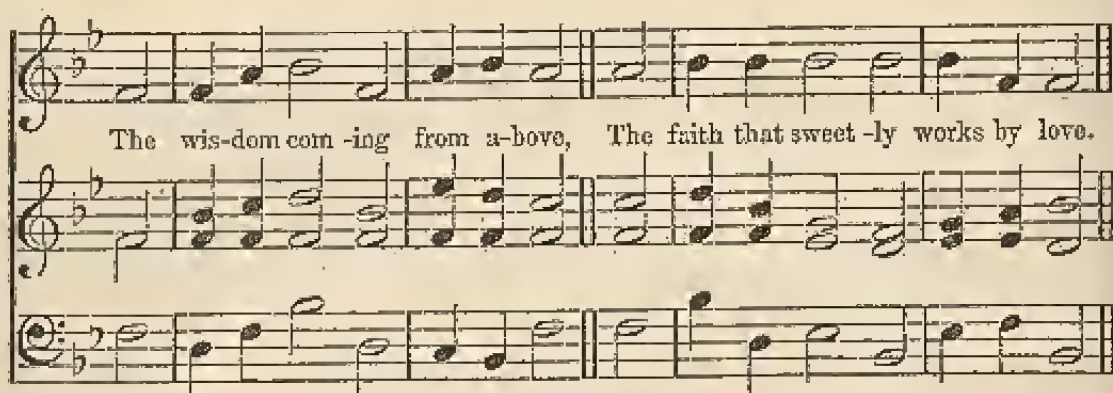
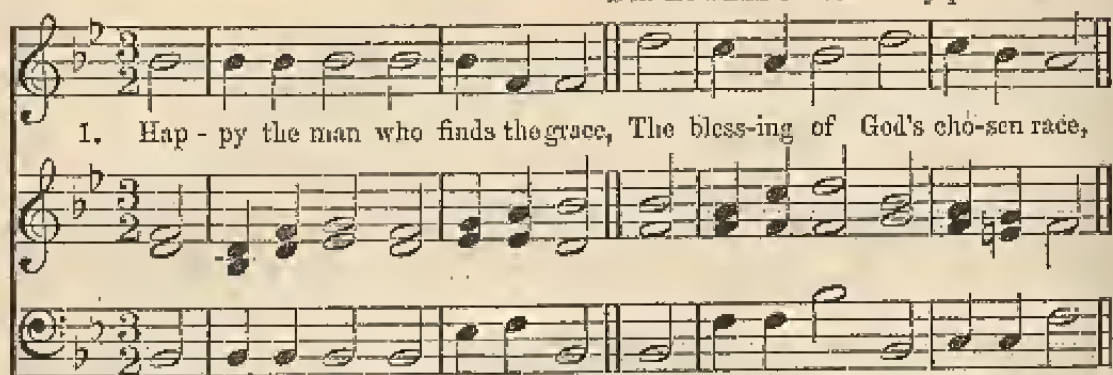
4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With him of every good possessed.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow  
That vow renewed shall daily hear ;  
Till in life's latest hour I vow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.



# HEBRON. L.M.

DR. LOWELL MASON. By permission.



## THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT.

- 2 Happy, beyond description, he  
Who knows the Saviour died for me;  
The gift unspeakable obtains,  
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?  
Wisdom to silver we prefer,  
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,  
True riches, and immortal praise;

- Riches of Christ on all bestowed,  
And honour that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites—  
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who wisdom gains,  
Thrice happy, who his guest retains,  
He owns, and shall for ever own,  
Wisdom, and Christ, and heaven are one.

## LOVE THAT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring,  
I could for ever think and sing;  
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve,  
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and, lo! 'tis given;  
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven.  
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood,  
He closed his eyes to show us God;

- Let all the world fall down, and know  
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
I shed my tears and make my moan;  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,  
I drink, and yet am ever dry;  
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?  
Ah! who that loves can love enough?

# COWPER. C.M.

L. MASON. By permission.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; O earth, re-joice and  
 2. The stone the build-ers set at naught, That stone has now be-

sing; Let songs of tri-umph hail the morn; Ho-  
 - come The sure foun-da-tion, and the strength Of

- san-na to our King! Ho-san-na to our King!  
 Zion's hea-ven-ly dome, Of Zion's hea-ven-ly dome.

3 Christ is that stone, rejected once,  
 And numbered with the slain;  
 Now raised in glory, o'er his Church  
 Eternally to reign.

4 This is the day the Lord hath made,  
 O earth, rejoice and sing!  
 With songs of triumph hail the morn,  
 Hosanna to our King!

## THE RESOLUTION.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve;  
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
 And make this last resolve:—  
 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
 Like mountains round me close;  
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 Whatever may oppose.  
 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
 And there my guilt confess;

I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
 Without his sovereign grace.  
 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
 Perhaps will hear my prayer;  
 But, if I perish, I will pray,  
 And perish only there.  
 5 I can but perish if I go—  
 I am resolved to try;  
 For, if I stay away, I know  
 I must for ever die.



# TURNER. C.M.

MAXIM.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spi-rit, heav'n-ly Dove, With all thy quick-'ning pow'rs;

Come

Come shed a-broad a Saviour's love, And  
Come shed a-broad a Saviour's love, Come shed a-broad a  
shed a-broad a Sa - - viour's love, And that shall kin-dle

that shall kin - - dle ours, Come shed a-broad a  
Sa-viour's love, And that shall kin-dle ours, Come shed a-broad a  
ours, And that shall kin-dle ours, Come shed a-broad a

Sa - viour's love, And that . . shall kin - dle ours.

# TURNER.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys;  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate;  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

## TRIUMPHANT JOY.

1 My God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights;

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,  
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,

If Jesus shows his mercy mine,  
And whispers, I am his.

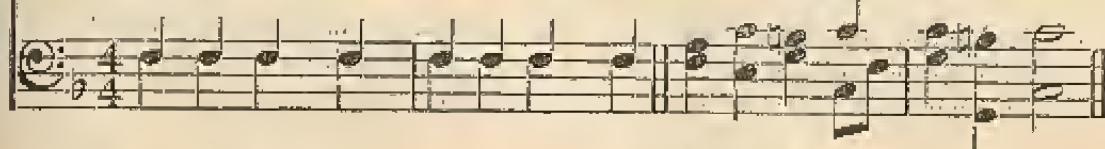
4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word;  
Run up with joy the shining way,  
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
I'd break through every foe;  
The wings of love and arms of faith  
Would bear me conqueror through.

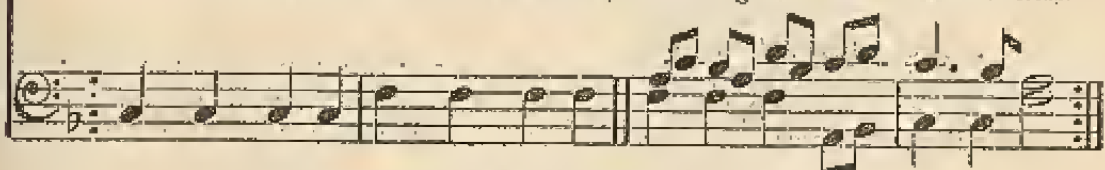
## SICILY. 8s & 7s.



1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace.



Let us each thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;  
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, 'Trav' - ling thro' this wild - er - ness.



## FOR THE FULNESS OF PEACE AND JOY.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
For thy gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound;  
May thy presence  
With us evermore be found.



# AZMON. C.M.

Arranged from GLASER, by L. MASON. By permission.

1. Blest be the dear u - nit-ing love, That will not let us part:

Our bod-ies may far off re-move, We still are one in heart.

## UNITED THOUGH SEPARATED.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,  
Where he appoints we go;  
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,  
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him,  
And nothing know beside;  
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,  
But Jesus crucified.

4 Closer and closer let us cleave  
To his beloved embrace;  
Expect his fulness to receive,  
And grace to answer grace.

5 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,  
The same in mind and heart;  
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,  
Nor life, nor death can part.

## BEHOLD THE LAMB.

1 Look unto Christ, ye nations; own  
Your God, ye fallen race;  
Look, and be saved through faith alone,  
Be justified by grace.

2 See all your sins on Jesus laid,  
The Lamb of God was slain,  
His soul was once an offering made  
For every soul of man.

3 Awake from guilty nature's sleep,  
And Christ shall give you light;  
Cast all your sins into the deep,  
And wash the Ethiop white.

4 With me, your chief, ye then shall know,  
Shall feel your sins forgiven;  
Anticipate your heaven below,  
And own that love is heaven.

# GANGES. C.P.M.

8

1. How hap-py is the pilgrim's lot, How free from ev - 'ry an-xious thought,  
soul dis-dains on earth to dwell,

FINE. D.S.

From world-ly hope and fear! Con-fined to nei-ther court nor cell, His  
He on - ly so-journs here.

## THE PILGRIM'S HAPPY LOT.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 This happiness in part is mine,<br/>Already saved from low design,<br/>From every creature love;<br/>Blest with the scorn of finite good,<br/>My soul is lightened of its load,<br/>And seeks the things above.</p> <p>3 There is my house and portion fair,<br/>My treasure and my heart are there,<br/>And my abiding home;</p> | <p>For me my elder brethren stay,<br/>And angels beckon me away,<br/>And Jesus bids me come.</p> <p>4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies;<br/>I come to meet thee in the skies,<br/>And claim my heavenly rest!<br/>Soon will the pilgrim's journey end;<br/>Then, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,<br/>Receive me to thy breast!</p> |
|--|---|

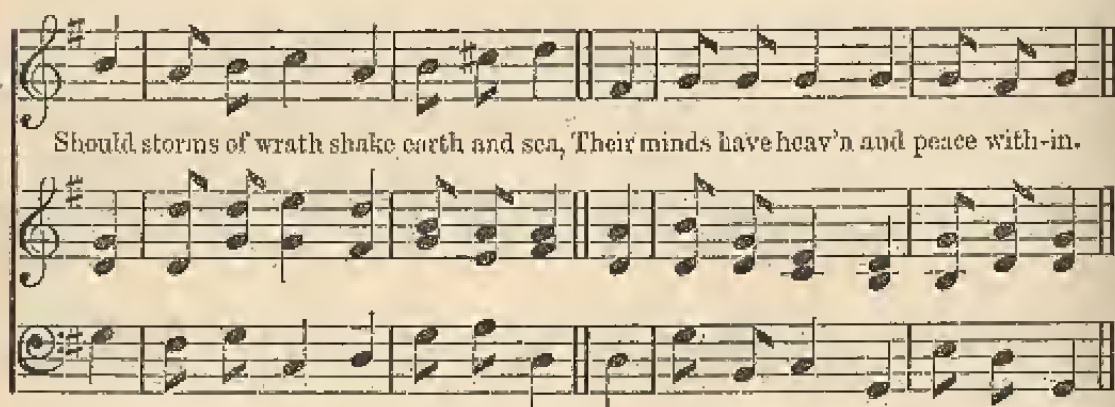
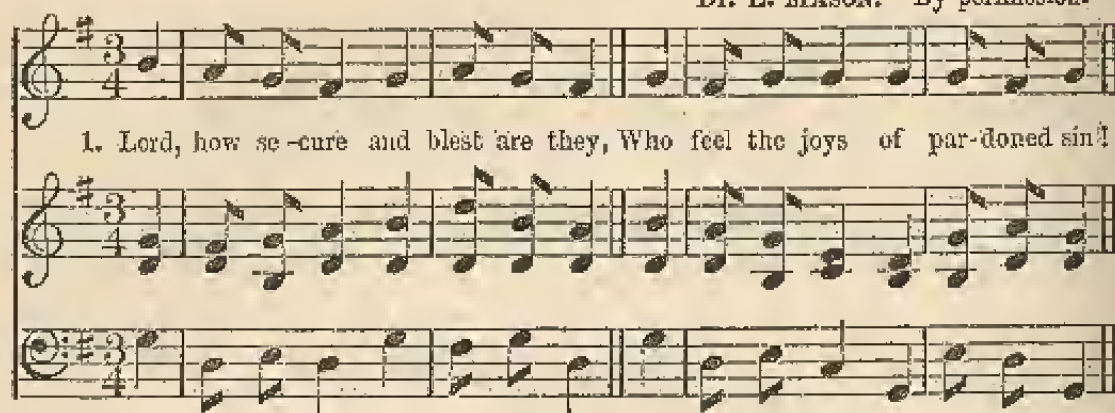
## BLISS-INSPIRING HOPE.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Come on, my partners in distress,<br/>My comrades through the wilderness,<br/>Who still your bodies feel:<br/>Awile forget your griefs and fears,<br/>And look beyond this vale of tears,<br/>To that celestial hill.</p> <p>2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,<br/>Look forward to that heavenly place,<br/>The saints' secure abode:</p> | <p>On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,<br/>And force your passage to the skies,<br/>And scale the mount of God.</p> <p>3 Who suffer with our Master here,<br/>We shall before his face appear,<br/>And by his side sit down:<br/>To patient faith the prize is sure;<br/>And all that to the end endure<br/>The cross, shall wear the crown.</p> |
|---|--|



# ROCKINGHAM. L.M.

Dr. L. MASON. By permission.



## THE BLISS OF ASSURANCE.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,<br/>Made up of innocence and love;<br/>And soft, and silent as the shades,<br/>Their nightly minutes gently move.</p>   | <p>4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,<br/>Where groves of living pleasure grow;<br/>And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,<br/>Sit undisturbed upon their brow.</p> |
| <p>3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,<br/>But fly not half so swift away;<br/>Their souls are ever bright as noon,<br/>And calm as summer evenings be.</p> | <p>5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,<br/>But spend the day, and share the night,<br/>In numbering o'er the richer joys<br/>That heaven prepares for their delight.</p>   |

## DESIGN OF PRAYER.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Prayer is appointed to convey<br/>The blessings God designs to give;<br/>Long as they live should Christians pray;<br/>They learn to pray when first they live.</p> | <p>3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;<br/>Tho' thought be broken, language lame,<br/>Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;<br/>But pray with faith in Jesus' name.</p> |
| <p>2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;<br/>If cares distract, or fears dismay;<br/>If guilt deject; if sin distress,<br/>In every case, still watch and pray.</p>      | <p>4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;<br/>Make all thy wants and wishes known;<br/>Fear not; his merits must prevail;<br/>Ask but in faith, it shall be done.</p>               |

# LISBON. S.M.

J. READ.

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?

To tear my soul from earth a - way For Je - sus to re - ceive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield,  
I can hold out no more;  
I sink, by dying love compelled,  
And own thee conqueror.

3 Though late, I all forsake,  
My friends, my all, resign;  
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,  
And seal me ever thine.

4 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;

Settle and fix my wavering soul  
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,—  
Thy only love to know;  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below.

6 My life, my portion thou,  
Thou all-sufficient art;  
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now  
Enter, and keep my heart.

## ACCEPTING THE INVITATION.

1 Come, weary sinners, come,  
Groaning beneath your load;  
The Saviour calls his wanderers home,  
Haste to your pardoning God.

2 Come, all by guilt oppressed,  
Answer the Saviour's call;  
O come, and I will give you rest,  
And I will save you all.

3 Redeemer, full of love,  
We would thy word obey;  
And all thy faithful mercies prove,  
O take our guilt away.

4 We would on thee rely  
On thee would cast our care;  
Now to thine arms of mercy fly,  
And find salvation there.



# WELTON. L.M.

Arranged from Rev. C. MALAN, by L. MASON. By permission.

1. Return, O wan-der-er, re-turn, And seek an in-jured Fa-ther's face;  
 Those warm de-sires that in thee burn Were kindled by re-claim-ing grace;

## THE WANDERER RECALLED.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Return, O wanderer, return,<br/>             And seek a Father's melting heart;<br/>             Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,<br/>             Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.</p> <p>3 Return, O wanderer, return,<br/>             He heard thy deep repentant sigh;<br/>             He saw thy softened spirit mourn,<br/>             When no intruding tear was nigh</p> <p>4 Return, O wanderer, return,<br/>             Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;</p> | <p>Go to his bleeding feet, and learn<br/>             How freely Jesus can forgive.</p> <p>5 Return, O wanderer, return,<br/>             And wipe away thy falling tear;<br/>             'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"<br/>             'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.</p> <p>6 Return, O wanderer, return,<br/>             Regain thy lost lamented rest;<br/>             Jehovah's melting bowels yearn,<br/>             To clasp the wanderer to his breast.</p> |
|--|--|

## MEEKNESS AND PATIENCE.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Thou Lamb of God, thou prince of peace,<br/>             For thee my thirsty soul doth pine;<br/>             My longing heart implores thy grace,<br/>             O make me in thy likeness shine.</p> <p>2 With fradless, even, humble mind,<br/>             Thy will in all things may I see;<br/>             In love be every wish resigned,<br/>             And hallowed my whole heart to thee.</p> <p>3 When pain or my weak flesh prevails,<br/>             With lamb-like patience arm my breast;</p> | <p>When grief my wounded soul assails,<br/>             In lowly meekness may I rest.</p> <p>4 Close by thy side still may I keep,<br/>             Howe'er life's various currents flow:<br/>             With steadfast eye mark every step,<br/>             And follow where my Lord doth go.</p> <p>2 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,<br/>             Alone thou hast the wine-press trod;<br/>             In me thy strengthening grace be shown,<br/>             O may I conquer through thy blood.</p> |
|--|--|

# WOODLAND. C.M.

NATIONAL CHURCH HARMONY.

1. Lov - ers of plea - sure more than God, For you he suf - fer d  
pain; For you the Sa - viour spilt his blood, For  
you the Sa - viour spilt his blood: And shall he bleed in vain?

2 Sinners, his life for you he paid;  
Your basest crimes he bore;  
Your sins were all on Jesus laid,  
That you might sin no more.

4 To earth the great Redeemer came,  
That you may come to heaven;  
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,  
And all your sin's forgiven.

## PERFECT FREEDOM.

1 If thou impart thyself to me,  
No other good I need:  
If thou, the Son, shalt make me free,  
I shall be free indeed.

2 I cannot rest till in thy blood  
I full redemption have;  
But thou, through whom I come to God,  
Canst to the utmost save.

3 From sin,—the guilt, the power, the pain,  
Thou wilt redeem my soul;  
Lord, I believe—and not in vain  
My faith shall make me whole

4 I too, with thee, shall walk in white  
With all thy saints shall prove  
The length and depth, and breadth and  
Of everlasting love. [height,



# BOYLSTON. S.M.

Dr. L. MASON. By permission.

1. My form-er hopes are fled; My ter-ror now be-gins:

I feel, a-las! that I am dead In tres-pass-es and sins.

## THE DAY-STAR FROM ON HIGH.

- 2 Ah! whither shall I fly?  
I hear the thunder roar;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom:  
But, hark! a friendly whisper says,—  
Flee from the wrath to come.

- 4 With trembling hope, I see  
A glimmering from afar;  
A beam of day that shines for me,  
To save me from despair.

- 5 Forerunner of the sun,  
It marks the pilgrim's way;  
I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
And watch the rising day.

## SOW BESIDE ALL WATERS.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—  
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,—  
The late or early sown;  
Grace keeps the precious gerin alive,  
When and wherever strown:

- 3 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain:  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garnerers in the sky.

# BRIDGEWATER. L.M.

Edson. 1782.

1. Great God, at-tend, while Zi-on sings, The joy that from thy

pre-sence springs ; To spend one day with  
To spend one day with thee on earth, Ex -

thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thou - sand days of mirth.  
- ceeds a thou-sand days of mirth, Ex-ceeds a thou-sand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, or thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too ;  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee,  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.



# UXBRIDGE. L.M.

L. MASON. By permission.

1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God, To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;

2. Take my poor heart, and let it be For e-ver clos'd to all but thee ;

To dwell within thy wounds ; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Seal thou my breast, and let me wear That pledge of love for e - ver there.

3 How blest are they who still abide  
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side !  
Who thence their life and strength derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till thou thy quickening spirit breathe ?  
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move ;  
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou shouldst us to glory bring ;  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Decked with a never-fading crown ?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,  
Our words are lost, nor will we know,  
Nor will we think of aught beside,—  
My Lord, my Love, is crucified.

## FILIAL CONFIDENCE AND JOY.

1 Great God, indulge my humble claim ;  
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am thine by sacred ties,—  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water brook.

4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise,  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And fill the remnant of my days.

# ATONEMENT. 10s, 7s, & 9s.

1. Saw ye my Sa - viour, saw ye my Sa - viour, Saw ye my  
2. He was ex - tend - ed— he was ex - tend - ed, Pain - ful - ly

Sa - viour and God? O, he died on Cal - va - ry, To a  
nail'd to the cross; Here, he bow'd his head and died, Thus my

- tone for you and me, And to pur - chase our par - don with blood.  
Lord was cru - ci - fied, To a - tone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding  
Three dreadful hours in pain;  
And the solid rocks were rent  
Through creation's vast extent,  
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,  
Darkness prevailed o'er the land,  
And the sun refused to shine,  
When his majesty divine  
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

5 When it was finished, when it was finished,  
And the atonement was made,  
He was taken by the great,  
And embalmed in spices sweet,  
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Saviour! hail, mighty Saviour!  
Prince, and the author of peace;  
O! he burst the bars of death,  
And, triumphant, from beneath,  
He ascended to mansions of bliss.



# SABBATH MORN. 7s.

L. MASON. By permission.

1. Safe-ly through a - no - ther week, God has brought us on our way;

This system contains three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The first staff is the vocal melody, the second is a treble accompaniment, and the third is a bass accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in his courts to - day;

This system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of three staves (vocal, treble, and bass) with lyrics written below the first staff.

Day of all the week the best; Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest,

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The first staff of this system contains a whole rest for the vocal part, indicating a pause in the vocal line while the accompaniment continues. It consists of three staves with lyrics written below the first staff.

Day of all the week the best; Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest.

This system concludes the hymn with a final repetition of the last line. It consists of three staves with lyrics written below the first staff.

## SABBATH MORN.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciling face,  
Take away our sin and shame  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise,  
Let us feel thy presence near;  
May thy glory meet our eyes,

While we in thy house appear.  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief from all complaints.  
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
Till we join the church above.

## ZEPHYR. L.M.

W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mor-tals are!

Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there

## CHRIST'S PRESENCE IN DEATH.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
And we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

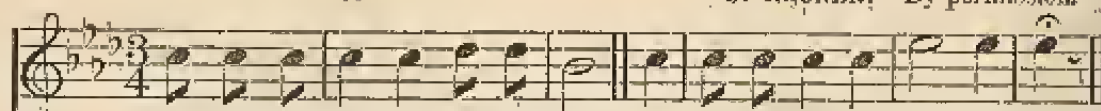
3 O would my Lord his servant meet,  
My soul would stretch her wings in haste  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

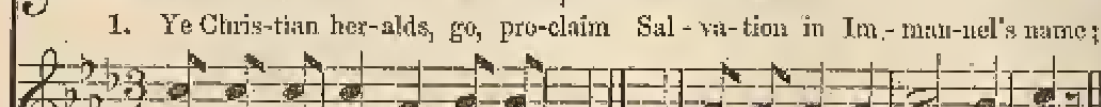


# MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M.

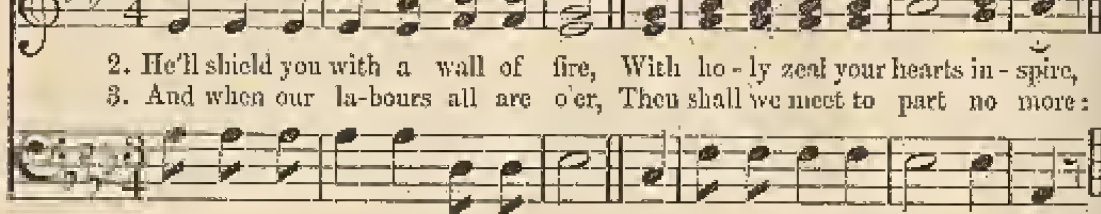
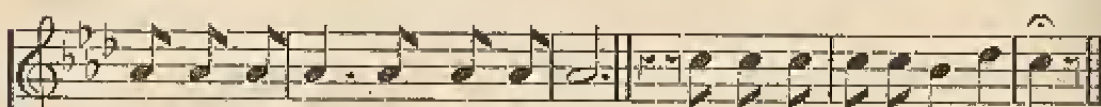
C. ZEUNER. By permission.



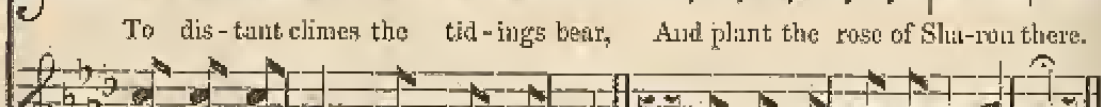
1. Ye Chris-tian her-alds, go, pro-claim Sal-va-tion in Im-man-u-el's name;



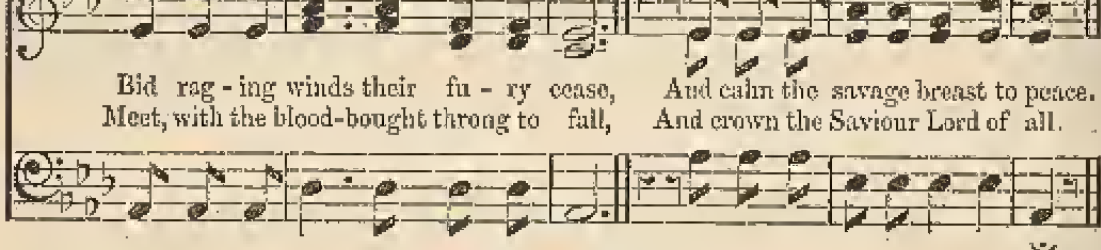
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With ho-ly zeal your hearts in-spire,  
3. And when our la-bours all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more:

To dis-tant climes the tid-ings bear, And plant the rose of Sha-ron there.



Bid rag-ing winds their fu-ry cease, And calm the savage breast to peace.  
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.



## THE GOSPEL FEAST.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast,<br/>Let every soul be Jesus' guest;<br/>Ye need not one be left behind,<br/>For God hath bidden all mankind.</p> <p>2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;<br/>The invitation is to all;<br/>Come, all the world, come, sinner thou,<br/>All things in Christ are ready now.</p> | <p>3 My message as from God receive,<br/>Ye all may come to Christ, and live;<br/>O let his love your hearts constrain,<br/>Nor suffer him to die in vain.</p> <p>4 This is the time, no more delay,<br/>This is the Spirit's gracious day,<br/>Come in this moment at his call,<br/>And live for him who died for all.</p> |
|--|---|

## ALL-SUFFICIENT GRACE.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,<br/>'Tis God invites the fallen race;<br/>Mercy and free salvation buy,<br/>Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.</p> <p>2 Come to the living waters, come!<br/>Sinners, obey your Maker's call;<br/>Return, ye weary wanderers, home,<br/>And find his grace is free for all.</p> | <p>3 See from the Rock a fountain rise,<br/>For you in healing streams it rolls;<br/>Money ye need not bring, nor price,<br/>Ye labouring, burdened, sin-sick souls.</p> <p>4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give,<br/>Leave all you have and are behind;<br/>Frankly the gift of God receive,<br/>Pardon and peace in Jesus find.</p> |
|--|--|

# LENOX. H.M.

EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears: The bleed-ing sac-ri -

- fice In my be - half ap - pears; Be -  
Be - fore the throne my

Be - fore the throne my Sure -ty stands, Be -

- fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

Surety stands, Be fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands.

- fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me;  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

- 4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed one.  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of his Son.  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for his child;  
I can no longer fear.  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And "Father, Abba Father," cry.



# VICTORY. P.M.

*gentle and flowing style.*

J. W. D.

1. Hap - py the spi - rit re - leas'd from its clay ; Hap - py the soul that goes

This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is the melody in treble clef, the middle is a harmonic accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom is a bass line in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4.

bound - ing a - way ; Sing - ing as up - ward it hastes to the skies,

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

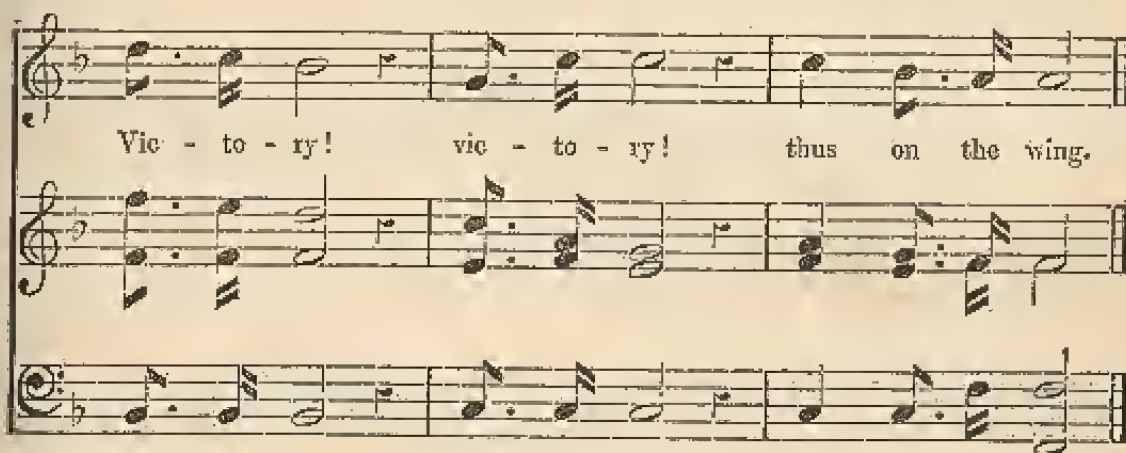
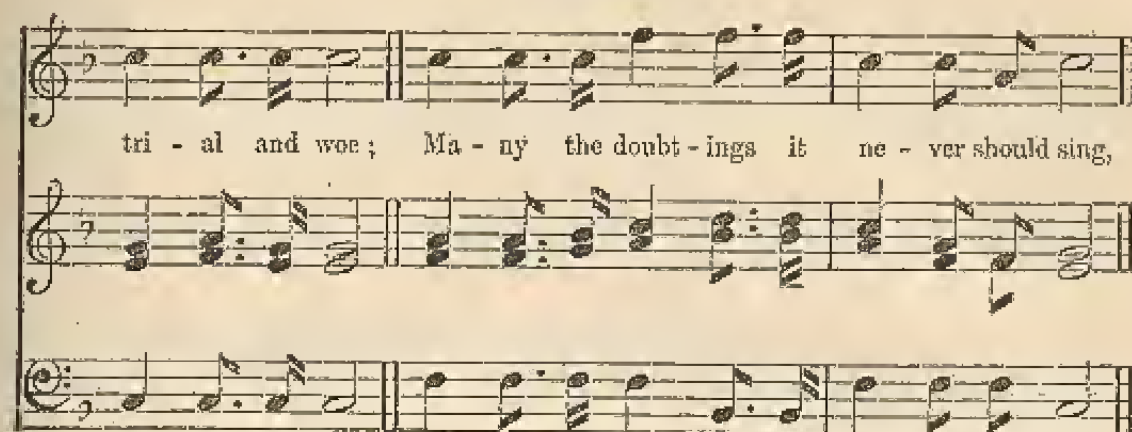
"Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! home - ward I rise."

This system contains the next three staves of the musical score, featuring the chorus of the song.

Ma - ny the toils it has pass'd thro' be - low, Ma - ny the sea - sons of

This system contains the final three staves of the musical score on this page, continuing the chorus.

# VICTORY!



2 There lies the wearisome body at rest,  
 Closed are its eye-lids, and quiet its breast;  
 But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,  
 "Victory! victory!" sings in its flight.  
 While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,  
 Angels are singing their heavenly birth,  
 "Welcome, O welcome, to our happy shore:  
 Victory! victory! weep ye no more."

3 How can we wish them recalled from their home,  
 Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?  
 Safely they passed from their troubles beneath,  
 "Victory! victory!" shouting in death.  
 Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,  
 Bids them in glorified bodies arise;  
 Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,  
 "Victory! victory! Jesus hath come."

REV. W. HUNTER.



# ONE DAY NEARER HOME. 8s & 7s.

J. W. D.

1. O'er the hill the sun is set-ting, And the eve is drawing on;

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody line, a treble staff with a harmonic accompaniment, and a bass staff with a bass line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a similar pattern in the left hand.

Slow-ly drops the gen-tle twi-light, For an - oth - er day is gone.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The melody features a descending line: G4, F#4, E4, D4. The accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern.

Gone for aye—its race is o - ver, Soon the dark-er shade will come;

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues with a descending line: C4, B3, A3, G3. The accompaniment remains consistent.

*rit.*  
Still 'tis sweet to know at ev - en We are one day near - er home.

The fourth system of musical notation. It begins with the marking *rit.* (ritardando). The melody concludes with a final half note G3. The accompaniment also concludes with a final half note G3.

# ONE DAY NEARER HOME.

2 Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim  
Hails the setting of the sun,  
For his goal is one day nearer,  
And his journey nearer done.  
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert,  
Heart and sandal sore we roam,  
As the twilight gathers o'er us,  
We are one day nearer home.

3 Nearer home! yes, one day nearer  
To our Father's home on high;  
To the green fields and the mountains  
Of the land beyond the sky.  
For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us,  
And the lamps hang in the dome;  
And our tents are pitched still closer,  
For we're one day nearer home.

## CHINA. C.M.

T. Swan. 1800.

1. Vain man, thy fond pur - suits for - bear; Re - pent, thy end is nigh;  
Death, at the far - thest, can't be far: O think be - fore thou die.

## SIN KILLS BEYOND THE TOMB.

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save,  
Thy sins, how high they mount;  
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?  
How stands that dark account?  
3 Death enters, and there's no defence,  
His time there's none can tell;

He'll in a moment call thee hence,  
To heaven or down to hell  
4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care),  
Shall into dust consume;  
But, ah! destruction stops not there;  
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

## WHY DO WE MOURN?

1 Why do we mourn for dying friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to his arms.  
2 Are we not tending upward too,  
As fast as time can move?  
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,  
To keep us from our love.  
3 Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?

There once the flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a long perfume.  
4 The graves of all his saints he blest,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head?  
5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
And showed our feet the way;  
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,  
At the great rising day.



# CAMBRIDGE, C.M.

Dr. RANDALL

1. Daughter of Zi - on, from the dust, Ex - alt thy fall - en head;

*Unison.*  
A - gain in thy Re - deem - er trust, — He calls thee from the dead.

He calls thee from the dead, He calls thee from the dead.

## RETURNING TO ZION WITH SONGS OF JOY.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,  
Thy beautiful array;  
The day of freedom dawns at length,  
The Lord's appointed day.

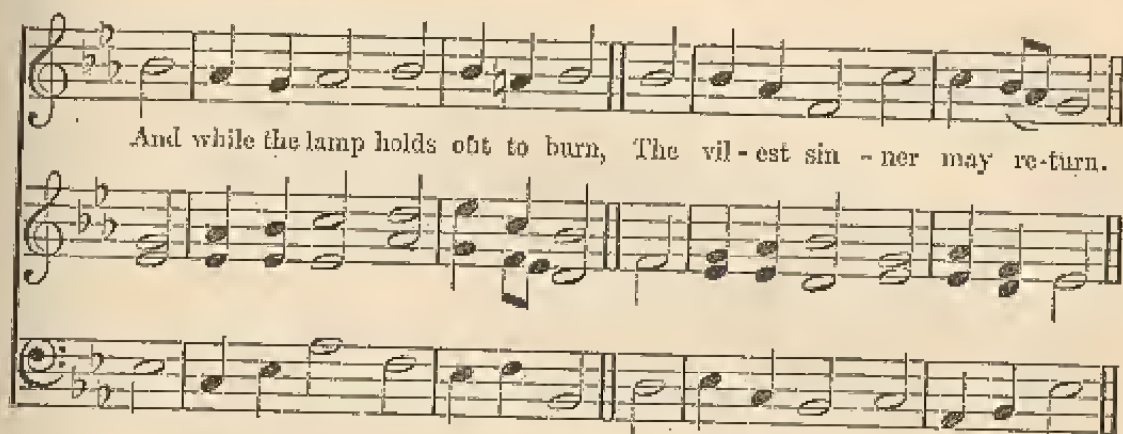
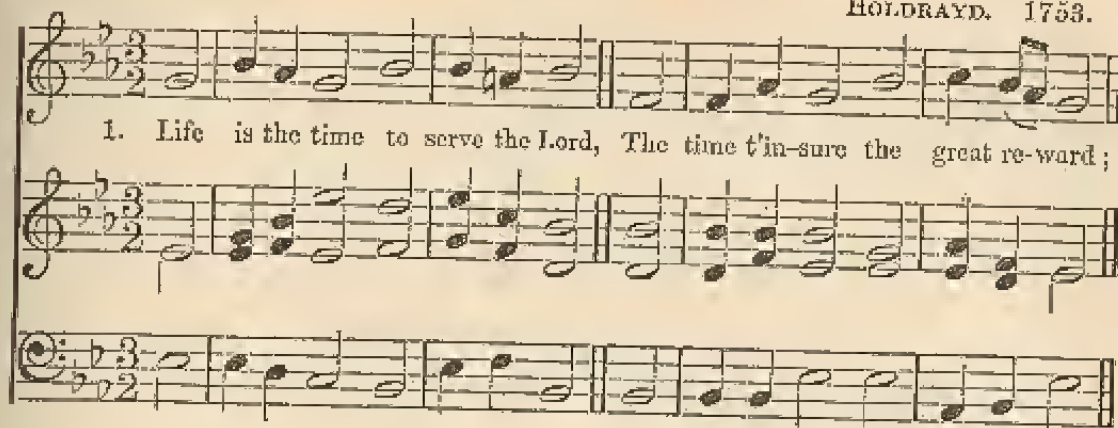
3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,  
And send thy heralds forth;  
Say to the south, give up thy charge,  
And keep not back, O north.

4 They come, they come, thine exiled bands,  
Where'er they rest or roam,  
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,  
And hasten to their home.

5 Thus, though the universe shall burn,  
And God his works destroy;  
With songs thy ransomed shall return,  
And everlasting joy.

# WELLS. L.M.

HOLDRAID. 1753.



2 The living know that they must die:  
But all the dead forgotten lie:  
Their memory and their sense are gone,  
Alike unknowing and-unknown.

3 Life is the hour that God has given  
T' escape from hell and fly to heaven;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue,  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.

## HUMBLE CONFESSION.

1 Saviour, I now with shame confess  
My thirst for creature happiness;  
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,  
And forced thy mercy to remove.

2 Yet, O the riches of thy grace!  
Thou, who hast seen my evil ways,  
Wilt freely my backslidings heal,  
And pardon on my conscience seal.

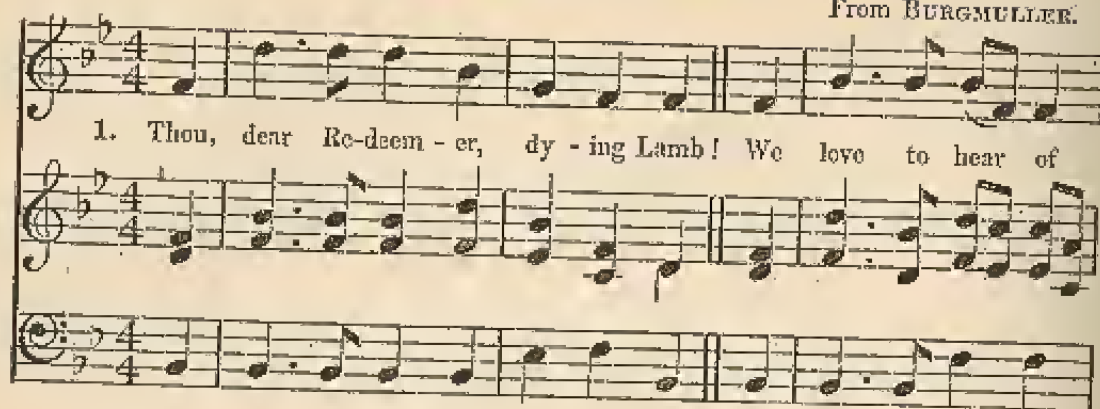
3 Yea, for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
My comfort thou wilt give me back;  
And lead me on from grace to grace,  
In all the paths of righteousness:

4 Till fully saved my new-born soul,  
And perfectly by faith made whole,  
Shall bright in thy full image rise,  
To share thy glory in the skies.

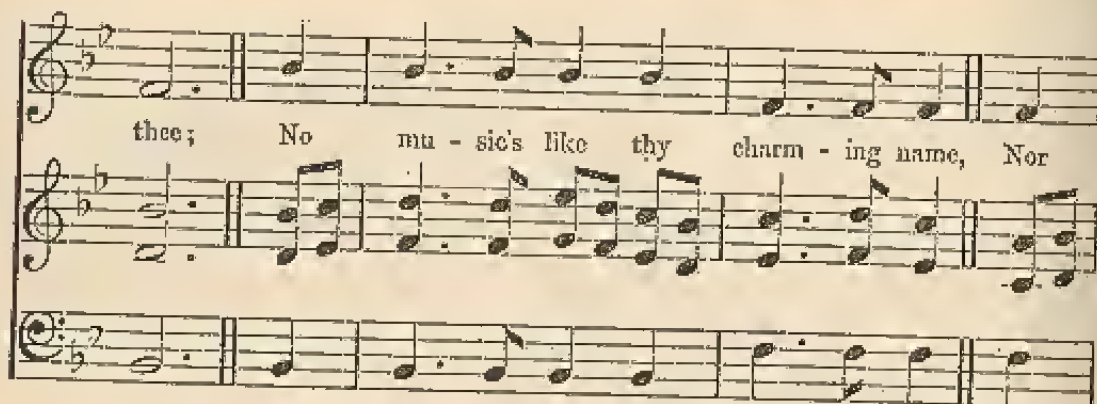


# EMMONS. C.M.

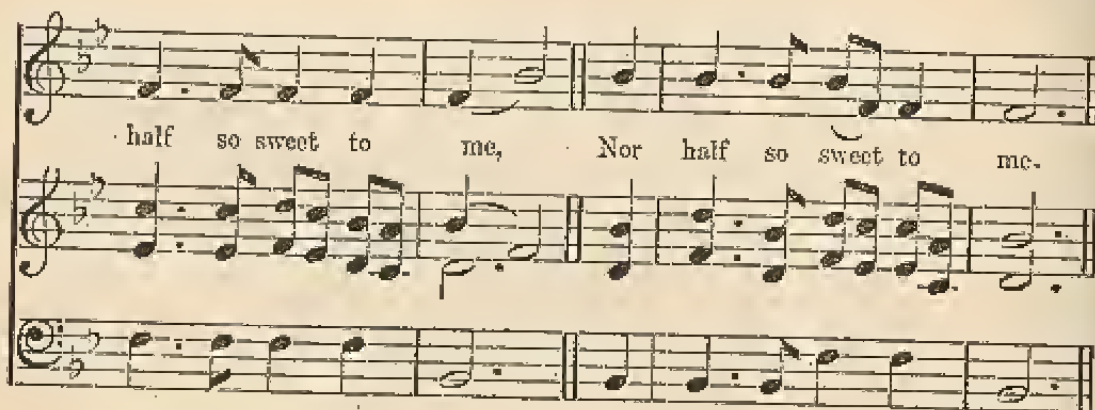
From BURGMULLER.



1. Thou, dear Re-deem - er, dy - ing Lamb! We love to hear of



thee; No mu - sic's like thy charm - ing name, Nor



half so sweet to me, Nor half so sweet to me.

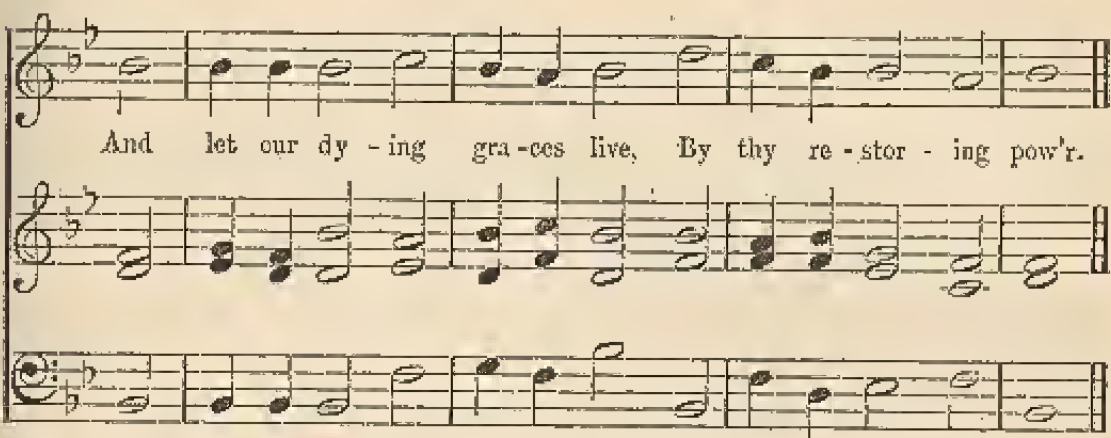
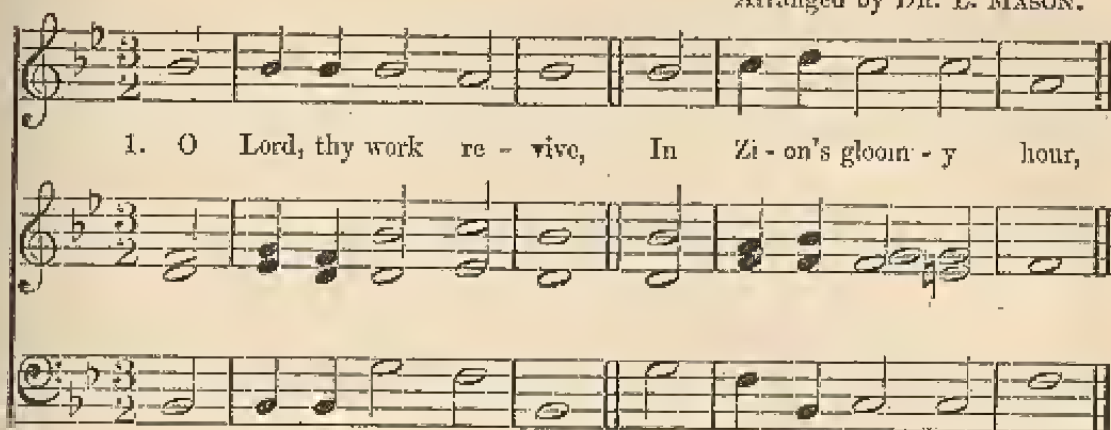
2 O, let us ever hear thy voice  
In mercy to us speak;  
And in our priest we will rejoice,  
Thou great Melchisedech.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,  
While in this world we stay;  
We'll sing our Jesus' lovely name  
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,  
With all the favoured throng;  
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,  
And Christ shall be our song.

# OLMUTZ. S.M.

Arranged by DR. L. MASON.



2 O let thy chosen few  
Awake to earnest prayer;  
Their covenant again renew,  
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy spirit then will speak  
Through lips of humble clay,  
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—  
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear;  
Now listen to our cry;  
O come, and bring salvation near;  
Our souls on thee rely.

## DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SINS.

1 How helpless nature lies,  
Unconscious of her load!  
The heart unchanged can never rise  
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine  
The stubborn will subdue?  
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine  
To form the heart anew;

3 The passions to recall,  
And upward bid them rise;  
To make the scales of error fall  
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 O change these hearts of ours,  
And give them life divine;  
Then shall our passions and our powers,  
Almighty Lord, be thine.



# CROSS AND CROWN. C.M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?  
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here;

3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No, there's a cross for ev' - ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
But now they taste un - mingled love, And joy with - out a tear.  
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

## REMEMBER ME.

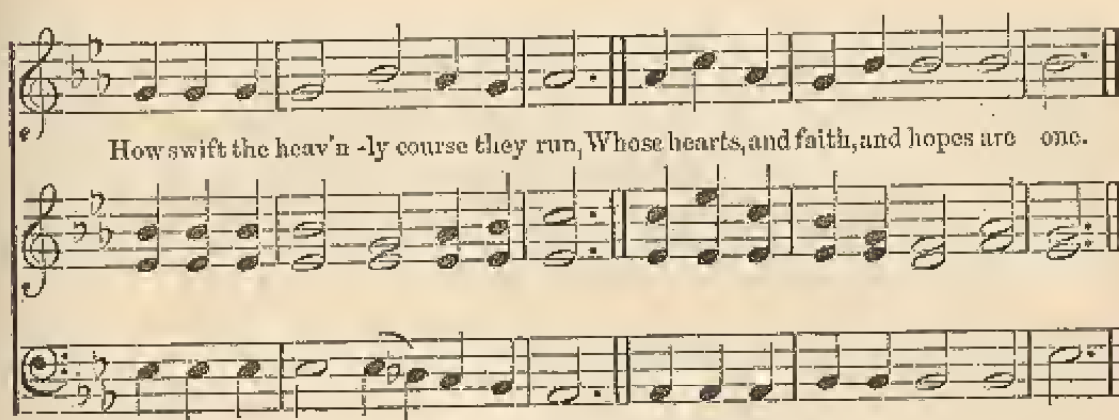
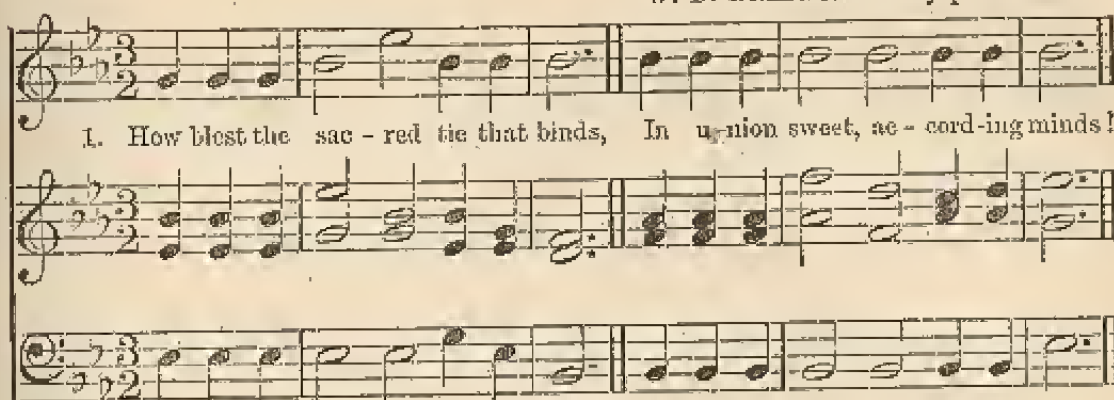
- |  |  |
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| 1 O thou from whom all goodness flows,<br>I lift my soul to thee;<br>In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,<br>O Lord, remember me.   | Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,<br>O Lord, remember me.   |
| 2 If, for thy sake, upon my name<br>Reproach and shame shall be,<br>I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,<br>O Lord, remember me. | 4 When, in the solemn hour of death,<br>I wait thy just decree,<br>Be this the prayer of my last breath,—<br>O Lord, remember me.      |
| 3 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,<br>This feeble body see;  | 5 And when before thy throne I stand,<br>And lift my soul to thee,<br>Then, with the saints at thy right hand,<br>O Lord, remember me. |

## GOODNESS AND MERCY.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,<br>Thou sov'reign Lord of all;<br>Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,<br>And raise the poor that fall. | And their best wishes to fulfil,<br>Thy grace is ever nigh.  |
| 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,<br>When virtue lies distressed,<br>Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,<br>Thou giv'st the mourner rest.       | 4 Thy mercy never shall remove<br>From men of heart sincere;<br>Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love<br>Is joined with holy fear. |
| 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,<br>Thou hear'st thy children's cry;  | 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,<br>And spread thy fame abroad;<br>Let all the sons of Adam raise<br>The honours of their God. |

# REST. L.M.

W. B. BRADURRY. By permission.



## HOW BLEST THE SACRED TIE.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!  
What jealous care, what holy fear!  
How doth the generous flame within,  
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow,  
For human guilt and human woe;  
Their ardent praise united rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place  
Where God reveals his awful face;  
How high, how strong their raptures swell  
There's none but kindred minds can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
'Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire:  
Soon shall they meet in realms above,  
A heaven of joy, because of love.

## HOW VAIN IS ALL BENEATH THE SKIES.

1 How vain is all beneath the skies!  
How transient every earthly bliss!  
How slender all the fondest ties  
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,  
The withering grass, the fading flower,  
Of earthly hopes are emblems true,  
The glory of a passing hour,

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,  
And all beneath the skies is vain,  
There is a brighter world on high,  
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come,  
Dispel our cares and chase our fears,  
If God be ours we're travelling home,  
Though passing through a vale of tears.



# ANGELS BEAR ME AWAY. C.M.

Words by REV. J. HASCALL.

J. W. D.

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;

2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,

My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.

For I brush the dew on Jordan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.

CHORUS.

O come, angel band, around me stand, I come, behold I come; O bear me away on your

*rit.*  
snow - y wings, To my own im - mor - tal home, To my own im - mor - tal home.

# ANGELS BEAR ME AWAY.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,  
My spirit loudly sings;  
The holy ones, behold, they come!  
I hear the noise of wings.

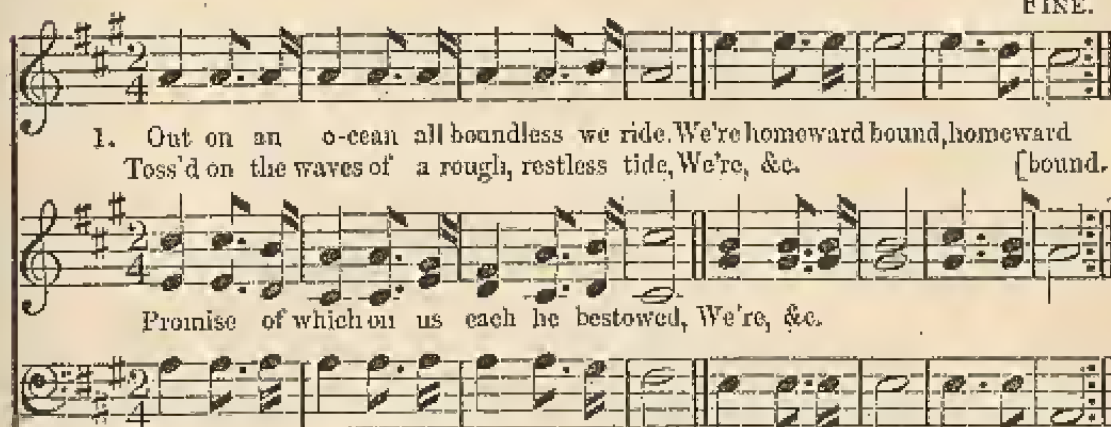
4 O, bear my longing heart to him  
Who bled and died for me;  
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,  
And gives me victory.

## HOMeward BOUND. 10s & 4s.

Words by REV. W. F. WARREN.

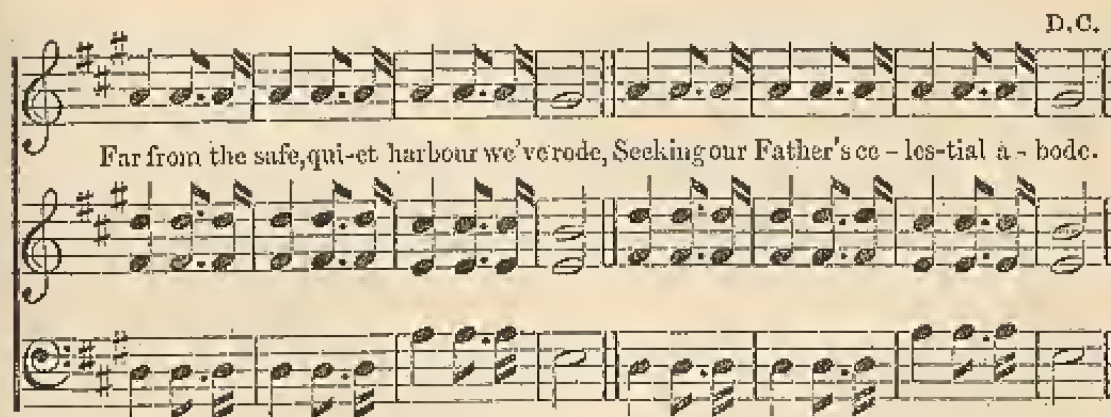
Arranged by J. W. D.

FINE.



1. Out on an o-cean all boundless we ride. We're homeward bound, homeward  
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're, &c. [bound.

Promise of which on us each he bestowed, We're, &c.



Far from the safe, quiet harbour we've rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a - bode.

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,  
We're homeward bound,  
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly  
shores,  
We're homeward bound.  
Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,  
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale,  
O, how we fly 'neath the loud-creaking sail,  
We're homeward bound.

3 Down the horizon the earth disappears,  
We're homeward bound.  
Joyful, O comrades, no sighing or tears,  
We're homeward bound.

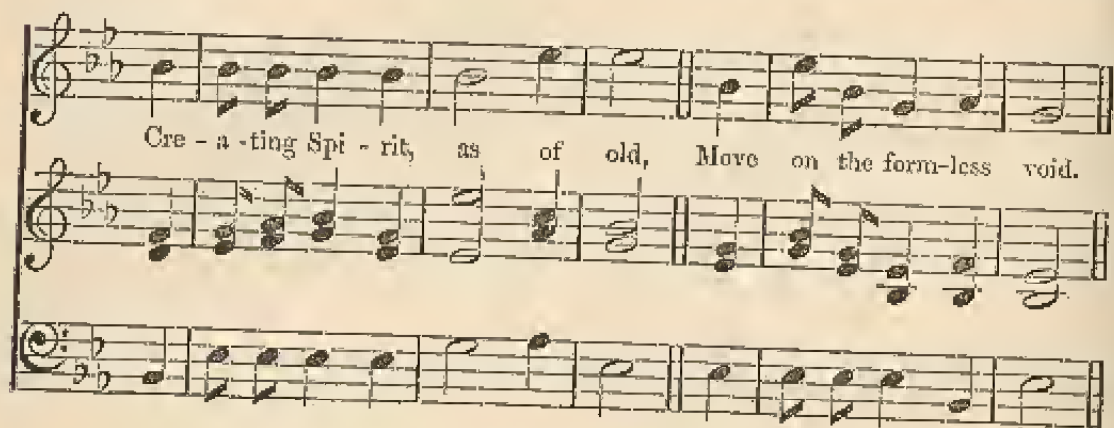
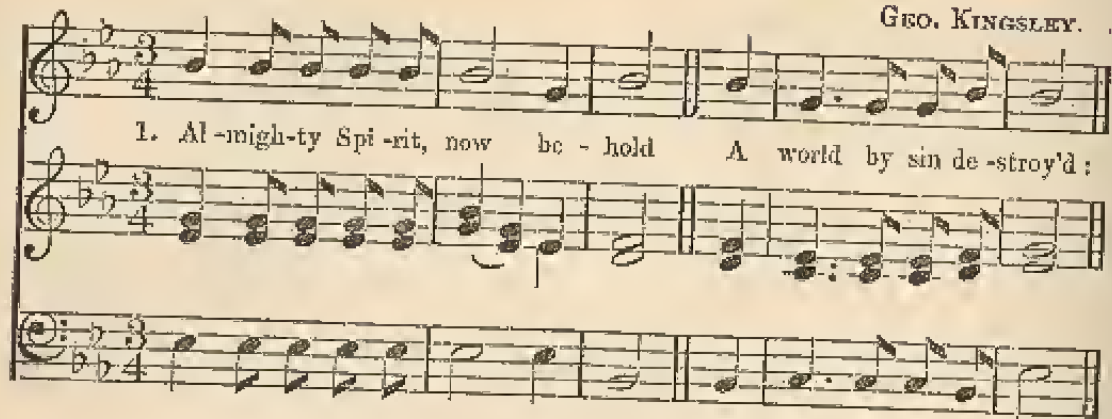
Listen! what music comes soft o'er the sea,  
"Welcome, thrice welcome and blessed  
are ye."  
Can it the greeting of Paradise be?  
We're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbour of heaven now we glide,  
We're home at last.  
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,  
We're home at last.  
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,  
We stand secure on the glorified shore;  
"Glory to God!" we will shout evermore,  
We're home at last.



# ELIZABETHTOWN. C.M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.



## THE EARTH RENEWED.

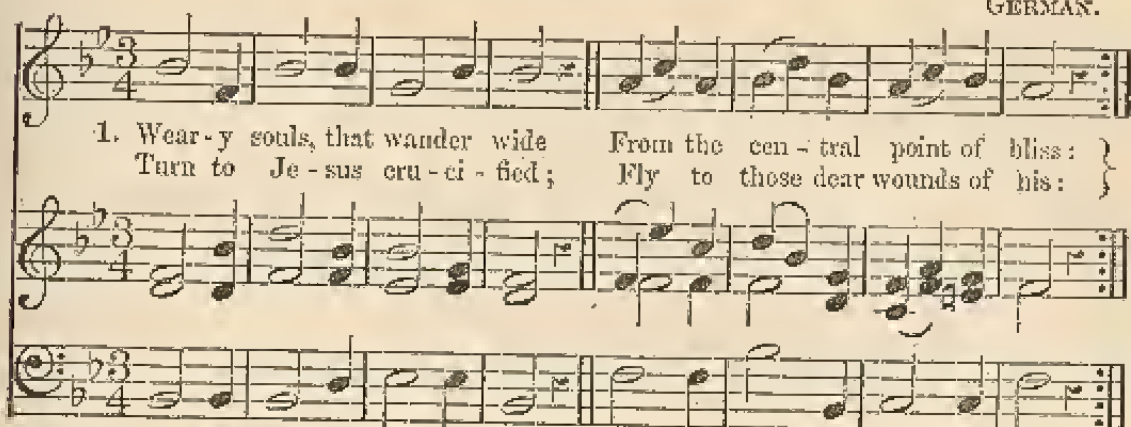
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| <p>2 Give thou the word; that healing sound<br/>Shall quell the deadly strife;<br/>And earth again, like Eden crowned,<br/>Bring forth the tree of life.</p> <p>3 If sang the morning stars for joy,<br/>When nature rose to view,<br/>What strains will angel-harps employ,<br/>When thou shalt all renew!</p> | <p>4 And if the sons of God rejoice<br/>To hear a Saviour's name,<br/>How will the ransom'd raise their voice,<br/>To whom the Saviour came!</p> <p>5 Lo, every kindred, every tribe,<br/>Assembling round the throne,<br/>The new creation shall ascribe<br/>To sovereign love alone.</p> |
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## SPIRITUAL INFLUENCES.

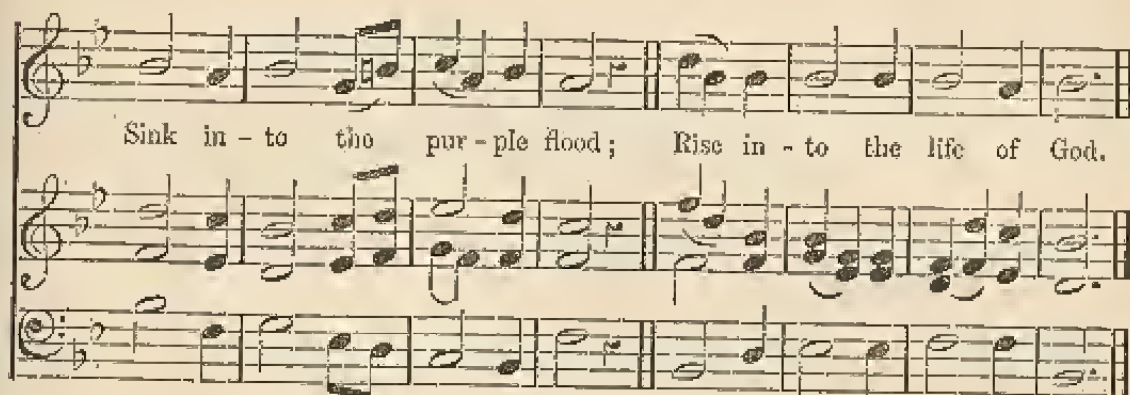
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| <p>1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,<br/>Let us thine influence prove;—<br/>Source of the old prophetic fire,<br/>Fountain of life and love.</p> <p>2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee<br/>The prophets wrote and spoke:<br/>Unlock the truth, thyself the key;<br/>Unseal the sacred book.</p> | <p>3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove;<br/>Brood o'er our nature's night;<br/>On our disordered spirits move,<br/>And let there now be light.</p> <p>4 God through himself we then shall know<br/>If thou within us shine;<br/>And sound, with all thy saints below,<br/>The depths of love divine.</p> |
|--|---|

# HORTON. 6 lines, 7s.

GERMAN.



1. Wear-y souls, that wander wide From the cen-tral point of bliss:  
Turn to Je-sus cru-ci-fied; Fly to those dear wounds of his:



Sink in-to the pur-ple flood; Rise in-to the life of God.

## FLY TO JESUS.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,  
Peace unspeakable, unknown;  
By his pain he gives you ease,  
Life by his expiring groan:  
Rise exalted by his fall;  
Find in Christ your all in all.

3 O believe the record true,  
God to you his Son hath given;  
Ye may now be happy too,

Find on earth the life of heaven:  
Live the life of heaven above,  
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,  
Bliss for every soul designed;  
God's original promise this,  
God's great gift to all mankind:  
Blest in Christ this moment be,  
Blest to all eternity.

## CLINGING TO THE CROSS.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,—  
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears for ever flow,—  
Could my zeal no languor know,—  
These for sin could not atone;

Thou must save, and thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to the cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyes shall close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold thee on thy throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.



# REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s, 7s, 5s.

Revs. W. McD. and J. W. D.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re - mains a land of rest;

There my Sa - vior's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.

## CHORUS.

{ There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for the wear - y,  
On the o - ther side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of E - den,

There is rest for the wear - y, There is rest for you.  
Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

# REST FOR THE WEARY.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand;  
For my stay shall not be transient  
In that holy, happy land.


3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,  
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;  
But in that celestial centre,  
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,  
And his sting shall be withdrawn;  
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,  
Hail with joy the rising morn.

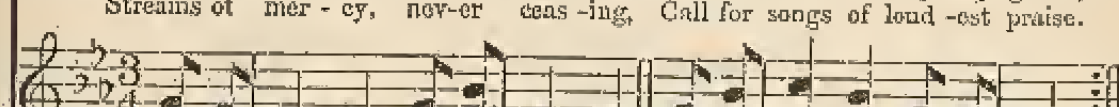
5 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory!  
Shout your triumph as you go;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through.

## NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

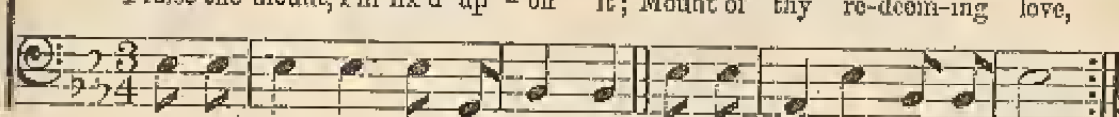
FINE.



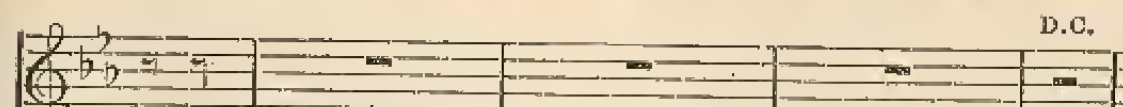
1. Come, thou Fount of ev'ry bless-ing! Tune my heart to sing thy grace;  
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.



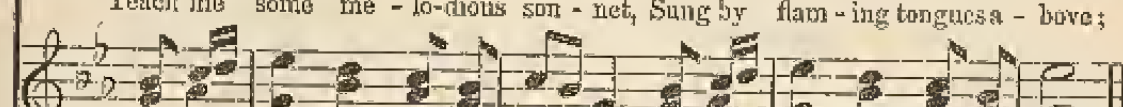
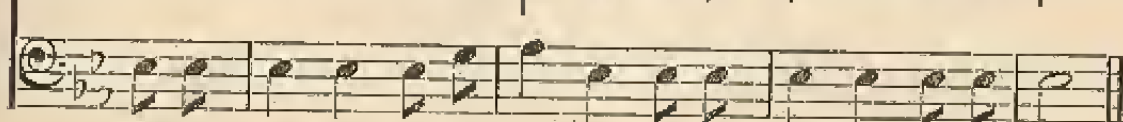
Praise the mount, I'm fix'd up-on it; Mount of thy re-deem-ing love,



D.C.



Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;

## HITHERTO HATH THE LORD HELPED US.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;  
Hither by thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to thee:  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;  
Seal it for thy courts above.



# ORTONVILLE. C.M.

DR. HASTINGS.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant glo-ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.

## INDEBTEDNESS TO CHRIST.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is he than all the fair  
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
And flew to my relief;  
For me he bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.

- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death,  
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 Since from his bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be thine.

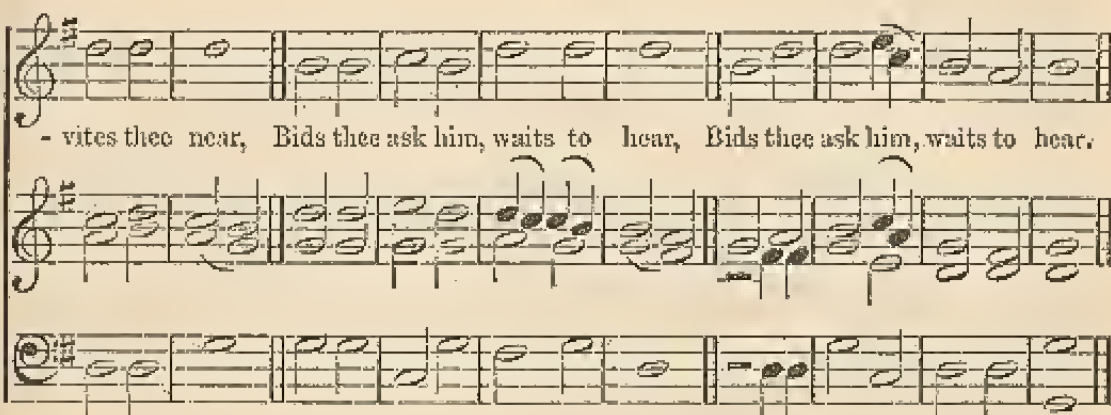
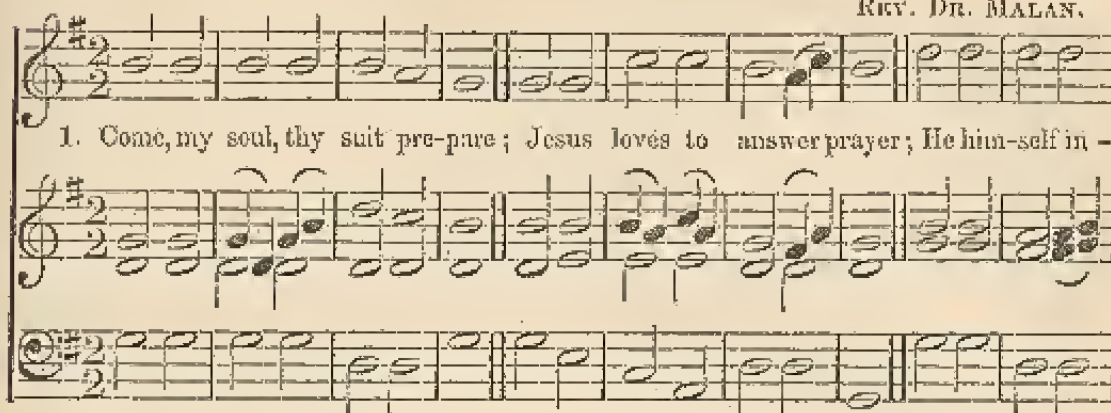
## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

- 1 O for a closer walk with God,—  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sin that made thee mourn,  
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

# HENDON. 7s.\*

REV. DR. MALAN.



2 Lord, I come to thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

4 Show me what I have to do;  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,—  
Let me die thy people's death.

## LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

1 Day of God! thou blessed day,  
At thy dawn the grave gave way  
To the power of him within,  
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

3 Then the Sun of righteousness  
Rose, a darkened world to bless,  
Bringing up from mortal night,  
Immortality and light.

2 Thine the radiance to illumine  
First, for man, the dismal tomb,  
When its bars their weakness owned,  
There revealing death dethroned.

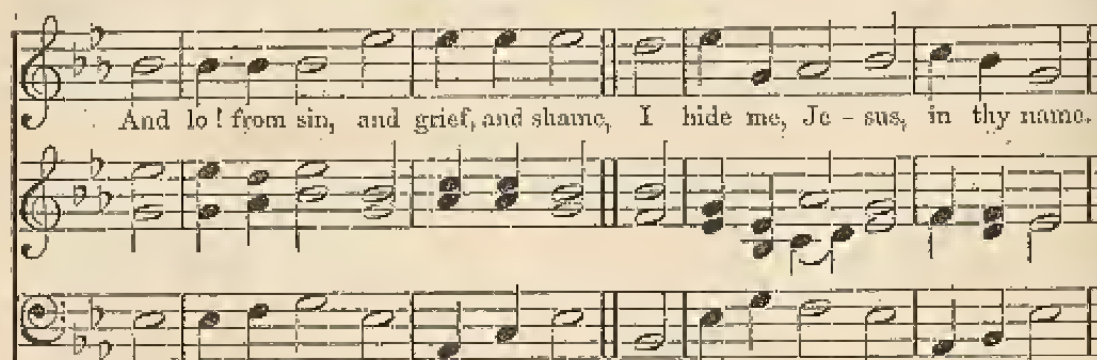
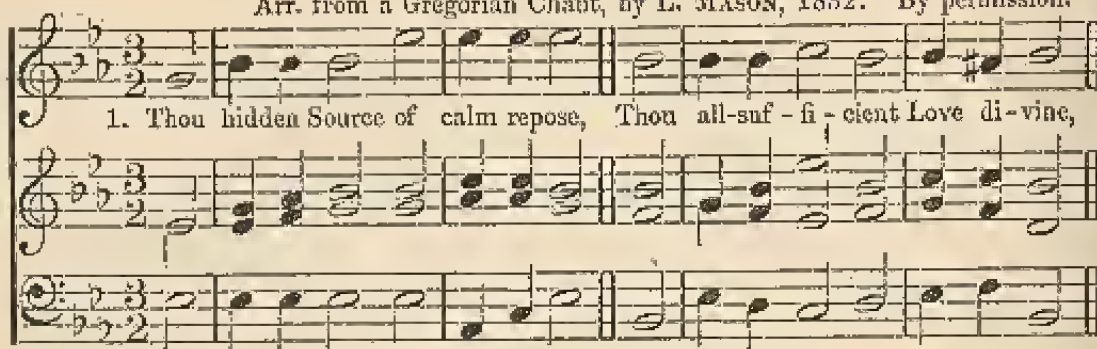
4 Day of glory, day of power,  
Sacred be thine every hour,—  
Emblem, earnest, of the rest  
That remaineth for the blest.

\* Or 6 lines by repeating the first two.



# NASHVILLE. L.P.M.

Arr. from a Gregorian Chant, by L. MASON, 1832. By permission.



## JESUS ALL AND IN ALL.

- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above:  
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
And joy, and everlasting love;  
To me, with thy great name, are given  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my all in all thou art ;  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;  
The med'cine of my broken heart ;

- In war, my peace ; in loss, my gain ;  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;  
In shame, my glory and my crown.
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply ;  
In weakness, my almighty power ;  
In bonds, my perfect liberty ;  
My light, in Satan's darkest hour ;  
In grief, my joy unspeakable ;  
My life in death, my all in all.

## HEAL MY BACKSLIDINGS.

- 1 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,—  
More full of grace than I of sin,—  
Yet once again I seek thy face ;  
Open thine arms and take me in !  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.

- 2 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore ;  
O, for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more ;  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.

# HEAL MY BACKSLIDINGS.

3 Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,  
That trembles at the approach of sin,  
A godly fear of sin impart;

Implant and root it deep within,  
That I may dread thy gracious power,  
And never dare t' offend thee more.

## NORTHFIELD. C.M.

J. INGALLS.

1. O for a thou-sand tongues, to sing, My great Re-deem-er's  
praise;  
The glo-ries of my God and King, The  
The glo-ries of my God and King, The glo-ries of my  
glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of his grace.  
tri-umphs of his  
God and King, The tri-umphs of his grace.

## GENERAL INVITATION TO PRAISE THE REDEEMER.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,—  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,  
He sets the prisoner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks,—and, listening to his voice,  
New life the dead receive;  
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice.  
The humble poor believe.



# I'M GOING HOME. L.M.

1. My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain nor death can en-ter there;  
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heavenly man-sion shall be mine.

## CHORUS.

I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more.  
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more.

2 My Father's house is built on high,  
Far, far above the starry sky;  
When from this earthly prison free,  
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 While here, a stranger far from home,  
Affliction's waves may round me foam;  
And, though like Lazarus, sick and poor,  
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 Let others seek a home below,  
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,  
Be mine a happier lot to own  
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,  
And sun and moon refuse to shine,  
All nature sink and cease to be,  
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

REV. W. HUNTER.

## THE RACE FOR GLORY.

TUNE.—NORTHFIELD.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigour on;  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey;  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,  
Our race have we begun;  
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet  
We'll lay our trophies down.

# LYONS. 10s & 11s.

HAYDN.

1. Tho' trou-bles as - sail, and dan-gers af - fright, Tho' friends should all  
fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us, what -  
- ev - er be - tide, Tho pro-mise as - sures us the Lord will pro - vide.

## THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The birds, without barn or storehouse,<br/>are fed;<br/>From them let us learn to trust for our<br/>bread:<br/>His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be<br/>denied,<br/>So long as 'tis written—"The Lord will<br/>provide."</p> <p>3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,<br/>And fills us with fear, we triumph by faith;<br/>He cannot take from us (though oft he<br/>has tried),<br/>The heart-cheering promise—"The Lord<br/>will provide."</p> <p>4 He tells us we're weak, our hope in is vain,<br/>The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain;</p> | <p>But when such suggestions our graces<br/>have tried,<br/>This answers all questions—"The Lord<br/>will provide."</p> <p>5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we<br/>claim,<br/>Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name;<br/>In this our strong tower for safety we hide,<br/>The Lord is our power—the Lord will<br/>provide.</p> <p>6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,<br/>The word of his grace shall comfort us<br/>through;<br/>Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on<br/>our side, [provide."<br/>We hope to die shouting—"The Lord will.</p> |
|---|--|



# MEAR, C.M.

ENGLISH TUNE.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the stor - my blast, And our e - ter - nal home,

## GOD OUR HELP.

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure ;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame ;  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone ;

Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

- 6 O God our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guide while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home !

## VANITY OF EARTHLY ENJOYMENTS.

- 1 How vain are all things here below,  
How false, and yet how fair ;  
Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
And every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flattering light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,

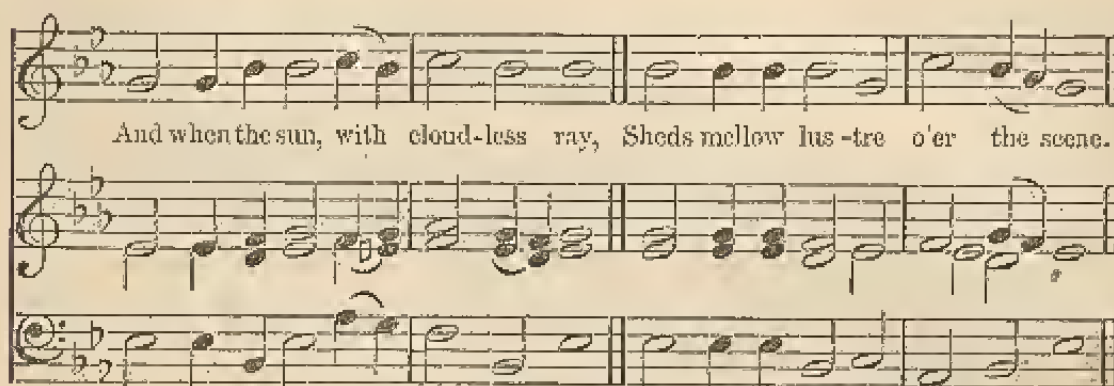
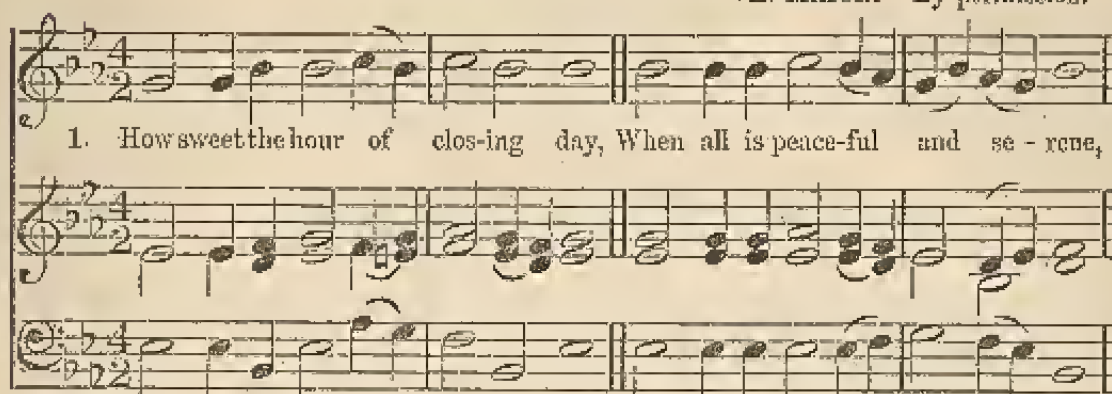
How they divide our wavering minds,  
And leave but half for God.

- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense ;  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.

- 5 My Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food,  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

# HAMBURG. L.M.

L. MASON. By permission.



## CHRISTIAN'S PARTING HOUR.

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,  
So peacefully he sinks to rest;  
When faith, endued from heaven with pow'r,  
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,  
That smile upon his wasted cheek;  
They tell us of his glory nigh,  
In language that no tongue can speak.

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer  
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;  
And angels are attending near,  
To bear him to their bright abode.

Who would not wish to die like those  
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?  
To sink into that soft repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness?

## MEMORIALS OF HIS GRACE.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,  
Thus far his power prolongs my days;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I, perhaps, am near my home;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
And gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.



# AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li-berty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy

fathers died; Land of the Pilgrim's pride; From ev'-ry mountainside Let freedom ring.

rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

## NATIONAL HYMN.

3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God, our King.

## NATIONAL ANNIVERSARY.

1 Auspicious morning, hail!  
Voices from hill and vale  
Thy welcome sing.  
Joy on thy dawning breaks,  
Each heart that joy partakes  
While cheerful music wakes,  
Its praise to bring.

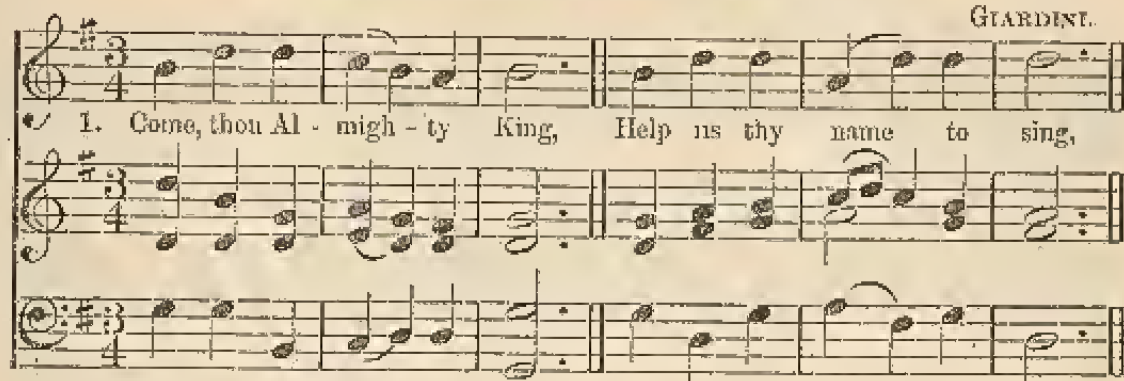
2 When, on the tyrant's rod  
Our patriot fathers trod,  
And dared be free,  
'Twas not in burning zeal,  
Firm nerves, and hearts of steel,  
Our country's joy to seal,  
But, Lord, in thee.

3 Thou, as a shield of power,  
In battle's awful hour,  
Didst round us stand;  
Our hopes were in thy throne,  
Strong in thy might alone,  
By thee our banners shone,  
God of our land.

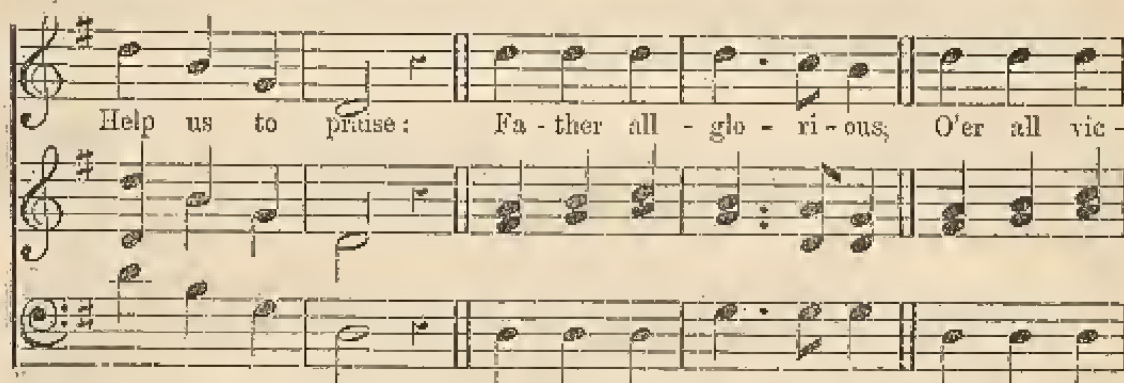
4 Long o'er our native hills,  
Long by our shaded rills,  
May freedom rest;  
Long may our shores have peace,  
Our flag grace every breeze,  
Our ships the distant seas,  
From east to west.

# ITALIAN HYMN. 6s & 4s.

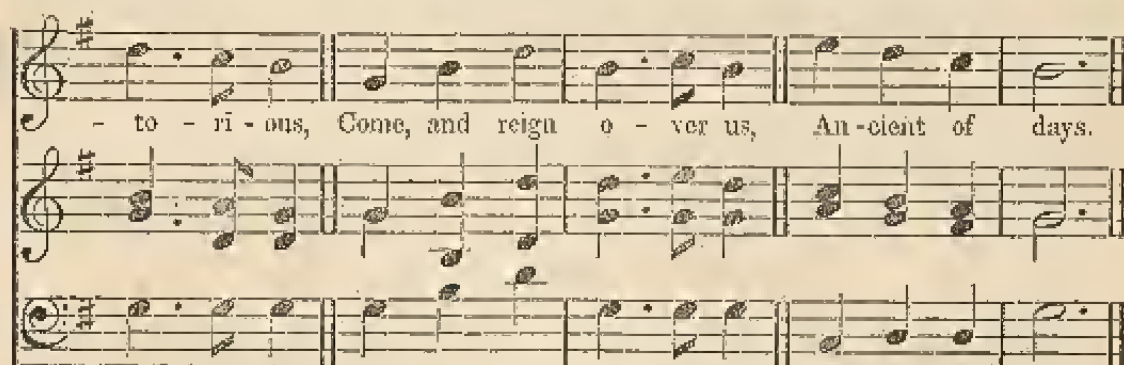
GIARDINI.



1. Come, thou Al - migh - ty King, Help us thy name to sing,



Help us to praise: Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -



- to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days.

## INVOCATION OF PRAISE.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Let thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on thee be stayed;  
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, thou incarnate Word,  
Gird on thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend;  
Come, and thy people bless,  
And give thy word success,  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend.

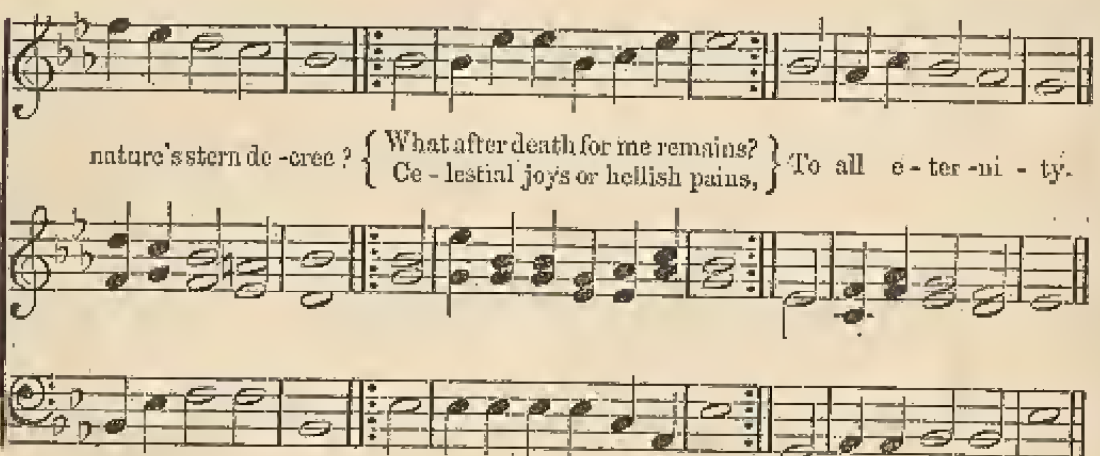
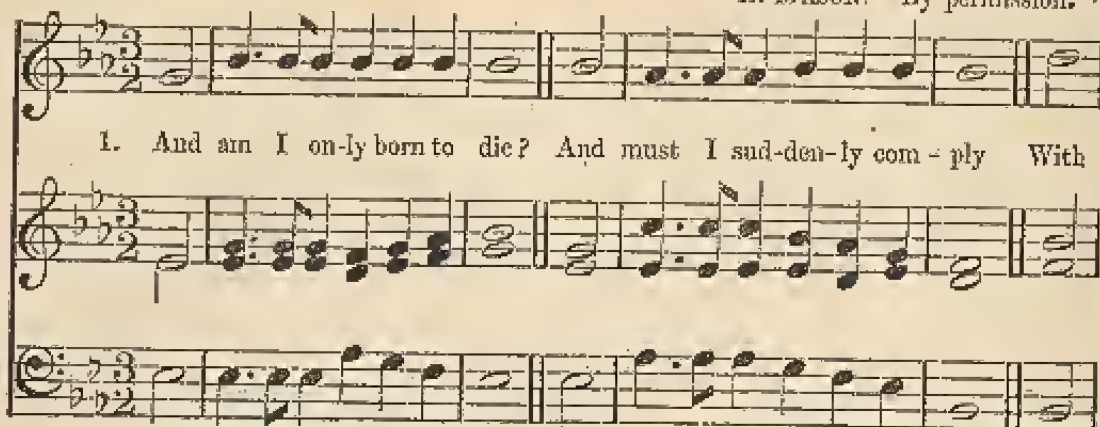
4 Come, holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour;  
Thou, who Almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

5 To the great One and Three,  
Eternal praises be  
Hence, evermore.  
His sov'reign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.



# MERIBAH. C.P.M.

L. MASON. By permission.



## THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

- 2 How then ought I on earth to live,  
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
And props the house of clay?  
My sole concern, my single care,  
To watch, and tremble, and prepare  
Against that fatal day.
- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For wordly hope, or wordly fear,  
If life so soon is gone;  
If now the Judge is at the door,  
And all mankind must stand before  
Th' inexorable throne.
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ,  
A moment's misery or joy;  
But, O! when both shall end,

Where shall I find my destined place?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With fiends or angels spend?

- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death  
That never, never dies.  
How make mine own election sure,  
And, when I fail on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies.

- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,  
Be thou my guide, be thou my way  
To glorious happiness.  
Ah! write the pardon on my heart,  
And, whensoever I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace.

# DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.

*Moderato.*

Arranged by G. W. BALLOU. By permission.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - serv'd for me?  
Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?

CHORUS. *Quite fast.*

God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus weeps, and loves me still;

Je - - sus weeps, he weeps, and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace,  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls,  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent,  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are,  
Me he now delights to spare;  
Gries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
Let the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;  
God is love! I know, I feel,  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.



# ON THE CROSS. 7s, 6s, & 8s.

*Andante,*

Air. by J. W. D.

1. Be - hold! be - hold the Lamb of God,  
For you he shed his pre - cious blood, } On the

*Andantino.*

cross, on the cross. Now hear his all in - port - ant cry,

*a tempo.*

"E - loi la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni;" Draw

near and see your Sa - viour die, On the cross, on the cross.

# ON THE CROSS.

2 Come, sinner, see him lifted up,  
On the cross, on the cross;  
He drinks for you the bitter cup,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
To heaven he turns his languid eyes.  
"Tis finished!" now the conqueror cries,  
Then bows his sacred head and dies,  
On the cross, on the cross.

3 'Tis done! the mighty deed is done,  
On the cross, on the cross;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
On the cross, on the cross.  
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,  
While Jesus doth atonement make,  
While Jesus suffers for your sake,  
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story  
Of the cross, of the cross;  
In nothing else my soul shall glory,  
Save the cross, save the cross.  
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time and in eternity,  
That Jesus suffered death for me,  
On the cross, on the cross.

5 Let every mourner come and cling  
To the cross, to the cross;  
Let every Christian come and sing,  
Round the cross, round the cross.  
Here let the preacher take his stand,  
And, with the Bible in his hand,  
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,  
On the cross, on the cross.

## MASON. L.M.

1. My hope, my all, my Saviour thou, To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;

I feel the bliss thy wounds im-part, I find thee, Sa-viour, in my heart.

## FOR SUSTAINING GRACE.

2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,  
Protect me through my life's short day;  
In all my acts may wisdom guide,  
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,  
Save me from sin and Satan's power;

Tear every idol from thy throne,  
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.

4 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,  
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;  
My ransomed soul shall soar away,  
To sing thy praise in endless day.

## DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise him, all creatures here below;

Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



# MENDON. L.M.

GERMAN AIR.

1. Servants of God! in joy-ful lays, Sing ye the Lord Je - ho - vah's praise;

His glorious name let all a - dore, From age to age, for ev - er - more.

## THE GLORIES OF JEHOVAH.

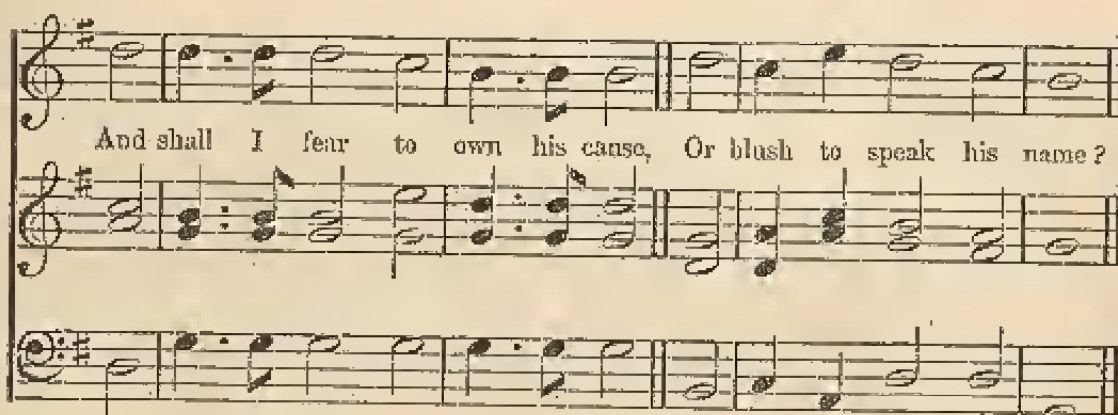
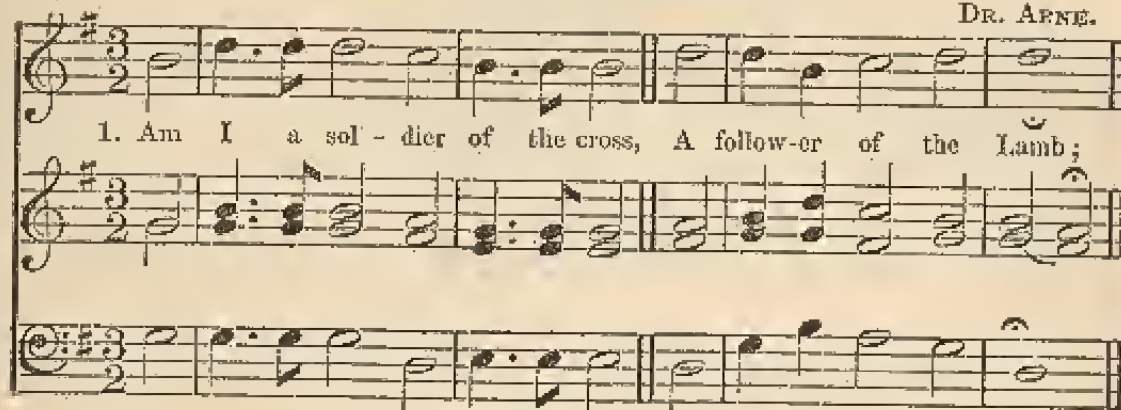
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Blest be that name, supremely blest,<br/>From the sun's rising to its rest;<br/>Above the heavens his power is known,<br/>Thro' all the earth his goodness shown.</p> | <p>4 He hears the uncomplaining moan<br/>Of those who sit and weep alone;<br/>He lifts the mourner from the dust,<br/>In him the poor may safely trust.</p> |
| <p>3 Who is like God? so great, so high,<br/>He bows himself to view the sky;<br/>And yet, with condescending grace,<br/>Looks down upon the human race.</p>               | <p>5 O then, aloud, in joyful lays,<br/>Sing to the Lord Jehovah's praise;<br/>His saving name let all adore,<br/>From age to age, for ever more.</p>       |

## THE BOND OF LOVE.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,<br/>Thy saints adore thy holy name;<br/>Thy creatures bend th'obedient knee,<br/>And humbly now thy presence claim.</p> | <p>3 Still may thy children, in thy word,<br/>Their common trust and refuge see;<br/>O bind us to each other, Lord,<br/>By one great bond—the love of thee.</p>  |
| <p>2 Eternal source of truth and light,<br/>To thee we look, on thee we call;<br/>Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,<br/>But thou to us art all in all.</p>        | <p>4 So shall our sun of hope arise,<br/>With brighter still and brighter ray,<br/>Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes<br/>With beams of everlasting day.</p> |

# ARLINGTON. C.M.

DR. ARNE.



## FAITH SEES THE FINAL TRIUMPH.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;

- I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer, though they die:  
They see the triumph from afar,—  
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

## WALK IN THE LIGHT.

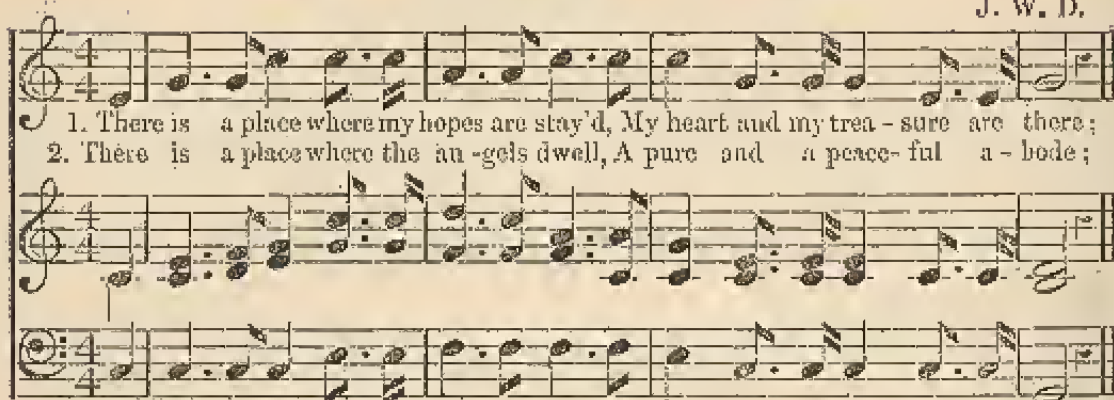
- 1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love,  
His Spirit only can bestow  
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly his  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,

- Because that light hath on thee shone  
In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be  
Peaceful, serene, and bright:  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God himself is light.

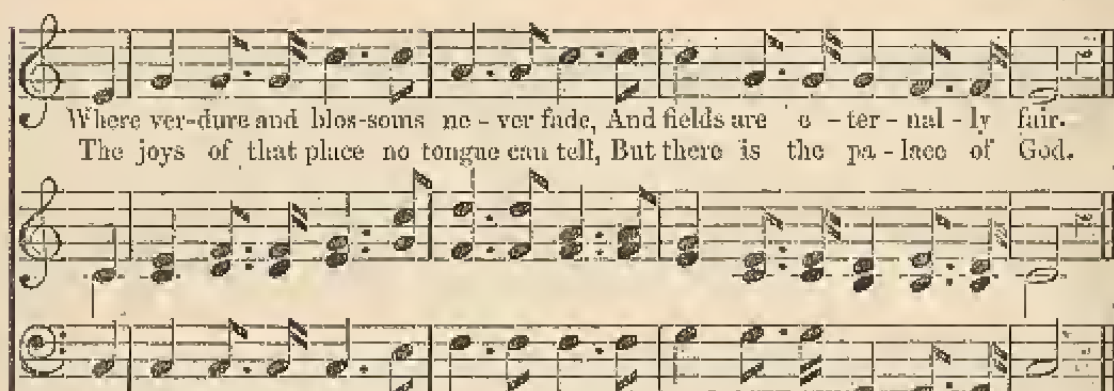


# MY FATHERLAND. 9s & 8s.

J. W. D.



1. There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my trea - sure are there;  
 2. There is a place where the an - gels dwell, A pure and a peace - ful a - bode;

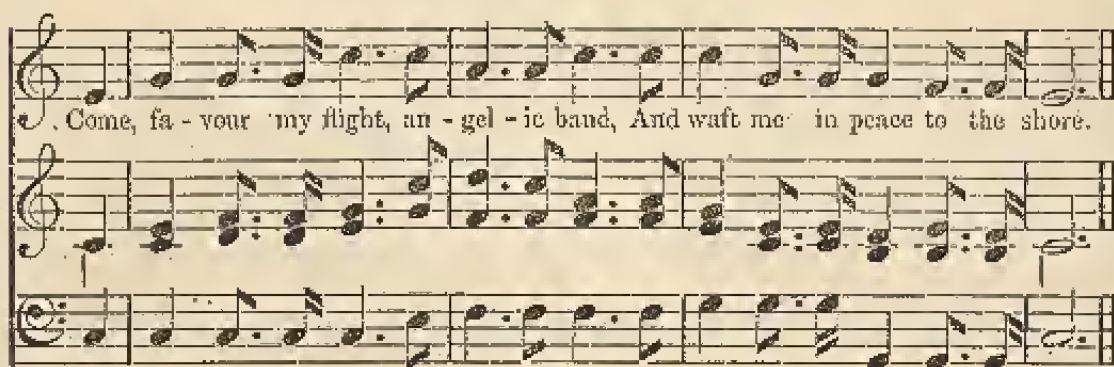


Where ver - dure and blos - soms ne - ver fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.  
 The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But there is the pa - lace of God.

## CHORUS.



That bliss - ful place is my fa - ther - land, By faith its delights I ex - plore;



Come, fa - your my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

# MY FATHERLAND.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,  
Who suffered and worshipped with me,  
Exalted with Christ high on his throne,  
The King in his beauty they see.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,  
When life and its labours are o'er,  
A place which the Lord to me will give,  
And then I shall sorrow no more.

REV. W. HUNTER.

## CONCORD. S.M.

O. HOLDEN. 1793.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets,  
Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be -  
Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, . . . Be -  
- fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gol - den streets.  
- fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Or walk the gol - den streets.

## GLORY BEGUN BELOW.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
While ye surround his throne.  
Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God,  
But servants of the heavenly king,  
May speak their joys abroad.

2 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow:  
Then let our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.



# I'M A TRAVELLER.

N. BILLINGS.

1. I'm a lone-ly tray'-ler here, Wea-ry, op-press'd; But my jour-ney's

end is near; Soon I shall rest. Dark and drear-ry is the way,

Toil-ing I've come: Ask me not with you to stay, Yon-der's my home.

2 I'm a weary traveller here,  
I must go on;  
For my journey's end is near;  
I must be gone:  
Brighter joys than earth can give  
Win me away;  
Pleasures that for ever live;  
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a traveller to a land  
Where all is fair;  
Where are seen no broken bands—  
All, all are there;  
Where no tears shall ever fall,  
No heart be sad;  
Where the glory is for all,  
And all are glad.

4 I'm a traveller, and I go  
Where all is fair;  
Farewell all I've loved below;  
I must be there.  
Worldly honours, hopes, and gain,  
All I resign;  
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,  
If heaven be mine.

5 I'm a traveller—call me not;  
Upward's my way;  
Yonder is my rest and lot;  
I cannot stay.  
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,  
Pilgrim I'll roam;  
Hail me not, in vain you call,  
Yonder's my home.

# JUST AS I AM. 8s & 6s.

J. W. D.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was

2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of

shed for me, And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O

one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O

Lamb of God, I come, I come; O Lamb of God, I come.

Lamb of God, I come, I come; O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within, and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am (thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down),  
Now to be thine, yea thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.



# BETHLEHEM. 8s & 7s.

1. Glorious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi-on, ci - ty of our God;

He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode;

With sal - va - tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?

2 See the streams of living waters,  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Still supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove:  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever flows our thirst t' assuage?  
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear!  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near:  
 He who gives us daily manna,  
 He who listens when we cry,  
 Let him hear the loud hosanna  
 Rising to his throne on high.

# SPIRIT'S QUICKENING INFLUENCES.

1 Come, thou everlasting Spirit,  
Bring to every thankful mind  
All the Saviour's dying merit,  
All his sufferings for mankind :  
True recorder of his passion,  
Now the living faith impart ;  
Now reveal his great salvation  
Unto every faithful heart.

2 Come, thou witness of his dying ;  
Come, remembrancer divine ;  
Let us feel thy power applying  
Christ to every soul and mine.  
Let us groan thine inward groaning ;  
Look on him we pierced, and grieve :  
All partake the grace atoning, —  
All the sprinkled blood receive.

## THE HEAVENLY BANQUET.

1 Jesus spreads his banner o'er us,  
Cheers our famished souls with food ;  
He the banquet spreads before us,  
Of his mystic flesh and blood.  
Precious banquet—bread of heaven,  
Wine of gladness, flowing free ;  
May we taste it, kindly given,  
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.

2 In thy holy incarnation,  
When the angels sang thy birth,  
In thy fasting and temptation,  
In thy labours on the earth,  
In thy trial and rejection,  
In thy sufferings on the tree,  
In thy glorious resurrection,  
May we, Lord, remember thee.

## SILVER STREET. S.M.

I. SMITH.

1. Come, sound his praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing : Je -

- ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - - ni - ver - sal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne ;  
Come, bow before the Lord ;  
We are his work, and not our own,  
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.



# PILGRIM'S SONG. P.M.

HENRY WELLS.

1. Whi-ther, pil-grims, are you go-ing, Each with staff in hand?

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is on the other two.

We are go-ing on a jour-ney, At the king's com-mand;

The second system of music consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system.

O-ver plains, and hills, and val-leys, We are go-ing to his pa-lace,

The third system of music consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment.

We are go-ing to his pa-lace, In the bet-ter land.

The fourth system of music consists of three staves, concluding the piece with a final cadence.

# PILGRIM'S SONG.

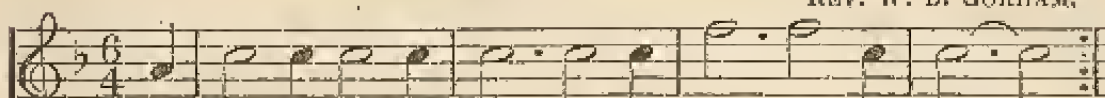
- 2 Fear ye not the way so lonely,  
You, a feeble band?  
No, for friends unseen are near us,  
Angels round us stand;  
Christ, our leader, walks beside us,  
He will guard, and he will guide us,  
He will guard, and he will guide us  
To the better land.
- 3 Tell me, pilgrims, what you hope for  
In the better land?  
Spotless robes and crowns of glory,  
From a Saviour's hand;

We shall drink of life's clear river,  
We shall dwell with God for ever,  
We shall dwell with God for ever,  
In the better land.

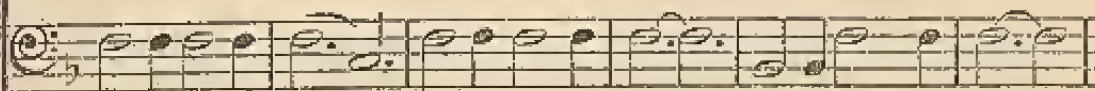
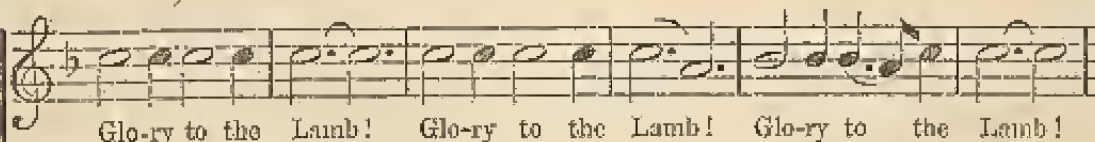
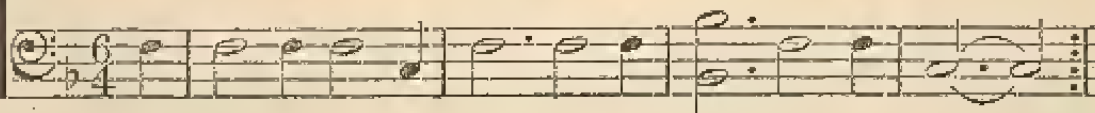
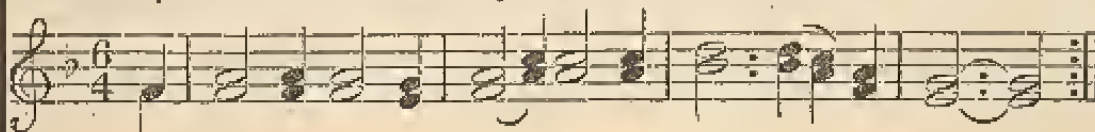
- 4 Will you let me travel with you  
To the better land?  
Come away, we bid you welcome  
To our little band.  
Come, O come! we cannot leave you,  
Christ is waiting to receive you,  
Christ is waiting to receive you,  
In the better land.

# GLORY TO THE LAMB.

REV. W. B. GORHAM,



1. The world is o - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb!  
The world is o - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb!  
2. My sins are wash'd a - way in the blood of the Lamb!



- 3 The devil's overcome by the blood of the  
Lamb! Glory, &c.
- 5 The martyrs overcame by the blood of  
the Lamb! Glory, &c.
- 4 I've lost the fear of death through the  
blood of the Lamb! Glory, &c.
- 6 I hope to gain the skies by the blood of  
the Lamb! Glory, &c.



# SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

*Slow.*

W. B. BRADBURY. By permission.

1. Come, brethren, don't grow wea-ry, But let us jour-ney on; The moments will not  
The passing scenes all tell us, That death will sure-ly come; These bo-dies soon will

## CHORUS.

tar-ry; This life will soon be gone, } There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is  
moul-der In the dark and drea-ry tomb, }

*repeat softly.*

sweet rest in heaven, there is sweet rest, there is sweet rest, there is sweet rest in heav'n.

## SWEET REST IN JESUS.

2 Loved ones have gone before us,  
They beckon us away;  
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,  
Blest in eternal day;  
But we are in the army,  
And dare not leave our post;  
We'll fight until we conquer  
The foe's most mighty host.  
There is sweet rest, &c.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,  
He kindly calls us home  
To yonder worlds of glory,  
And sweetly bids us come.  
The world, the flesh, and Satan,  
Will strive to hedge our way;  
But we'll overcome these powers,—  
We'll hourly watch and pray.  
There is sweet rest, &c.

# I LOVE THEE. P.M.

Arranged by J. W. D.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my

2. I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, O, wondrous ac-count! My joys are im-

Sa-viour; I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and

- mor-tal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my trea-sure, and

that thou dost know; But how much I love thee, I ne-ver can show.

long to be there, With Je-sus and an-gels, my kindred so dear.

- 3 O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!  
 My life and salvation, my joy, and my rest!  
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,  
 Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
- 4 O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King;  
 He smiles, and he loves me, and learns me to sing;  
 I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill.  
 While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth fill.



# MAJESTY. C.M. Double.

W. BILLINGS. 1778.

1. The Lord de-scended from a - bove, And bow'd the heav'ns most high, And un - der -

- neth his feet he cast The dark - - ness of the sky.

On cherabim and

Full roy-al - ly he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came

se-raphim.

flying all a - broad, And on the wings of mighty winds, Came fly-ing all a - broad.

# NEW JERUSALEM. C.M.

INGALLS.

From the third heav'n where God re-sides, That ho-ly, hap-py place,

The

The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A -  
The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down a - dorned . . .

The

New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned . . . with  
dorned . . . with shi-ning grace, The New Je -  
with shi - ning grace, The New Je - ru - sa -  
New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A - dorned . . . with  
shi-ning grace, The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes down, A -

- rusalem comes down, Adorned with shining grace, A - dorned with shi-ning grace.  
- lem comes down, Adorned, &c.  
shi - ning, grace, Adorned with shining grace, A - dorned with shi-ning grace.  
- dorned with shining grace, Adorned, &c.



# THE EDEN ABOVE. 12s & 11s.

Arranged by J. W. D.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly, The  
Ye wan-d'ers from God in the broad road of fol - ly, O

## CHORUS.

home of the hap - py, the king-dom of love ; }  
say, will you go to the E - den a - bove ? } Will you go, will you

go, will you go, will you go ? O say, will you go to the Eden a - bove ?

2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor  
anguish  
Can breathe in the fields where the  
glorified rove ;  
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in misery  
languish,  
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?  
Will you go ? &c.  
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

3 No poverty there—no, the saints are all  
wealthy,  
The heirs of his glory whose nature is  
love ;  
Nor sickness can reach them, that country  
is healthy ;  
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?  
Will you go ? &c.  
O say, will you go to the Eden above ?

# THE EDEN ABOVE.

4 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is  
before you,  
And soon its ten thousand delights we  
shall prove;  
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of  
bright glory,  
And drink the pure joys of the Eden  
above.  
We will go, &c.  
O yes, we will go to the Eden above.

5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not  
forsake thee,  
We halt yet a moment as onward we  
move;

O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will  
take thee,  
And bear thee along to the Eden above.  
Will you go? &c.  
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

6 Methinks thou art now in thy wretched-  
ness saying,  
O, who can this guilt from my conscience  
remove?  
No other but Jesus; then come to him  
praying—  
"Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden a-  
bove." Will you go? &c.  
At last, will you go to the Eden above?  
REV. W. HUNTER.

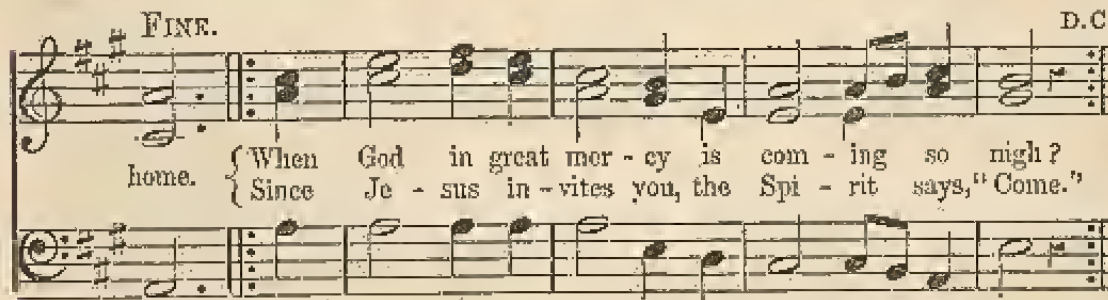
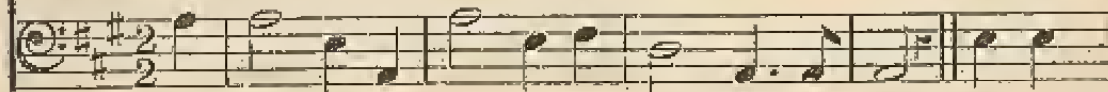
## EXPOSTULATION. 11s.

1st time.

2nd time.



1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,  
D.C. And an - gels are wait - ing to wel - - - - - come you



home. { When God in great mer - cy is com - ing so nigh?  
Since Je - sus in - vites you, the Spi - rit says, "Come."

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,  
Your hearts may grow better by staying  
away;  
Come wretched, come starving, come  
just as you be,  
While streams of salvation are flowing so  
free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to  
receive,  
O how can you question, if you will  
believe?  
If sin is your burden, why will you not  
come?  
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you  
come home.

4 In riches, in pleasures, what can you  
obtain,  
To soothe your affliction or banish your  
pain:  
To bear up your spirit when summoned  
to die,  
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

5 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour  
your heart,  
And trusting in Heaven we never shall  
part;  
O how can we leave you? why will you  
not come?  
We'll journey together, and soon be at  
home.



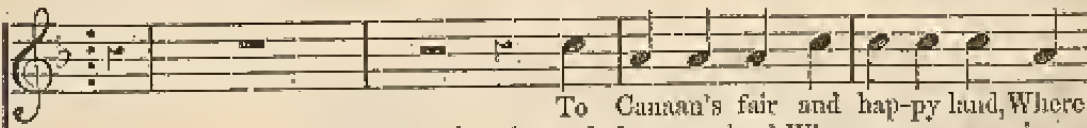
# EXHORTATION. C.M.

HUBBARD.

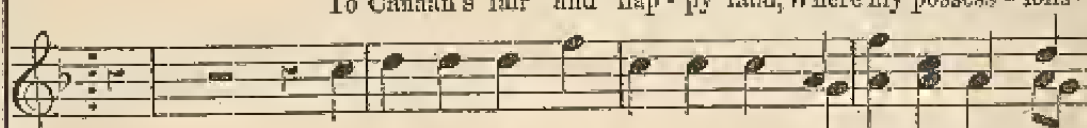


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wist - ful eye.

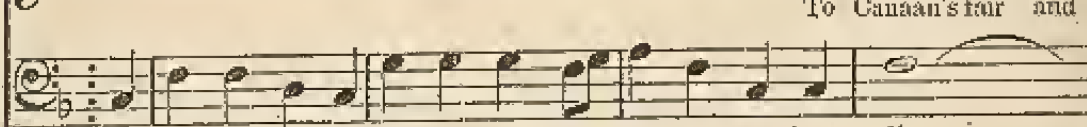




To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where  
To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my possess - ions



To Canaan's fair and



To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sess - ions lie, . . . .



my pos - sess - ions lie, . . . . Where my pos - sess - ions lie.  
lie, . . . To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sess - ions lie.



hap - py land, Where my pos - sess - ions lie, . . . Where my pos - sess - ions lie.



To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - sess - ions lie.

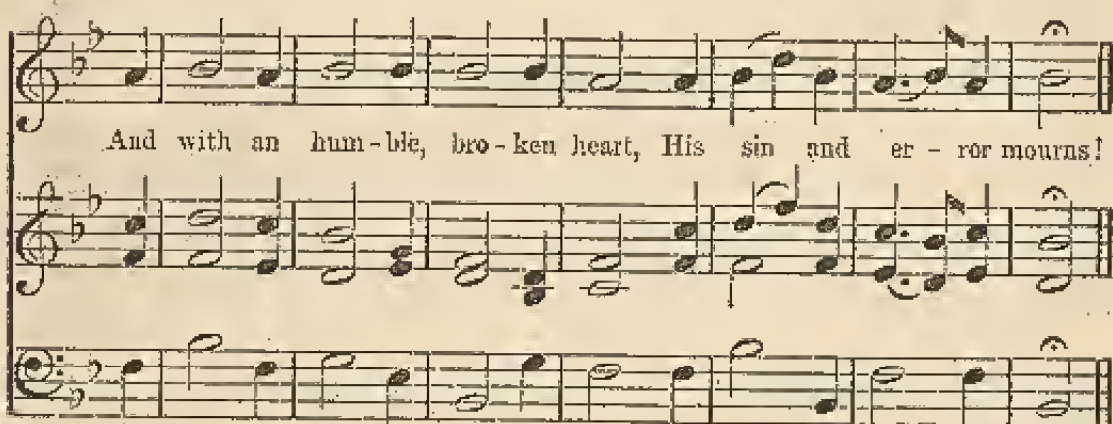
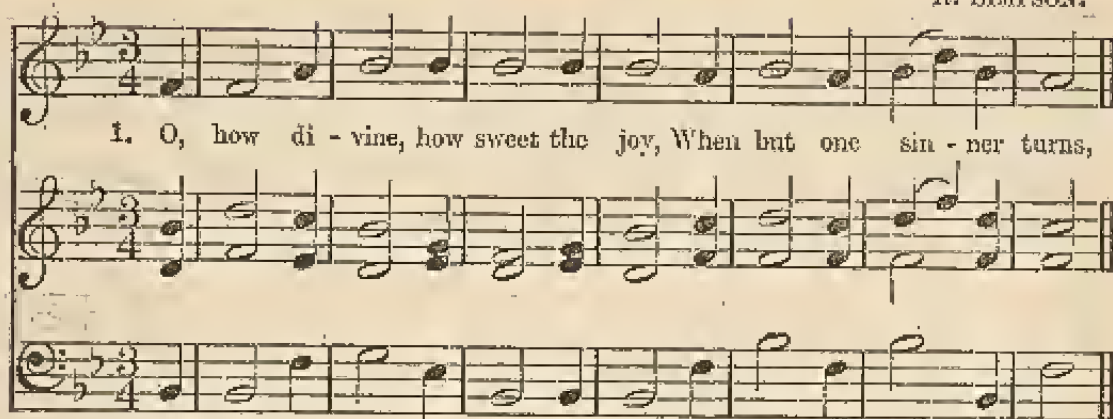
## THE PROMISED LAND.

- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight!  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rock, and hill, and brook, and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.

- 4 O'er all those wide extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day;  
There God the Son for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow pain and death  
Are felt and feared no more.

# BALERMA. C.M.

R. SIMPSON.



## JOY OVER THE REPENTING SINNER.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Pleased with the news, the saints below<br/>In songs their tongues employ;<br/>Beyond the skies the tidings go,<br/>And heaven is filled with joy.</p> | <p>3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears<br/>The conscious sinner's moan;<br/>Jesus receives him in his arms,<br/>And claims him for his own.</p> |
|---|---|
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,  
But kindle with new fire:  
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,  
And strike the sounding lyre.

## THE PLEDGE OF JOYS TO COME.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Why should the children of a king<br/>Go mourning all their days?<br/>Great Comforter, descend and bring<br/>The tokens of thy grace.</p>            | <p>3 Assure my conscience of her part<br/>In the Redeemer's blood;<br/>And bear thy witness with my heart,<br/>That I am born of God.</p>      |
| <p>2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,<br/>And seal the heirs of heaven?<br/>When wilt thou banish my complaints,<br/>And show my sins forgiven?</p> | <p>4 Thou art the earnest of his love,<br/>The pledge of joys to come;<br/>May thy blest wings, celestial Dove,<br/>Safely convey me home.</p> |



# WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of pro-mise are.

Trav-ler, o'er yon moun-tain's height See the glo-ry-beam-ing star.

Watch-man, does its beau-teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell!

Trav-ler, yes, it brings the day, Pro-mised day of Is-ra-el.

## HYMNS.

### THE WATCHMAN'S REPORT.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Watchman, tell us of the night,<br/>         Higher yet that star ascends,<br/>         Trav'ler, blessedness and light,<br/>         Peace and truth, its course portends.<br/>         Watchman, will its beams, alone,<br/>         Gild the spot that gave them birth?<br/>         Trav'ler, ages are its own;<br/>         See, it bursts o'er all the earth.</p> | <p>3 Watchman, tell us of the night,<br/>         For the morning seems to dawn,<br/>         Trav'ler, darkness takes its flight,<br/>         Doubt and terror are withdrawn.<br/>         Watchman, let thy wandering cease,<br/>         Hie thee to thy quiet home;<br/>         Trav'ler, lo! the Prince of Peace,<br/>         Lo! the Son of God is come.</p> |
|--|---|

### THE ONLY REFUGE.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Jesus, lover of my soul,<br/>         Let me to thy bosom fly,<br/>         While the nearer waters roll,<br/>         While the tempest still is high;<br/>         Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,<br/>         Till the storm of life is past;<br/>         Safe into the haven guide,<br/>         O receive my soul at last.</p>         | <p>2 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,<br/>         More than all in thee I find:<br/>         Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,<br/>         Heal the sick, and lead the blind.<br/>         Just and holy is thy name;<br/>         I am all unrighteousness:<br/>         False and full of sin I am;<br/>         Thou art full of truth and grace.</p> |
| <p>2 Other refuge have I none;<br/>         Hangs my helpless soul on thee:<br/>         Leave, oh leave me not alone,<br/>         Still support and comfort me:<br/>         All my trust on thee is stayed,<br/>         All my help from thee I bring;<br/>         Cover my defenceless head<br/>         With the shadow of thy wing.</p> | <p>4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,<br/>         Grace to cover all my sin;<br/>         Let the healing streams abound;<br/>         Make and keep me pure within:<br/>         Thou of life the fountain art,<br/>         Freely let me take of thee;<br/>         Spring thou up within my heart,<br/>         Rise to all eternity.</p>          |

### THE CRY OF THE HEATHEN.

#### TUNE.—MISSIONARY HYMN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 From Greenland's icy mountains,<br/>         From India's coral strand;<br/>         Where Afric's sunny fountains<br/>         Roll down their golden sand:<br/>         From many an ancient river,<br/>         From many a palmy plain,<br/>         They call us to deliver<br/>         Their land from error's chain.</p>      | <p>3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted<br/>         With wisdom from on high,<br/>         Shall we, to men benighted,<br/>         The lamp of life deny?<br/>         Salvation! O, salvation!<br/>         The joyful sound proclaim,<br/>         Till earth's remotest nation<br/>         Has learned Messiah's name.</p>         |
| <p>2 What though the spicy breezes<br/>         Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;<br/>         Though every prospect pleases,<br/>         And only man is vile:<br/>         In vain with lavish kindness<br/>         The gifts of God are strewn;<br/>         The heathen, in his blindness,<br/>         Bows down to wood and stone.</p> | <p>4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,<br/>         And you, ye waters, roll,<br/>         Till, like a sea of glory,<br/>         It spreads from pole to pole:<br/>         Till, o'er our ransomed nature,<br/>         The Lamb for sinners slain,<br/>         Redeemer, King, Creator,<br/>         In bliss returns to reign.</p> |



# NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

"And there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxii. 5.

J. W. D.

1. No night shall be in heav'n! no gath-'ring gloom Shall

o'er that glo-rious land - scape ev - er come; No tears shall fall in

sad - ness o'er those flowers, That breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les - tial bowers.

2 No night shall be in heaven! no dreadful  
hour  
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power;  
Across those skies no envious cloud shall  
roll,  
To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.

3 No night shall be in heaven! no sorrows  
reign,  
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;  
No shivering limbs, no burning fever  
there,  
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.

# NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

4 No night shall be in heaven, but endless  
noon,  
No fast-declining sun, nor waning moon;  
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual  
light,  
Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

5 No night shall be in heaven, no darkened  
room,  
No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb;  
But breezes, ever fresh with love and  
truth,  
Shall brace the frame with an immortal  
youth.

6 No night shall be in heaven, but night is  
here,  
The night of sorrow and the night of fear;  
I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,  
And shrink from others that may yet  
impend.

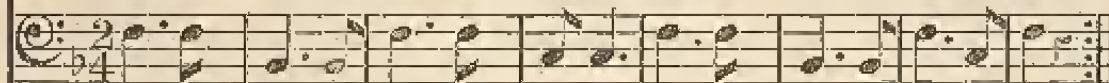
7 No night shall be in heaven; O! had I  
faith  
To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,  
That faith should make these hideous  
phantoms flee,  
And leave no night, henceforth, on earth,  
to me.

## PLEADING SAVIOUR. 8s & 7s.

FINE.



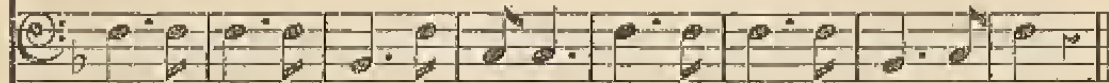
1. Now the Sa-viour stands and pleading, At the sin-ner's bol-ted heart; }  
Now in heav'n he's in-ter-ced-ing, Un-der-tak-ing sin-ner's part, }  
Once he died for your be-ha-viour, Now he calls you to his arms,



D.C.



Sin-ner, can you hate the Sa-viour? Can you thrust him from your arms?



2 Jesus stands, O! how amazing,  
Stands and knocks at every door;  
In his hands ten thousand blessings,  
Proffered to the wretched poor.  
See him bleeding, dying, rising,  
To prepare you heavenly rest;  
Listen, while he kindly tells you,  
Hear, and be for ever blest.

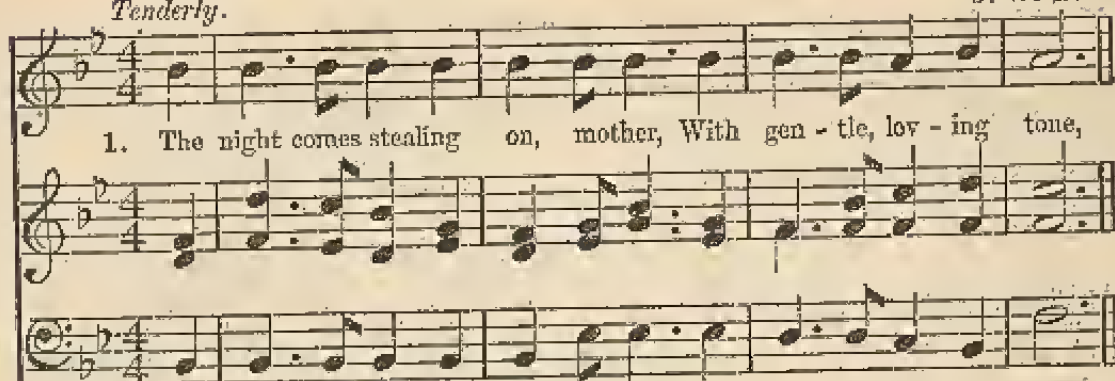
3 Now he has not come to judgment,  
To condemn your wretched race;  
But to ransom ruined sinners,  
And display unbounded grace.  
Will you plunge in endless darkness,  
There to bear eternal pain;  
Or to realms of glorious brightness  
Rise, and with him ever reign?



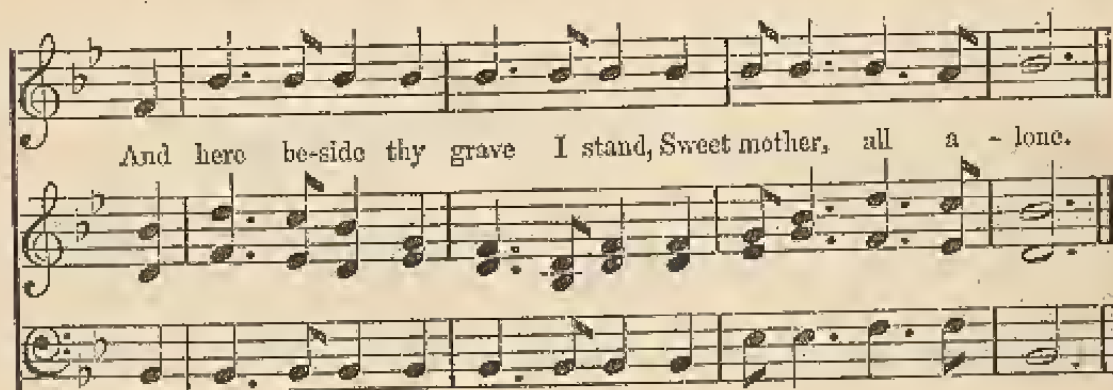
# TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN. C.M.

*Tenderly.*

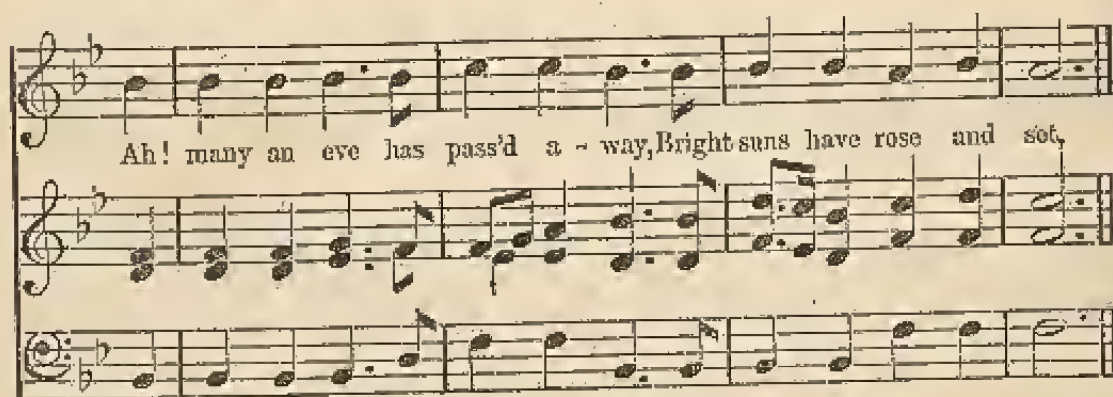
J. W. D.



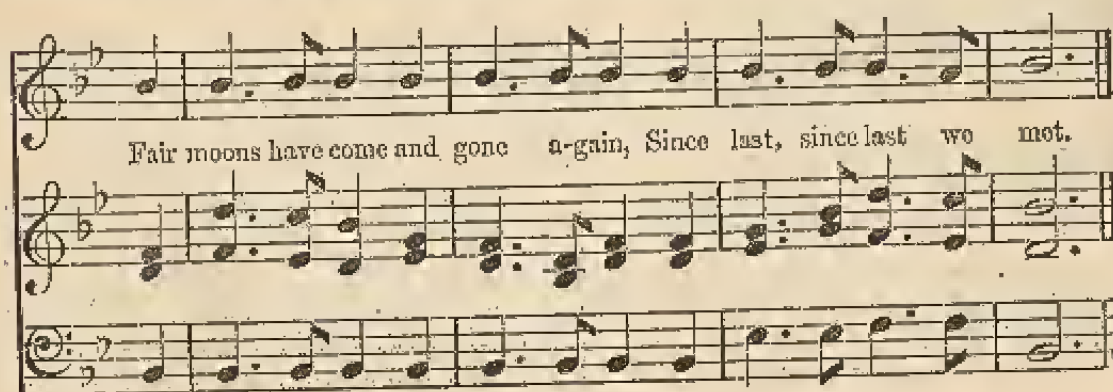
1. The night comes stealing on, mother, With gen - tle, lov - ing tone,



And here be-side thy grave I stand, Sweet mother, all a - lone.



Ah! many an eve has pass'd a - way, Bright suns have rose and set,



Fair moons have come and gone a - gain, Since last, since last we met.

# TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

2 My heart is sad to-night, mother,  
E'en sadder than before ;  
For memory wanders far, far back  
To happy scenes of yore ;  
To golden, halcyon, dreaming days,  
When often at thy feet,  
I sat me down to weave fair flowers,  
In garlands fresh and sweet.

3 And then, around my brow, mother,  
Those garlands you would twine ;  
And murmur, " May life's fairest flowers,  
My darling, e'er be thine."

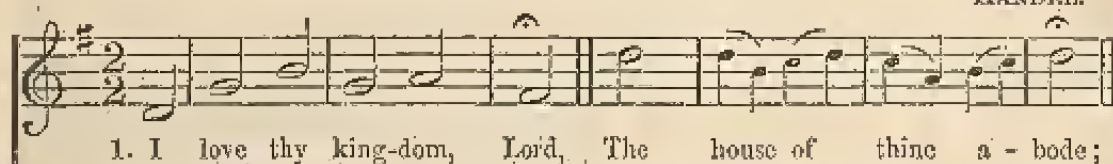
Then let me, let me weep to-night  
O'er life's now withered flowers,  
Whose fragrance filled my youthful breast  
In earlier, happier hours.

4 I'm kneeling by thy grave, mother,  
To wait thy blessing given ;  
And list the whispered words of love  
Borne from thy home in heaven.  
And now I leave thy resting-place,  
To come again no more,  
Till autumn's plaintive moan is heard  
From summer's leafy shore.

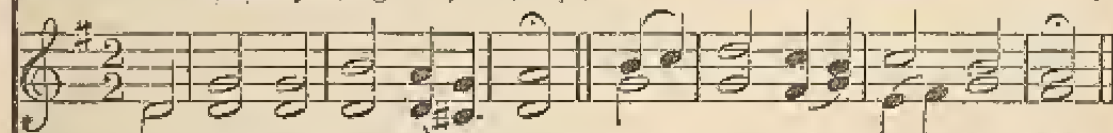
LETA LONDON..

## ST. THOMAS. S.M.

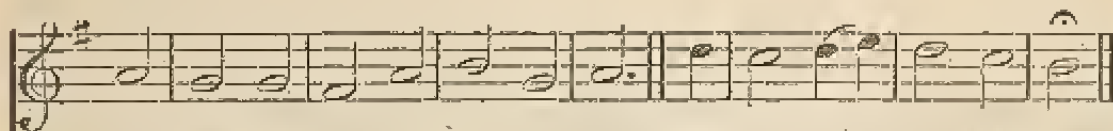
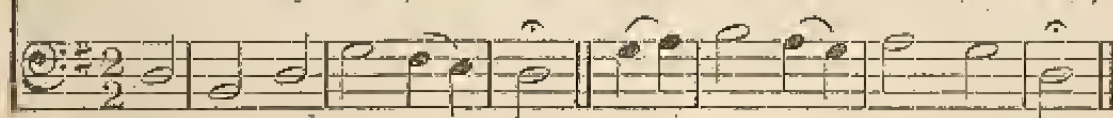
HANDRL.



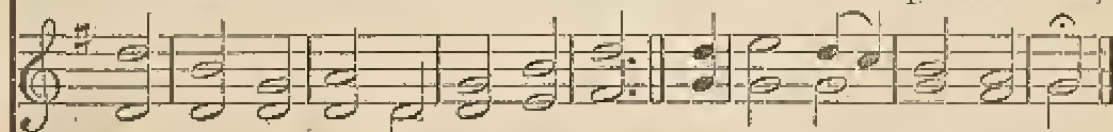
1. I love thy king-dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode ;



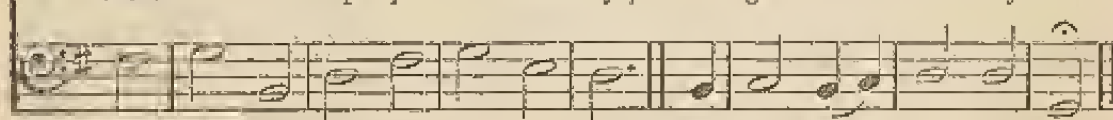
2. I love thy church, O God ! Her walls be - fore thee stand,



The church our blest Re - deem-er saved With his own pre-cious blood,



Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra - ven on thy hand.



3 For her my tears shall fall,  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows  
Her hymns of love and praise.



# A HOME IN HEAVEN. P.M.

A. D. M.

1. A home in heaven! what a joy - ful thought, As the poor man

toils in his wea - ry lot! His heart op - pressed, and with

an - guish driven, From his home be - low, to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer  
lies  
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his  
eyes  
To that bright home; what a joy is  
given,  
With the blessed thought of his home in  
heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures  
fade,  
And our wealth and fame in the dust are  
laid;  
And strength decays, and our health is  
ruined,  
We are happy still with our home in  
heaven.

# A HOME IN HEAVEN.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,  
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;  
O, then, what bliss in that heart forgiven,  
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled  
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;

We wait in hope on the promise given,  
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

6 Our home in heaven! O, the glorious home,  
And the Spirit, joined with the bride,  
says "Come!"  
Come, seek his face, and your sin's forgiven,  
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

## WATCHMAN. S.M.

JAMES LEACH.

1. Fa-ther, I dare be-lieve thee mer-cy-ful and true; Thou

2. Come, then, for Je-sus' sake, And bid my heart be clean; An

wilt my guilt-y soul for-give, My fall-en soul re-new.

end of all my trou-bles make, An end of all my sin.

3 I cannot wash my heart,  
But by believing thee,  
And waiting for thy blood t' impart  
The spotless purity.

4 While at the cross I lie,  
Jesus, thy grace bestow;  
Now thy all-cleansing blood apply,  
And I am white as snow.



# SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s.

From "Sabbath Bell," by permission.

G. F. Root.

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger, Would

not de-tain them as they fly,—Those hours of toil and dan-ger.  
D.S. just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

CHORUS. D.S.  
For O, we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver, And

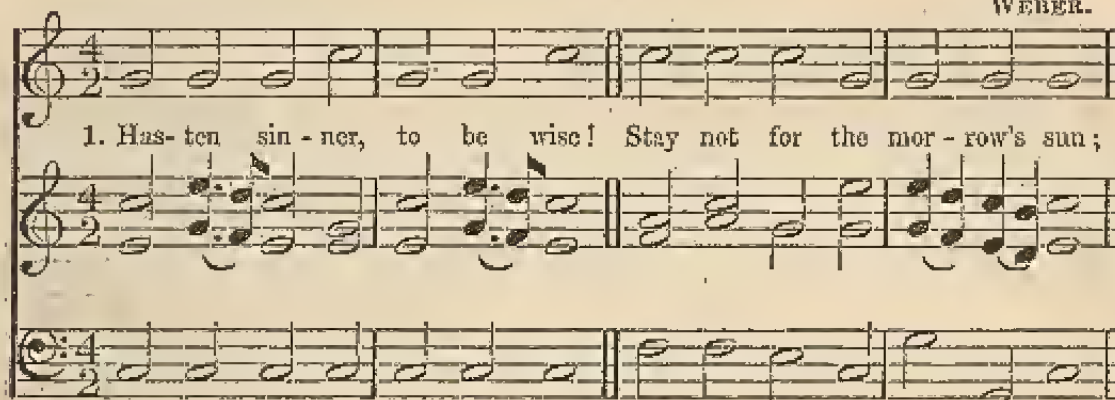
2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear  
Our distant home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempests blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever;  
Our King says "Come!" and there's our home,  
For ever, O! for ever.

# WILMOT. 7s.

WEBER.



1. Has-ten sin-ner, to be wise! Stay not for the mor-row's sun;



Wis-dom if you still de-spise, Hard-er it is to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore,  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest thy season should be o'er,  
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,  
Stay not for the morrow's sun;  
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!  
Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
Lest perdition thee arrest  
Ere the morrow is begun.

## FOR A GENERAL BLESSING.

1 Lord, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow;  
O! do not our suit disdain;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;  
Let thy spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend;  
In compassion now descend;  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those that are cast down, lift up,  
Make them strong in faith and hope.

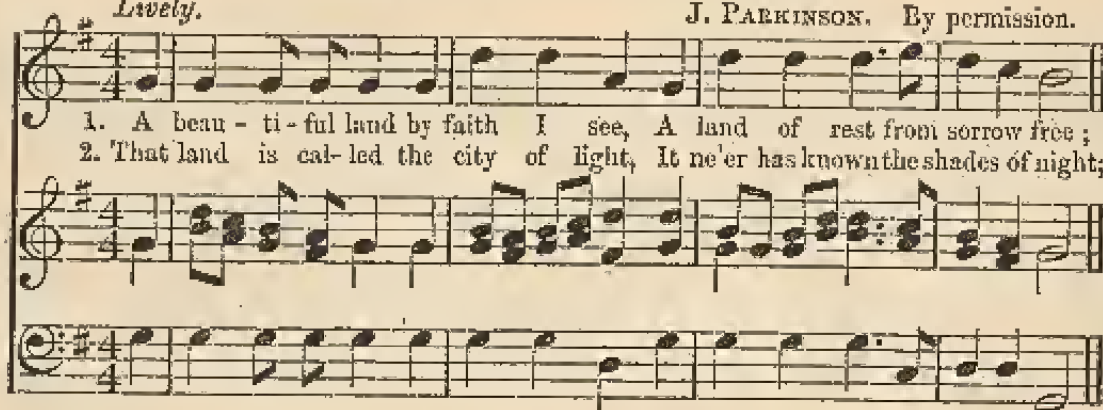
5 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee, a gracious God and kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free;  
Let us all rejoice in thee.



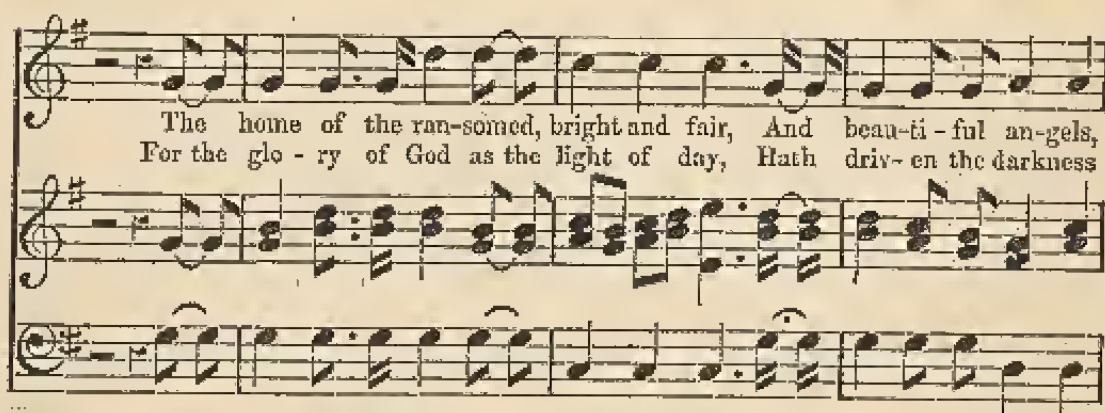
# THE CITY OF LIGHT.

*Lively.*

J. PARKINSON. By permission.

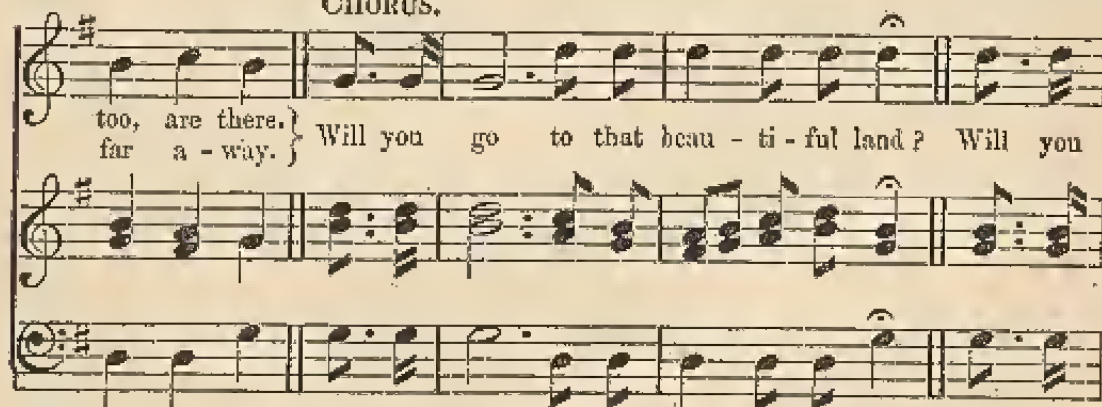


1. A beau - ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free ;  
2. That land is cal - led the city of light, It ne'er has known the shades of night;

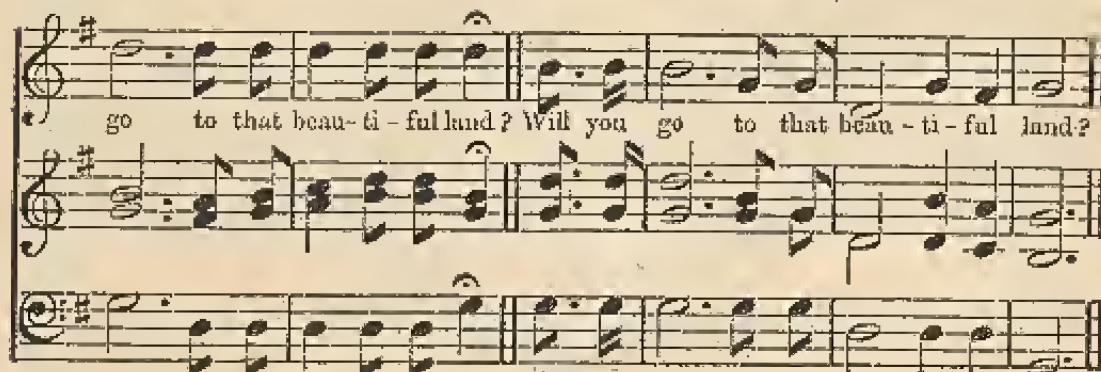


The home of the ran-somed, bright and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels,  
For the glo - ry of God as the light of day, Hath driv-en the darkness

## CHORUS.



too, are there. } Will you go to that beau - ti - ful land? Will you  
far a - way. }



go to that beau-ti-ful land? Will you go to that beau - ti - ful land?

# THE CITY OF LIGHT.

3 In vision, I see its streets of gold,  
Its gates of pearl I too behold;  
The river of life, the crystal sea,  
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

4 That beautiful land I mean to see,  
And join in its glorious harmony;  
On the mount of God thro' grace I'll stand  
And share in the bliss of that beautiful land.

J. HALL.

## TAPPAN. 8s & 6s.

G. KINGSLEY. By permission.

1. This world's not all a fleet-ing show, For man's il-lu-sion.

The first system of musical notation for 'TAPPAN' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/2 time signature. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics '1. This world's not all a fleet-ing show, For man's il-lu-sion.' are written below the staves.

giv'n; He that hath soothed a wi-dow's woe, Or wiped an

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'giv'n; He that hath soothed a wi-dow's woe, Or wiped an' are written below the staves.

or-phan's tear, doth know There's some-thing here of heav'n.

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It consists of three staves with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'or-phan's tear, doth know There's some-thing here of heav'n.' are written below the staves.

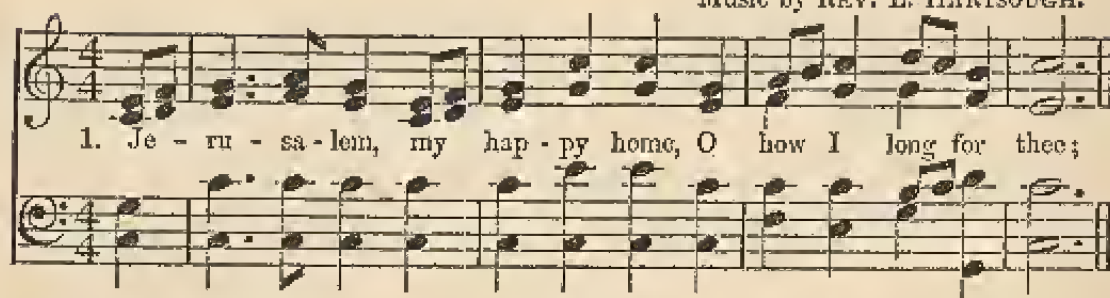
2 And he that walks life's thorny way,  
With feelings, calm and even;  
Whose path is lit, from day to day,  
By virtue's bright and steady ray,  
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He that the Christian's course has ran,  
And all his foes forgiven;  
Who measures out life's little span  
In love to God and love to man,  
On earth has tasted heaven.

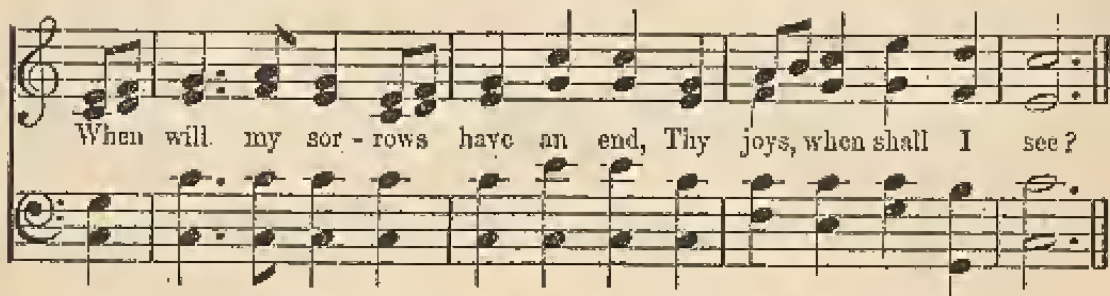


# SONG OF VICTORY, C.M.

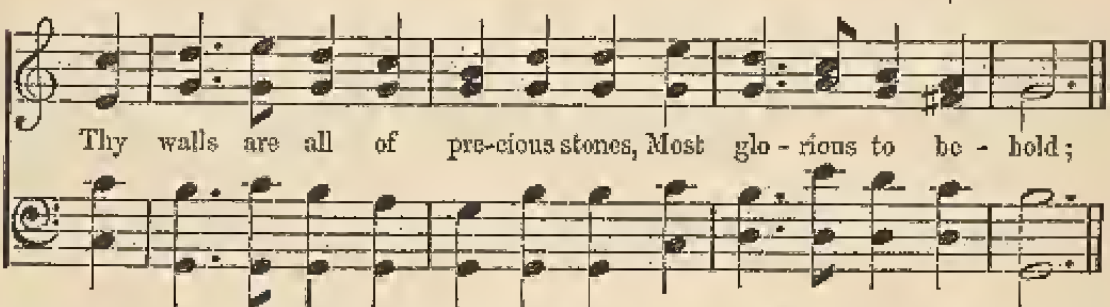
Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



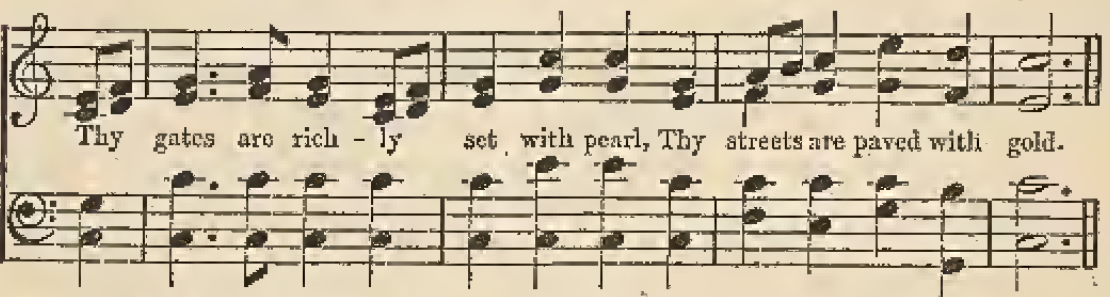
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, O how I long for thee;



When will my sor - rows have an end, Thy joys, when shall I see?



Thy walls are all of pre - cious stones, Most glo - rious to be - hold;



Thy gates are rich - ly set with pearl, Thy streets are paved with gold.

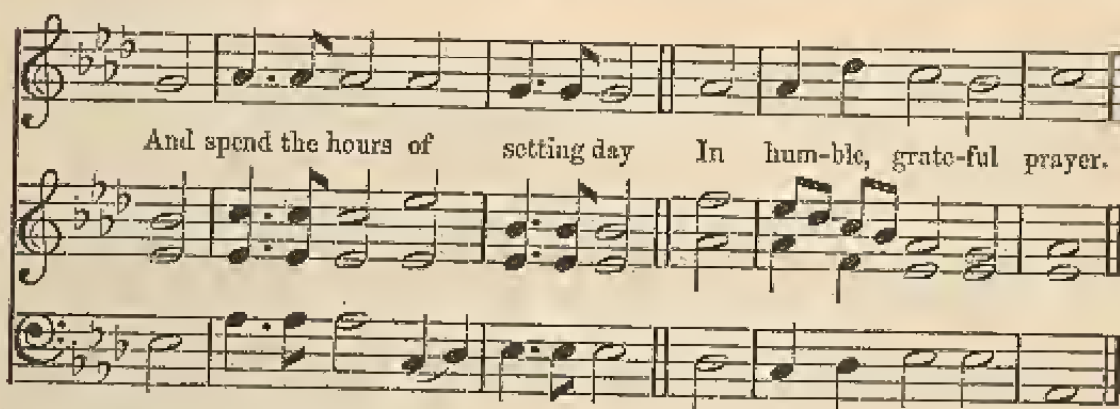
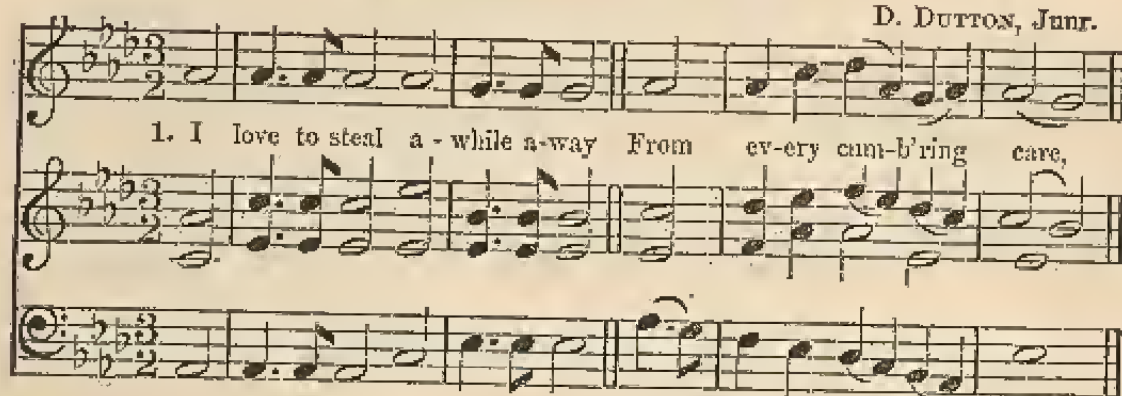
- 2 Thy gardens and thy pleasant walks,  
My study long have been;  
Such dazzling views, by human sight,  
Have never yet been seen.  
If heav'n be thus so glorious, Lord,  
Why should I stay from hence?  
What folly's this, that I should dread  
To die, and go from hence?
- 3 Reach down, O Lord, thine arm of grace,  
And cause me to ascend  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths never end.

Jesus, my Lord, to glory's gone,  
Him will I go and see;  
And all my brethren here below  
Will soon come after me.

- 4 My friends, I bid you all adieu,  
I leave you in God's care,  
And if I never see you,  
Go on, I'll meet you there.  
When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun;  
We've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when we first begun.

# WOODSTOCK. C.M.

D. DUTTON, Junr.



2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all his promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore;  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

## EXCELLENCY AND SUFFICIENCY.

1 Father of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines;  
For ever be thy name adored  
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimar sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice,  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life, and everlasting joys,  
Attend the blissful sound.

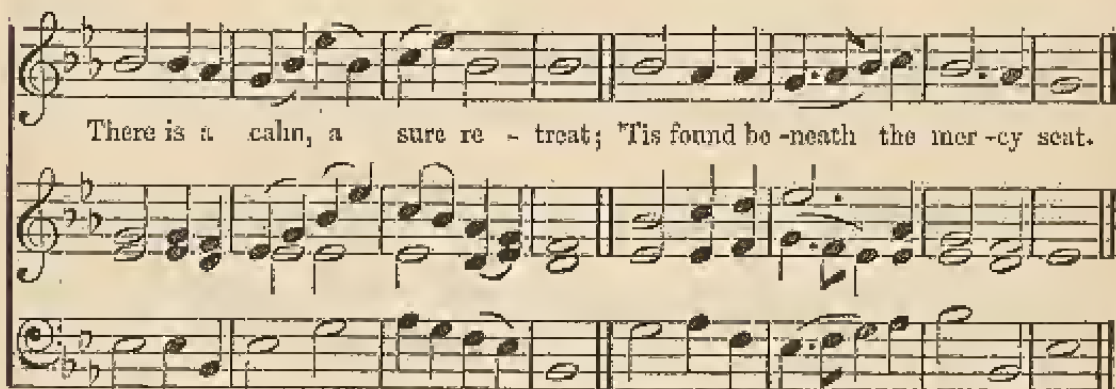
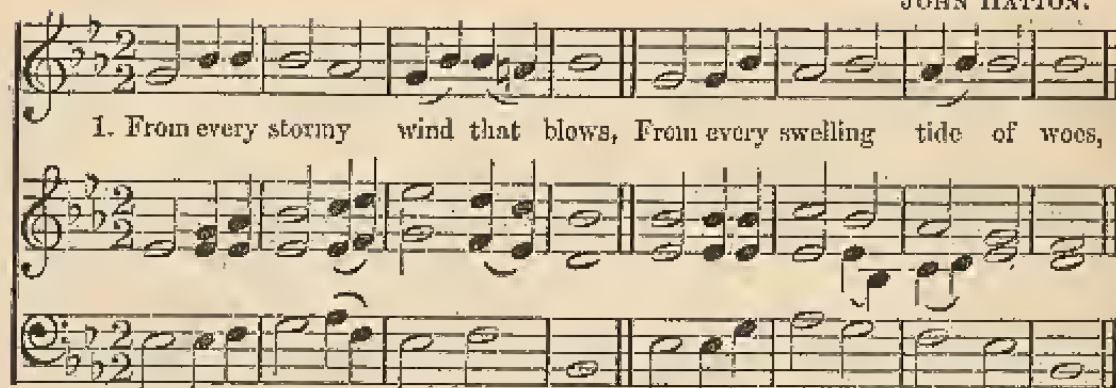
5 O may these heavenly pages be,  
Our ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may we see,  
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be thou for ever near;  
Teach us to love thy sacred word,  
And view the Saviour there.



# DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON.



## THE MERCY-SEAT.

- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet—  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,  
Around one common mercy-seat.

- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,  
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?  
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,  
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,  
And sin and sense molest no more;  
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,  
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

## FOR LOWLINESS AND PURITY.

- 1 Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays  
Beam forth with mildest majesty;  
I see thee full of truth and grace,  
And come for all I want to thee.
- 2 Save me from pride—the plague expel,  
Jesus, thine humble self impart;  
O, let thy mind within me dwell,  
O, give me lowliness of heart.

- 3 Enter thyself, and cast out sin,  
Thy spotless purity bestow;  
Touch me, and make the leper clean,  
Wash me, and I am white as snow.
- 4 Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,  
And all thy gentleness is mine;  
And plunge me in the purple flood,  
Till all I am is lost in thine.

# CORONATION. C.M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the power of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him lord of all, Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown him Lord . . . of all.

## CORONATION OF CHRIST.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
Ye ransomed from the fall;  
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,  
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball;  
To him all-majesty ascribe,  
And crown him Lord of all.

4 O, that with yonder sacred throng,  
We at his feet may fall;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown him Lord of all.



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